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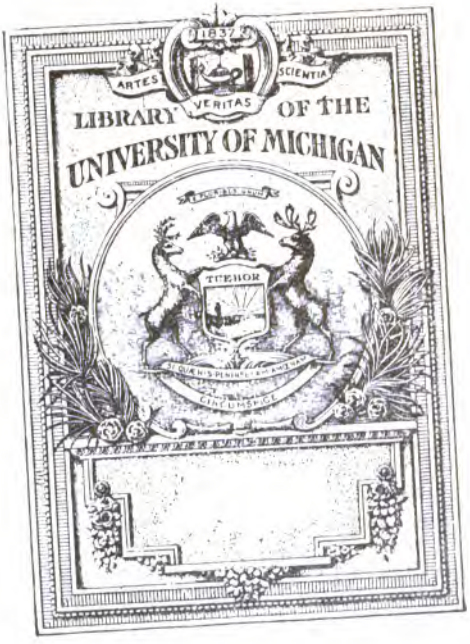
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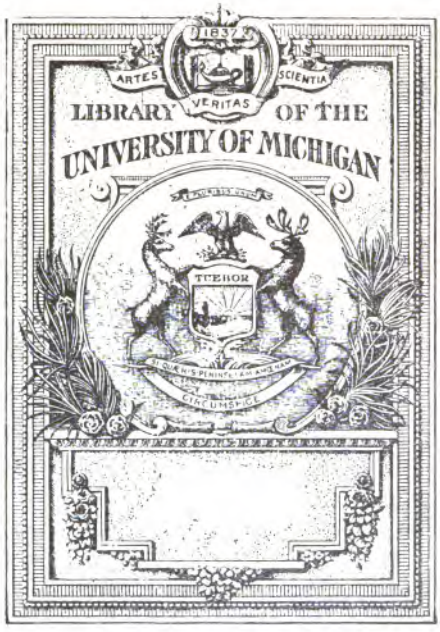
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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS



THE PONT DU GARD

OLD PROVENCE

BY

THEODORE ANDREA COOK, M.A., F.S.A.

SOMETIME SCHOLAR OF WADHAM COLLEGE, OXFORD
AUTHOR OF "OLD TOURAINE, THE LIFE AND HISTORY OF THE CHÂTEAUX OF THE LOIRE"



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TO

ALICE LEITH-HAY CLARK

IN MEMORY OF

JULY 9, 1898

122480

PREFACE

Veson li vièi mounumen de l'istòri de Prouvènço
Veson li vièi mounumen
Emé soun ensignamen. . . .—L'AMIRADOV.

Tarascoun, e Bèu-Caire, e Toulouso, e Beziés,
Fasènt bàrri de car, Prouvençò, li vesiés. . . .
I TROUBAIRE CATALAN.[1]

THOSE who have done me the honour of reading *Old Touraine* will need little by way of preface to these pages. The history of Old Provence has necessitated a somewhat different treatment only because I have had towns to deal with instead of castles, and because I have had far more space to cover, both in territory and in time, than was involved in describing the châteaux in the districts of Tours and of Blois. The Seine seems full of commerce and of government; the Loire still mirrors the pleasure-palaces of the Valois court upon its golden stream; but the Valley of the Rhone has been

[1] "They see the ancient monuments of old Provence, with all they have to teach . . . Tarascon, Beaucaire, Toulouse, and Béziers. Provence! thou hast seen all of them at bay behind the ramparts of their flesh and blood. . . ."—MISTRAL, *Lis Isclo d'Or*.

the highway of the nations, the path of conquerors, the battlefield of the invader; and its boatmen still call one bank "Empire" and the other "Kingdom," though the names have long ago lost all significance in relation either to the east or to the western shore. But Provence, united, as she has been, to the crown of France for more than four hundred years, has preserved a more distinct individuality than almost any other region within French frontiers. It was indeed, at one time of her history, quite as likely that Provence should absorb the territories of Capets and of Valois as that the reverse process should eventually occur; and the extraordinary influence exerted in European politics of the thirteenth century, by the four daughters of Raymond-Bérenger of Provence and Béatrix of Savoy, was only equalled by the profound significance of the presence of the Popes at Avignon in the fourteenth, a fact which concentrated the thoughts of Christendom upon the Valley of the Rhone for more than a hundred years.

These salient characteristics in the history of Provence have guided me in my treatment of so large a theme. The whole of my first volume has been devoted to the Phoenicians, Greeks, and Romans, who have here left traces upon the soil of France that are as remarkable as any to be found in Italy, and that have often been preserved among far less discordant surroundings. In

Arles, in Nîmes, near St. Remy, at Fréjus, at the Pont du Gard, has stayed the completed vision of a classic past which is not dead, but sleepeth; which embraces you as you step into it, without a trace of crude survival or barbarous anachronism. This first volume, then, may be used alone, if necessary, as a description of the Roman Empire on the Rhone, illustrated by Greek and Roman monuments.

I have made full and frequent use of the inscriptions and epitaphs in all parts of Provence, in order to give as many details as possible of the life of the Romans on the Rhone among the buildings they have left; and I must here express my deep gratitude to Professor Pelham, President of Trinity College, Oxford, for his kindness in saving me from many a mistake, in evidence which must inevitably be submitted to an expert constantly conversant with such matters. It is, however, in the correction of errors only that Professor Pelham's invaluable aid is here acknowledged. The use made of this material, and the deductions based on it, are mine alone. Those who are familiar with classical versions of the campaigns of Hannibal or Marius may perhaps detect a certain curtly decisive pose about some of my statements which they will not consider justified by the authority conveyed upon my title-page. But I have no space either for redundant explanation or for insincere apologies. My conclusions are the result

of working on the spot; and when they differ from those of previous writers who, in their studies, know far more of the classics, I would ask the critic to suspend judgment until he has realised the differences involved in the two methods employed. The systems of such men as M. Gilles, M. Lenthéric, or M. Bérard, who have gone to sunny Mother Earth, to the fair flowing of her streams, and to the barriers of her mountain-ranges, may at first seem productive of results which no student nurtured in the cold, clear lamp-light of textual criticism could accept. If I have sometimes taken a middle course, it is not from considerations of safety that I have made my choice. But it has become quite clear to me that to understand the history or the life of Old Provence you must see the country. The tale of the Rhone valley is incredible until you know the Rhone. The classical authorities present a merely unintelligible maze till you have walked over the battlefields they describe.

Many who know Provence already will wonder at my omissions. But I have preferred to say nothing of places which tell their own tale, Martigues, for instance, and many more, which will be constant discoveries of fresh delight to every traveller. I have determined to write a book, and not a library; and in the selection that became inevitable I have been guided as much by con-

siderations of what was typical, within the most generous of geographical boundaries, as by the determination to be able to refer the reader to the actually existing framework of my story. Little of Marseilles that was built before the fifteenth century remains, except its churches; the Roman buildings of Narbonne were broken up by that enlightened friend of the Arts, François I., to make fortifications; so I have said more of St. Remy, or of Fréjus, than of either.

My second volume begins in the vague mists of a "transition-period," which scientific research will no doubt wholly clear away as soon as it has settled such comparatively simple problems as the explanation of Etruscan nationality and language. But with the passing of the year 1000, and the building of St. Trophime and St. Gilles, we emerge into modern times. With Les Baux and Aigues-Mortes we pass on to the period of wars, Crusades, and fortresses, when the races were in the melting pot and the sword solved every problem. At Avignon we meet the Popes; and hard by are the shades of Laura and of Petrarch. The good King René, a bunch of grapes in one hand and a scroll of verses in the other, smiles at us from Aix and Tarascon. Across the river lies Beaucaire, where Aucassin loved Nicolete. When Charles of Anjou left Provence to Louis XI. of France, in 1484, my labours end.

"La Prouvènço cantavo, e lou tèms courreguè;
E coume au Rose la Durènço
Perd à la fin soun escourrènço,
Lou gai reiaume de Prouvènço
Dins lou sen de la Franço à la fin s'amaguè."[1]

I have not wearied the reader with large lists of authorities for various interesting points which occur before 1484. He must, for instance, take it for granted that Dante passed through Provence on his way to Paris, and certainly knew more of the country than the author of *Aucassin and Nicolete* did of Beaucaire. The best short account of early painters in Provence, especially of the famous "Buisson Ardent" at Aix, is in M. Paul Vitry's annotated catalogue of the "Exposition des Primitifs Français," held in the Louvre in 1904. It will also be noticed that I reject the Provençal version of "Laura," as it is given in De Sade's *Vie de Pétrarque*, which seems to me as erroneous as it is bulky. Though the volume published in 1904 by Mr. E. J. Mills will not wholly recommend itself to the critical historian, it is valuable as drawing attention to the evidence in Petrarch's own writings; and all who care to investigate the subject for themselves should read the edition of the Letters published by Fracassetti in 1859, and numerous tractates by Pierre de Nolhac (of

[1] "Time slipped by as Provence sang her songs; until, as the Durance at last loses her stream within the Rhone, so the gay kingdom of Provence laid herself to rest upon the bosom of France."

Versailles), whose great contribution to literature was the discovery of Petrarch's own finally revised manuscript of the *Rime*. Until the publication of the works of M. Segré at Rome, and M. Cochin in Paris, the Essay by Mézières held the field, but it has lost its value since the most recent discoveries.

As a last word, let me advise the traveller to visit Provence in spring. He should go from Paris to Toulouse, working along south and east by way of Carcassonne to Béziers or Narbonne (with possible excursions to Foix or Perpignan) and so through Montpellier to Nîmes. Visitors who have begun their tour in autumn would do well to spend the winter on the Côte d'Azur. But in any case it is a pleasant journey, after the Camargue and the Crau are passed, to travel round the coastline from Marseilles to Monte Carlo. Of the Riviera I have little here to say. All character has been stamped out of it by the levelling cosmopolitanism of alien luxury. The pleasure-ground of Europe, lovely as it may be for the foreign visitor, has had to pay the price; and on your return to the Rhone valley from Monte Carlo you will do well to go inland by Vence, and Grasse, Draguignan, and St. Maximin, and so to Aix en Provence, a pleasant town of fountains and front-doors and shady boulevards, with memories of the good King René and an excellent library. St. Gilles and Les Saintes Maries, on the west side of the

Rhone, you will have visited from Nîmes. On the east are Vaucluse and St. Remy. The stream itself is bridged, as you move up it, by Arles and Trinquetaille, by Beaucaire and Tarascon, by Avignon and Villeneuve; from these last, by way of Orange, lies your road home.

The lovely voyage down the Rhone from Lyons is better done in summer than either in spring or autumn, the two best seasons for Provence. But when summer travelling is necessary, go down the river as far as Beaucaire, and make straight from Tarascon to St. Remy.

If one result of these pages be to send more Englishmen to what was once a fief of Richard Cœur de Lion, I shall be well content; they will at least help to repay a little of that obligation under which we were first laid by St. Augustine at Arles.

T. A. C.

CHELSEA, 1905.

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TO THE VENUS OF ARLES

NOW IN THE LOUVRE

Ποικιλόθρον' ἀθάνατ' Ἀφρόδιτα.

QUEEN of the Rhone, fair Goddess of Provence,
Immortal Aphrodite! Thou whose spell
Still lingers in the loveliness of Arles. . . .
Beneath that golden bloom upon thy limbs
The hot blood courses, ready for the blush
Of conscious life. . . .

Down from Olympus' height
Star-throned and incorruptible, afar
Thou camest, charioted upon the wings,
White-glancing, multitudinous, of doves;
And as the touch of rosy-fingered Dawn
Above the city of the violet crown
Spread westward to that Hellas on the Rhone
Which raised thy shrine where older fanes had fallen,
High above Arles, upon a golden cloud
Thou didst delay, to watch thy worshippers
Till they beheld thy beauty as it flashed
Unveiled and splendid on the sunlit air.

For thee on pleasant lawns of old Provence
The Fauns were piping, and the shy Nymphs played,
While Dryads danced, till all the woodland rang
With laughter; till the thousand-rippling Sea—
Thine ancient Mother—shone with welcoming smiles.
When the slow moon and all the Pleiades
Had softly set in silvern majesty,
Beneath the shadow of the whispering trees
The Gods walked visible when thou wert by,
And in the freedom of thy friendship moved.

Less than four hundred years beside the Rhone
Did Aphrodite rule; new rites, new tongues
Crowded her Cyprian mysteries aside
And trampled down her temples. . . .
Slowly paled
The flush of life that filled her rounded breast;
Slowly the semblance of her beauty froze
To marble, motionless; her spirit fled
Abroad, in the fair fields and plains of Arles,
Gifting her girls with beauty, and her boys
With strength; but in their midst no more
Stood Aphrodite's self. Unrecognised,
Unknown, unloved, she has for ever passed
To unattainable Olympus. . . .
Even this stone
Stayed not in Arles. It stands beside the Seine,
A monument of all Provence once loved
And all she lost. Perchance 'tis better so
To cloister Pagan beauty in the walls
Of Christian opulence, lest modern hearts
Be turned from warring creeds and lust for gold
To ancient loveliness, and ancient peace,
And all the grace of simple womanhood
Disrobed and unabashed in Arcady.

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

"Pesto, lioun, sablas, famino, dardai fòu,
Avié tout afrounta! Li loup, li tartarasso
Seguissièn trefouli sa cavalo negrasso
Car sabien que i'aurié de mort un terro-sòu." . . .[1]

THE quotation from Aubanel which I have set at the head of this chapter resumes, in the best phrases I have ever read, one of the great characteristics of Provençal history—the blood that has been poured out so often and so terribly upon her soil. They will remind the reader that the country through which Hannibal's Numidians marched towards the sack of Italy was also the scene of the slaughter of the Barbarians by Caius Marius; that the citizens who once filled the amphitheatres of a Roman Empire were afterwards the victims of many a Christian Crusade; and that beside the Palace of the Popes at Avignon the Rhone has run red from the battlefields of Romans,

[1] "Pestilence, lions, and the burning sands,
Sunstroke and famine, he had faced them all.
Gladly the wolf and vulture followed him
And his black mare, because they knew his track
Was marked by heaps of dead. . . ."

Saracens, Spaniards, Englishmen, Italians, and French. After her years of fighting and of love, tired out too soon by passions that had left her wellnigh strengthless, Provence fell upon a long sleep in the encircling arms of France. With Aubanel, with Mistral, and the Félibres, she is awakening to the new dawn of a distinctive personality that has never been completely overshadowed by the insistent claim of more extended patriotisms. In France, yet not of it, Provence has forged her dialect into a language as different from the French as are her olives and her Arlésiennes from the apple-orchards and the milk-maids of the North. How magnificently concentrated in expression, how resonant in harmony, how characteristic in its phrasing that language can be, the lines which I shall quote here and there among these pages will be more than sufficient proof.

Many different nationalities have passed through Provence, and danced upon the bridge of Avignon, or bought at the market of Beaucaire; Greek, Spaniard, and Italian have joined the farandole of Arles; the very soil seems eagerly to thrust forth its thirsty sands towards the sea, with something of that impulse towards maritime adventure which inspired the Crusades and the campaigns of Sicily. The torrent of the Rhone is symbolic of the country: dazzling in the sunshine, strong and barbarous in the shade, with no respect of persons

or of places, yet with a beauty that is irresistible. Its oratory was typified in Mirabeau. Its poetry lives in Frédéric Mistral.

That strange centrifugal force which has so often animated Provence seems soon to have driven all her great towns to her frontiers. In her heart were the dying colonies of a different race. When all her towns were gathered under one standard, it was to the fatal conquest of Naples that they were led; and Provence herself was never reunited. It was the same with her religious life, which had scarcely recovered from the horrors of the Albigensian Crusade, when the deathblow was dealt by the Papal court at Avignon. Like the Rhone, which moves more and more slowly as it nears the sea, until its waters lose themselves in plains and marshes, so Provence has never reached the zenith of her destiny. The sands of time have choked her fortunes, and she lives but in the mighty ruins of her past.

To the student of history there can be no more beautiful, no more pathetic region in Europe than the valley of the Rhone.

What we call civilisation, as Anatole France has said, is merely a conveniently summary description of contemporary life. Everything that is past we label barbarous. In time we, too, shall become the barbarians of a more civilised and enlightened future;

just as Rome, with all the Roman Empire meant, is merged in that dark night of uncouth disorder before we had ourselves arisen. If we consider the ideals of various ages in the perspective thus suggested, we shall find that they present a curious kaleidoscope of differing results.

Here by the Rhone, for instance, we see the reasonable Roman gods, their utilitarian goddesses, full of good sense and kindliness, taking a due share in the divinely organised society. Here, too, we can realise a little of that difficulty which beset the cultured Roman when he was asked to believe in a Divinity which was as much offended by the existence of other creeds as by the worship of the deity in other forms. To the tolerant Roman all religions were but as shafts, loosed, it is true, from different quarters, which were no concern of his, but aimed at the same centre he recognised himself, a central sphere of perfect light, which could be caught in various prisms, and might be reflected in as many varying hues, but which remained essentially the same. For him religion duly recognised the proper bases of mundane society; and if the better-born enjoyed the favour of the greater gods that was but a natural consequence of a divinely sympathetic aristocracy. Yet, as the Roman Empire grew, and as by far the greater number of its inhabitants were either slaves or freedmen, a religion that directly appealed to them was supported

by an infinitely vaster audience than that which appreciated the ritual of their masters. So Christianity, as soon as the truth which underlay its tenets had been realised, went on, by sheer weight of numbers, until it conquered Rome herself. But mark the first results. By the Popes were introduced these Christian persecutions which devastated Provence far more than any pagan rites had ever done, or ever wished to do. Religion at first seemed to mean the increase of persecutions, and to imply, not Rome, not Protestantism, not even Christianity, but a balance of differing phraseologies chiefly depending upon abstruse and legal considerations.

By the Rhone, too, we can realise that it was a mere matter of exact knowledge which led to Rome's greatest political mistake. She imagined that the conquered Parthians and Germans were on the true limits of the world; so the Universal Peace, of which Augustus sincerely believed himself the forerunner, was shattered by the inroad of those outer Barbarians, unrecognised by Rome, who for fourteen centuries after their arrival in the South fought over the making of modern Europe. Ever since their coming the growth of civilisation has meant the growth of war, and that, too, in exact proportion to the increase of knowledge and the extension of colonial possessions: for the discovery of the New World only convulsed the Old with even greater

pangs of rivalry and contest. It remained for the twentieth century, and for another imperial advocate of Universal Peace, to conduct the bloodiest campaign seen since the Roman Empire, and to lose as many men as Varusor as Crassus on battlefields even further from his base. So peace now seems to rest, not on the philosophy of an Augustus, not even on the balance of power as between the nations which have inherited his Empire, but on the available cash-balances of various Chancellors of the Exchequer.

Though the eternity of the Roman Empire soon became as obviously untrue as its pretensions to universal dominion had always been, it is curious that Roman laws and civilisation have been inherited and enjoyed by every great nation of the modern world save one, the Chinese Empire. China has maintained an attitude of unruffled reserve for more than two thousand years. On one side of the world she ruled vaster masses of population than Rome on the other ever knew. Like Rome she claimed the possession of the whole habitable globe. The attitude of the two Emperors, during the age of the Antonines for instance, recalls the old French story of the atheist who bowed before a crucifix: 'Ils se saluaient, mais ils ne se connaissaient pas.' The Chinese Emperor must have vaguely heard of the existence of the Roman Emperor, and no doubt smiled, with some indulgence, at the news of his extraordinary

claims. Their representatives saluted distantly, but the principals were careful not to meet. In fact China maintained a more or less respectable and a fairly unmolested seclusion until five Great Powers had guaranteed her integrity, and two had come to bitter blows about it.

The builders of the Pont du Gard, the men who raised the theatre of Orange, or the aqueduct of Fréjus, seem even to-day to have been the agents of some greater power than the world had seen before, or has seen since. But the Empire for which they built has been outlasted by their arches; the Provence they knew has vanished; it is their Chinese contemporaries who have survived. It is thought significant, sometimes, that China appears as little in the military calculations of Western Europe now as did the Goths and Huns in those of the later Roman Empire they destroyed.

Beneath the broken shadows of St. Remy's triumphal monuments, or among the mighty tiers of seats within the ruined amphitheatre of Arles, we begin to understand, in a new way, the ancient truth that continuity of fame and strength depend neither on material forces nor on enlarged dominion. Provence will live, not because of her Roman ruins, her mediæval fortresses, her modern industries, but because some unknown singer saw the daisy-flowers that seemed black beneath the feet of Nicolete, so white was the maiden, as she went

tip-toe through the moonlit garden of Beaucaire; or because such poetry as Petrarch's was inspired by her women and fostered by her skies.

"Bluio Sorgo, dins sa barco,
Amourous coume n'i'a plus,
L'as pourta dins soun trelus
Toun Petrarco,
E la Sorgo dis:
Ero un paradis!
Parlo-nous toujour de Lauro
O douço auro!
Tu que, sèmpre à soun cousta,
Caressaves sa bèuta.
Jovino e puro coume l'aubo,
Quand venié dins lou valoun,
Boulegaves soun péu blound
E sa raubo.
E l'aureto dis:
Ero un paradis!"[1]

It leaves me comparatively unmoved to hear the decorous observations of John Evelyn on the valley of the Rhone, or to follow the conscientiously agricultural footsteps of the worthy Arthur Young in Montpellier or Narbonne. But I must confess to a joyful thrill of expectation as I draw near the Ringing Isle with Pantagruel, and learn that, by the primal institution

[1] "O azure stream of Sorgue! Thou didst bear the boat of thy Petrarch, in all the splendour of his fame, that never-equalled lover. And the Sorgue replied, '*Ah! that was Paradise indeed!*' O gentle breeze! Speak to us always of Laura, thou who didst ever play around her and caressed her beauty, and when she came, in all her youth and purity, into the valley, didst stir the tresses of her fair hair and the folds of her dress. And the soft breeze answered, '*Ah! that was Paradise indeed!*'"

and fatal destiny of the stars, there was but one single Papegaut alive at one time among its venerable winged inhabitants; or as I join in Epistemon's warnings, and urge his amorous giant to leave the pretty girls of Avignon and Arles alone. Their immemorial charms are fresh with each returning spring, because in their beauty, born on historic soil, is concentrated the best of all their hot-blooded, warring, loving ancestors.

"Mar que reboumbello,
Bos plen de rumour,
Digas à la bello
Moun làngui d'amour!" [1]

The life that will last in Old Provence is the life of the imagination; and that is why the significance of the Félibres is so much deeper than has sometimes been acknowledged. "Born to a gardener and a gardener's wife among the gardens of St. Remy," Roumanille was the first modern poet to write in Provençal, and he gave an unanswerable reason: "Since our mothers do not know French enough to understand the songs inspired by the tenderness of their children, let us sing in the language of our mothers. . . ." He was elected head of the Félibres at Fontségugne, near Avignon, in 1854; and with him were Matthieu, Aubanel, Tavan,

[1] "Waves of the sounding ocean,
Trees that whisper above,
Tell my heart's emotion
To the lady of my love!"

Giéra, Brunet, and Mistral. The movement was neither separatist nor, in the larger sense, antipatriotic; for as Felix Gras wrote, so might they all:—"J'aime mon village plus que ton village; j'aime ma Provence plus que ta province; j'aime la France plus que tout." They have but preserved those differences that were worth preserving: those differences in dress, in speech, in beauty, that are the savour of life and the condition of improved survival. So here I give you the toast to which these pages have served as the preliminary speech. I give it in the words of Aubanel, and I couple with it the name of Frédéric Mistral:

"Dins la coupo d'argènt
A plen de bouco
Beven lou vin tant gènt
De nósti suco.
Catalan, Prouvençau
Tout bon felibre saup
La lèi d'escréure
E la de béure!" [1]

Drink it before you begin my second chapter, and remember it as you read the story of Provence.

[1] "Full-mouthed from the silver cup,
Let us quaff a measure;
With the good wine fill it up
That was grown for pleasure.
Catalan and Provençal,
We know, good Félibres all,
Both the duty of high thinking
And the beauty of deep drinking!"

CHAPTER II

THE DAWN OF HISTORY

"Vesti de pèu, rufé, barbare
Nòstis aujou, Ligour, Cavare,
Se disputant lou sòu avare,
Di mount trevant li cauno o de la mar li bord.
Ensèn, li Fado bouscassiero
D'aquelo raço baumassiero
Meravihant la vido, ispirant li counsèu;
Pièi li galèro de la Grèço
Sus l'aigo lindo que le bresso."—CALENDAL.[1]

WHAT may be imagined to be the vestiges of prehistoric man are too often but the materials for antiquarian dispute. Limiting myself not only to visible relics, but to those concerning which a definite opinion is at any rate possible, whether it be right or wrong, I need only say that the earliest trace of humanity in Provence has been found in the stone instruments at the foot of Mont

[1] "First, dressed in skins, rude, barbarian, the Ligures and Cavares our ancestors fought for the niggard soil, dwelling in caves of the mountain or the seashore; and with them were the fairy folk of the forest, the troglodytes of eld, who cast their spells on life and swayed its counsels. Then came the galleys of the Greeks upon the cradling waters of the sparkling sea."

Ventoux in the Vaucluse country, wrought out of the flint from its south-western slopes, and lying among the bones of the hyena, the rhinoceros, the giant stag, and the auroch.

The Ligurians and the Iberians are the earliest inhabitants of Provence to whom history has given a name. The first came from Italy; the last from Spain. "To them enter" the Gauls or Celts from the north. The earliest recognisable Provençal population was something of a mixture of them all. Ligurian strongholds have been traced upon the hill of Barri in the north of Vaucluse; upon the precipitous fastness of the Mourre de Sève; upon the slopes above Beaumes-de-Venise; upon the bastions of the Alpilles, east of St. Remy, near the Château de Romany, and elsewhere. But in the dolmens, cromlechs, and menhirs, those vast, legendary stones that in England, in Brittany, and in Provence as well, have troubled the imaginations of so many centuries, we can find more satisfactory evidence of prehistoric life. In the list of "Monuments Historiques," which are under the especial guardianship of the state, occur the dolmens of Aiguèze, Barjac, and Campestre in the Department of the Gard; of Fontville in the Bouches-du-Rhône; of Minerve and Soumont in the Hérault; of Villeneuve-Minervois in the Aude; of Cabasse and Draguignan in the Var; and of St. Césaire in the Alpes Maritimes.

There are many others; but they are not the finest of their kind, and they are more valuable to the student of folklore or to the poet in search of a romantic background for the shadowy past in which he frames his fantasies than to the traveller who desires to reconstruct a little of the history of the land he visits. So we must leave them as the mere suggestion of those far-off, primitive religions which have been common to many other countries, and we must search a little more closely for the particular characteristics of Provence. As in so many other cases those characteristics may be sought now, as they were formed long ago, first of all in the conformation of the soil and the movement of the waters over it. The brilliant researches of M. Victor Bérard along the coastline of the Mediterranean have just done for the geography of Homeric society what Lenthéric and others did for the Rhone valley and its shifting seaboard.

How small is the value of unaided archæology, how narrow the horizon of the specialist who confines himself to philological or even anthropological speculations, such studies as these reveal but too clearly. In earth and sea and sky, in river and hill and pasture we may still examine the conditions under which our predecessors lived in towns and harbours that we know to-day; we may discover the laws of climate, of tide, of watershed, of geoiogical formation which bound them, as

we too are bound; from the results which are now visible in certain well-known natural surroundings we can argue not merely the habits, the trade, the social civilisation of modern populations, but we can also infer the life of far more ancient peoples on the same spot long ago; we can even go further, and demonstrate the changed social conditions that have been produced by such changing natural features as the coastline, the deltas, and the riverbeds of the valley of the Rhone.

Take, for instance, a list of the great seaport-towns on the Atlantic coast: all are on the estuary of a river —Lisbon, Bordeaux, Nantes, Antwerp, London, Hamburg. Now take a similar list on the shores of the Mediterranean—Barcelona, Leghorn, Salonica, Miletus, Alexandria, Marseilles: all are near the mouth of a river, but none of them are on the estuary itself, for there are no tides to sweep their harbours clean, to break the bars of silting sand, to check the constant alterations, in depth and contour, of the mud-banks that impede free navigation. The geographical description that suits a place to-day will not only predict its future, it will explain its past. We can thus understand, on examining any given historical site, why it was selected as a habitation, how long it remained advantageous, when and why it became deserted, what conditions of contemporary life and politics it suited, and to what other conditions its situation and possibilities were unfavourable.

A consideration of the towns of Brittany will furnish a good example of this. The ancient and famous cities of the duchy were—Dinan, Tréguier, Lannion, Morlaix, Landerneau, Quimper, Hennebont, Auray, Vannes, and Nantes. Their ancient livelihood came from the sea; but they had to be in some measure protected from English or Spanish ships and from other corsairs of the deep, so they were built at the highest point the tide touched up the streams to which they serve not only as harbours but as bridges. With the policing of the seas their ancient wealth and power have been transferred to towns like Brest, Saint-Malo, Lorient, Quiberon, or Saint-Nazaire, which have absorbed all their old commerce and are living the new life that has ebbed away for ever from the older havens. If we knew nothing of Cherbourg whatever, we might infer that its modern importance was solely military or strategic; for there is no other explanation of the existence of a town in an isolated bay that is not connected by a river with the inland.

Throughout all of its history which we can trace, the towns of the Mediterranean have been dominated by the existence of a succession of sea-powers, whose sea-laws and sea-police are responsible for the life of the inhabitants for the time being; but powers, and police, and laws alike were all subject to the working of the same natural forces which we still watch at work,

which we can still see moulding and modifying the character and the commerce of the modern Provençal. The archæologist may tell you, judging from the only things he admits as evidence, that France owed little to the Greek colonies in the Mediterranean beyond some coinage and some letters of the alphabet; and with that he will dismiss the subject. But, even if this were all the debt, an interchange of coinage implies commercial traffic, and the interchange of alphabet implies commercial correspondence; and when the inevitable laws of the Mediterranean world are considered, it is seen that both the traffic and the correspondence are the most natural results possible.[1] Broad, vital principles still regulate the course of empire and the choice of harbours. The modern battleship cannot stay

[1] It is far from being my desire to depreciate unduly such results as those of Schliemann or Arthur Evans. My point is that, unaided by other studies, the most brilliant archæological researches are at best indefinite. To take only the two instances I have quoted: instead of believing Mycene to be the birthplace of primitive Greek civilisation, we find from Cretan excavations that it was more probably the decadence of a far older state of life, for Mr. Evans has revealed undoubted vestiges of human progress, which not only provide a middle term between the Egyptian and the Greek, but which show three periods of what he calls Minoan civilisation stretching as far back as 3500 B.C. and reaching forward to 1100 B.C. The myths of legendary Hellas are being restored to their right place in history; and the Phoenicians, from whom the Greeks inherited their maritime knowledge, are shown to have inherited it in turn from the Minoan mariners of an infinitely older sea-supremacy. The earth alone, on which these various Powers arose and passed away, can give a constant key to the multifarious problems of their presence on her surface.

where the old flat-bottomed trading-sloop was moored beside the shelving shores of some small estuary. The Power that insists on coaling-stations does not choose her ports as nations choose them which have stores of drapery, or bales of spice, or crates of pottery to sell. As the supremacy of the seas has passed from the Power which affects one form of commerce to that which chooses another, so the disposal of harbours, the making of roads, the rise and fall of urban centres have changed with them; and sometimes it is only in a half-forgotten name that the passing of some foreign domination is remembered upon a shore far distant from the motherland of a speech already dead. Even if the witness of contemporary writers, or of contemporary monuments were non-existent, this series of changes could be traced upon the soil and upon the water of the sites that still reveal their history. From the Mediterranean of to-day we can evoke the phantom of that Homeric sea of thirty centuries ago, and of that mild coast of old Provence "whither came the Phoenicians, mariners renowned, greedy merchantmen, with countless gauds in a black ship," the sailors who beguiled the daughter of Arybas of Tyre so that she stole the nurseling of her foreign master and bore the boy away with the pirates of her own blood who fared along the coast. It is the custom now to choose an English governess or an Alsatian nurse, just as it was

fashionable to take a Phoenician woman for a foster-mother long ago; just as Paris of Troy sent to Sidon for women to embroider the tissues of his palace, just as Roger Guiscard took the silk-weavers of Byzantine Greece to decorate his Italian pleasure-chambers.

These first Phoenician sailors—dark-haired and dark-eyed pirates, shifty bargainers, resolute mariners, cunning fighters—are the first of the ruling powers of the Mediterranean with whom we need concern ourselves. Their ships sailed to and fro with cargoes of manufactured produce; they searched first for provisions and wine; and secondly, for forests and good wood for building. When the Athenians first saw the virgin forests of Sicily they realised the material of naval empire. The fatal Sicilian campaign itself is a proof of the brief lives of the classical fleets. The earlier trading boats lasted even a shorter period. Constantly being dragged up the stony beach for safety, the corsair's barque needed constant repair. Egypt and Alexandria were a perpetual market for ship-building wood, and wherever the Phoenicians sailed for wood or for provisions they established little trading-ports in hundreds, and they stayed in them for years at a time. A commerce in slaves, especially in women, went on merrily and continually. Voyages implied neither a hurried transit nor a short stay in port. Every night on the way the boat was hauled up on shore, and

the men slept beneath a tent. At every bay and river mouth and cape they stopped and made investigations. When it was possible to save a sea-voyage by dragging the ship on dry land across an isthmus, they always went by dry land. They knew only the dangers of the sea; they trusted it little and loved it less.

When Hiram was King of Tyre, the Phoenicians were exploiting the Pyrenees for gold and silver. Their way lay along the coastline, and without doubt they washed the sands of the Rhone valley for the gold which is still found in the powdered rocks that are crushed in the waters of its streams. Personified as the spirit of Phoenician adventure, Herakles is warned by Prometheus of the dangers of his journey from Caucasus to the Hesperides. Foremost among them are named (in the verses of Aeschylus which have been preserved by Strabo) "the brave army of the Ligyes." There, "upon a soft and swampy soil, thy arrows will fail, and not a stone will be there. But Zeus will pity thee and will rain down pebbles and round stones upon the earth, and with them thou shalt disperse the Ligyans." Such is the legend of the Phoenicians in the Plain of the Crau, between Arles and the sea, and the "round stones" are there unto this day.

It was chiefly pottery, and arms of bronze, dyed stuffs, and glasswork, that the first Phoenician traders brought to the coast of Provence on their way to the mines of

Spain. They took gladly in exchange the wood and hides, the coral, the carbuncles, the fish, of the Provençal villagers. When tin grew difficult to find in Spain they went as far afield as Cornwall and the Isle of Wight for it, and they came back along the valley of the Seine and down the Rhone, one of the most ancient commercial routes of France, of which one of the oldest southern stations was Heraklea, or Saint-Gilles. That Herakles, in all these suggestions, is the Phoenician Melkarth seems quite clear. The legend of the hapless Pyrene points in the same direction. The town founded in honour of the son of Herakles, Nemausus (Nîmes), is another indication of the same traditions. In "Portus Herculis," the ancient name of Villefranche, we can still trace the Phoenician name for the harbour they built near Monaco. It will be observed that Marseilles has not yet been mentioned. That famous city was created by the Greeks. In the name of "Phoenicae Insulae," "les isles Phoenices," we can trace the passage of the Phoenicians along the coast; but they stopped on the island of Château d'If on Pomègues, or on Ratonneau, not on the mainland.

Already the origins of civilisations in this land of Ligurians, Iberians, and Celts have been clearly revealed; the interchange of ideas, of language, of commerce involved in the Phoenician period of Mediterranean sea-power has become more visible; the road that

led from Italy and the east all round the coast to Spain, the Via Herculea of the Phoenicians, has been almost trodden into the visible track which Hannibal followed, and which Marius guarded, later on; which was to become the Via Domitia from Beaucaire to Spain, and the Via Aurelia from Tarascon to Rome.[1]

Throughout most of the historic transformations which these names involve, it must be remembered that the country round Arles and south of it was very different from what it is now. A vast triangular lake, communicating with the Rhone and with the sea, was bounded on the north by Beaucaire, on the east by Fos, and on the west by Cette; its waves overpassed what now is the mouth of the Rhone, and dashed against the cliffs of Lunel or of Nîmes, or foamed upon the precipitous rocks of the Alpilles, north and east of Tarascon; above its waters the site of Arles showed slightly, the island of Montmajour rose higher, the hamlet of Castelet was visible. The Rhone itself was lost in these long lagoons not far south of Avignon. The Durance passed close to where Saint-Remy still preserves the memory of the Roman legions. The work of filling up these lagoons was going on then, and has been going on almost ever since, in the constant

[1] Hirschfeld considers that the name *Via Aurelia* properly belongs only to the first section of the road, from Rome to the northern confines of Etruria. In these pages, however, I have followed the Provençal convention, which continues the name as far as Tarascon.

deposition of solid matter by these two rivers. The Camargue and the plains of Arles are but one result of these alluvial deposits.

Like Holland, Arles and her plain owe their present position to the dikes alone: sixty-eight kilometres of them on the right bank of the "Rhône d'Arles," seventy-two on the right bank of the "Rhône de Saint-Gilles," and a hundred and ten kilometres on both sides of the Camargue. No one seems to have asked whether, like Egypt, Provence might not owe far greater prosperity to well-regulated floods than to the unproductive aridity of her protected plains. The current now carries seventeen million cubic metres of alluvial soil out to sea every year, where it forms bars, quicksands, and shoals, which destroy the possibility of navigation, and which might have covered one hundred and twenty acres of the Camargue with a couch of soil twenty-five centimetres thick. These deposits have been more or less prevented from benefiting the country since the fourteenth century, and even earlier. One result is "the dead towns of the Gulf of Lyons." The sea has left them, and there are no cornfields to take their places. If the Nile were similarly treated, Egypt would perish in less than two hundred years. Arles was once known not only as "Gallula Roma," but as "Theline" [1] or

[1] "Theline vocata sub priore saeculo
Graio incolente."

"Mamillaria Arelas"; and the riches from which it nourished Gaul were the products of its fertile soil. Now, out of 160,000 acres of its plains only 18,000 are cultivated profitably, and these 18,000 are all alluvial soil deposited by the Rhone wherever the flood-water of the river has free course; the rest is arid desolation.

Of all the cornfields and pastures which led the imaginative Greek to see the bounteous bosom of nature herself in the city which possessed them, perhaps the most typical relics are to be found in the long islands, regularly submerged from time to time, which the Provençal still calls "*segonnaux*," [1] with the echo of a tongue yet older in his ancient land than was the Greeks.' Their value and their productiveness may give some faint notion of the loss entailed to the Camargue by the diversion of these fertilising streams, which might have been allowed gently to pour over the soil by degrees each rainy season. The dikes have not only stopped this process; they have created a separate danger, the danger of the sudden and tempestuous floods which have desolated Provence from time to time ever since the dikes were built, and of which the more modern examples of 1840, 1841, and 1856 were each terrible enough, it might be thought, to have provided final lessons to the blindest of bureaucracies. When,

[1] "Veson dins li Segounau la meissoun que s'amaduro" . . .
Lis Isclo d'Or.

in the last of these, the Chaussée de la Montagnette was burst by the pressure of the water it held back, the houses in Tarascon were flooded up to the first floor, almost without any warning. If the prefect of the district had not promptly cut the railway embankment and allowed the flood to disperse itself over the plain, the town and its inhabitants must have perished. The element that was meant to provide harvests on a thirsty soil, and to give easy passage to the village populations and their produce in light boats and barges, had now become a devastating terror which cut off one community after another from its markets, its business centres, even its food.

Yet the dikes remain, and no doubt will continue. But it is essential to remember the difference between our own enlightened times and those more barbarous ages when Arles was not only beautiful, but prosperous as well.

Every great river obeys much the same laws. In the early part of its course from the parent spring it usually flows swiftly, on a fairly rapid incline of descent, and always eats away large quantities of rocks, earth, and soil, which are gradually ground up by the violence of the stream, and are borne downwards by its turbid waves until the river flows more gently. In the second stage, the river's bed would be perpetually growing deeper and wider but for the compensating process

carried on by the deposit of solid matter contained in the water. In the third stage, the angle of descent has become so nearly flat that the water of the stream tends to spread out sideways, and the solid matter, now reduced to mud and sand, tends to form banks and shelves and bars. The Rhone is the most important river, after the Nile, which flows into the Mediterranean, and its current is the fastest in Europe over an extent of about 840 kilometres from its source in the Furca glacier of the St. Gothard range. The enormous quantity of detritus it brings down from the Valais is considerably purified on passing through the Lake of Geneva, into which it has fallen from a point 1388 metres higher up, on a slope of over seven in every thousand. By the time the stream reaches Bellegarde its triturated rocks have become gravel, and the slope is just over one in every thousand metres. From Lyons to the sea it becomes navigable, with a slope of a half metre (or less) in every thousand metres. The rapidity of its current varies from one and a half metres a second at ordinary times to more than four metres in flood. Between Beaucaire and Arles the solid contents of the water have become sand and mud, and the slope is reduced to less than one-tenth of a metre in every thousand metres. At Arles the river divides into the Great Rhone on the left, and the Little Rhone on the right, while the Camargue, between them, is fur-

rowed here and there with traces of various other courses by which the Rhone's waters have at different ages made their way towards the sea. The fifty kilometres from Arles to the bar are on so slight a slope as to be almost level, and the deposits are therefore seen at the maximum of their activity.

I have gone into all this detail because the history of Provence is unintelligible unless you realise the influence of natural forces on the country and on its inhabitants; and because the tideless Mediterranean, and those rivers of which the Rhone is far the greatest, provide the sole explanation of what you can see to-day and of what you will soon learn of yesterday. The laws I have explained are of universal application. Alexandria and Marseilles are placed in their actual relation to the Nile and to the Rhone for precisely the same reasons as Venice or Trieste and Odessa are situated in their existing relations to the Po, and to the Danube. All four rivers exhibit the similar phenomena of the delta. Provence is the delta of the Rhone; and every river of the district I shall deal with that flows into the sea exhibits the same characteristics. The depth of water on its coastline corresponds exactly to the character of the soil upon the seaboard. Where the Esterels and the maritime Alps rise above the sunlit waters of the Côte d'Azur, the sea is deep. Where the Gulf of Gascony bathes the plains of Arcachon, where the North Sea rages round the dikes of Holland, and where the

Mediterranean receives the waters of the Rhone, the sea is shallow, so shallow that at Aigues-Mortes, on the coast of the Camargue, or at Cette, a man may walk out several hundred yards upon the sand. These shoals, when combined with the prevalent south and south-east winds, make navigation in this part of the Mediterranean very difficult; but another result, which is more visible to the traveller on dry land, is that the sea has slowly but surely withdrawn from its ancient shores; the mass of débris brought down by the rivers has slowly but surely encroached upon it; and towns that once were flourishing seaports are now but the dried-up mummies of a life which has left them with the waves that once broke upon the quays so long deserted.[1]

The delta of the Nile was once far larger than it is now, as was that of the Rhone; but in the Egyptian

[1] Exactly the reverse process in physical geography may be noted on the coasts of England, which, as Mr. Beckles Willson showed, are deprived by the sea every year of a tract of land the size of Gibraltar, and on the east coast alone as much territory is engulfed by the waves as would more than equal the island of Heligoland. The worst havoc wrought by this constant marine erosion is in Norfolk. Off Selsey, in Sussex, the line of anchorage is still called "The Park," and in Henry VIII.'s time it was a forest full of stags. Off the coast, in the Wirral district of Cheshire, a forest now submerged can plainly be seen at low tide. The legendary land of Lyonesse represents a whole lost tract of England between Land's End and the Scilly Isles. When the Phoenicians first came here, and landed on these islands, there is no doubt that the lie of the land was as different from that of modern Cornwall as is to-day's Provence from the Rhone-country of its oldest history. But of the two processes which have changed these countries, it must be confessed that erosion seems in the end less fatal to prosperity than undue extension.

river it was always Heliopolis which marked the bifurcation of the stream, as it was always Arles as long as we can trace the Rhone. The name of Fourques ("Furca") preserves the ancient memory of this bifurcation of the Rhone at the extreme north of the Camargue, near Trinquetaille, the suburb of Arles. In each delta there are well-marked depressions between the branches of the stream, depressions which continue in a chain of lagoons until the "cordon littoral" is reached. The swamps of Mareotis, the lakes of El Madieh, Ed-Kou, of Bourlos, or of Menzaleh, are similar formations to the lagoons of Venice, or to the Lake of Valcarès, the swamps of Arles, or of Aigues-Mortes. Some of the Provençal lagoons are filled up already, others will soon disappear; and throughout the process, the actual seaboard retires further and further from the Provençal towns. Narbonne, for instance, which once stood above a navigable lagoon, is now several miles from any open communication with the sea; and I can think of no better example of this process than the town which was once a Celtic seaport, then gave its name to the whole Roman Province, and is now—Narbonne.

There existed a fishing village, and perhaps more than that, on the spot where Saint Louis built the Tour de Constance and dredged the lagoons of Aigues-Mortes for the embarcation of his crusading fleet and army. Indeed, a deed of Charlemagne, signed in 701, speaks

of a "Tour Matafère" in this place, and of the famous monastery of Psalmodi, a little to the north. The very names used in the district at those remote periods—"Pinèdes," "Sylve-Godesque," "Sylve-Real"—suggest the fertility of pine-forests among the mouths of the Rhone, which have long since disappeared. At a very early date, the industry of collecting salt from the shallow beds of the lagoons took the place of every other industry, and seems to have been known here far earlier than in any other part of France. The possession of rights in the collection of this salt was the subject of a legal arrangement between the Seigneur of Uzès and of the Abbot of Psalmodi in 1284; and these rights eventually passed to the Crown itself, whose restrictions and taxes in favour of the royal monopoly lasted in their full unpopularity up to the days of the Revolution.

Even in 1881 the state drew a revenue of some ten million francs from that source; and one of the most interesting signs of the geographical changes which I have here tried to emphasise is the canal from Aigues-Mortes to the Rhone at Beaucaire, which was one of the first necessities of that difficult navigation of the Rhone delta already described, and which has resulted in Aigues-Mortes, dead as it may look, having more life left in it, and more promise of future commerce, than Narbonne. The smoke from the railway trains

is already blackening the ramparts of the Crusaders, in whose days some fifteen thousand souls dwelt in a town built to hold forty thousand, and, until quite recently, peopled only by the spectres of the past. But as the Harbour of the King, as the great royal custom-house of Languedoc, Aigues-Mortes exists no longer. Its only prospects, apart from the salt industry, are to be found in the gradual reclamation for agriculture of its surrounding plains; for the various schemes suggested for its resuscitation as a seaport are more philanthropic than practical.

In almost exactly the same way, it is the loss of the navigation of the lower Rhone that has brought down the imperial city of Arles from its old splendour to the pathetic ruin of her ancient greatness, which we know and love to-day. Yet another instance of vanished commerce is the once famous, and now almost unknown, Fair of Beaucaire, where the merchants of the East, the traders of Venice, and the sailors of the Mediterranean met the Provençal farmers at a great exchange which spread broadcast the traffic of the west of Europe. Beaucaire, in her turn, has been ruined, not only by the railway which has destroyed the river trade, but also by the increasing dangers of the Rhone itself, and of the bars that close its mouth.

It is possible, even now, to imagine the watery plains which I have described between Arles and the sea

covered with those earliest vessels of remote antiquity, the rafts that rested on inflated skins. Feverish antiquarians have struggled now and again to revive these ancient processes. A professor of Avignon University was watched by large crowds guiding his raft on skins from one side of the Rhone to another, and even for some distance down the stream. The Chevalier de Folard, fired by the study of Caesar, and by stories of Hannibal, desired at the same time to reintroduce their ancient method of crossing rivers as the established discipline of French armies. But neither of them succeeded. The days of the "Utriculaires" passed away when the great lake from Arles to the sea disappeared, and these prehistoric vessels will never be seen again in Provence. Venice has preserved her gondolas, for her canals are with her still. Where the light rafts of early populations carried commerce and civilisation in all directions across the Camargue and the long lagoons of the Rhone delta, there is now only silence, abandonment, and fever—the price of some two thousand years of progress.

Where Celts, Ligurians, and Iberians had lived so many years ago, the Phoenicians, as I have said, were the first visitors who brought a real breath of foreign, exotic, fascinating travel. But their establishments were generally temporary markets, with foreign interests, rather than abiding resting places of a people

who meant to make the new land their home. The Greeks were the first foreigners to live in Gaul, and radically to change the essential elements of Gallic life; and of the Greeks the Phocaeans were the earliest colonising race.

The last to settle on the Ionic coasts of Asia Minor, these Phocaeans found themselves upon a sterile and narrow peninsula, and were naturally driven to make explorations westward, and to go further in search of a new home than any mariners of their race had gone before. The tales of monsters and of pirates with which the wily Phoenician pilot terrified the childhood of antiquity, and kept his own routes clear of enterprising strangers, had no effect on the audacious Phocaeans. They built their long, swift penteconters, the greyhounds of the ancient sea, on purpose to face the unknown perils of a longer voyage and a more dangerous adventure than any Greek had yet faced; for their explorations began where former voyages had left off.

From Corfu, the legendary home of Nausicaa and the Phaeacians, they crossed to Italy and sailed along the coasts even to Spain, even beyond the Pillars of Hercules and Calypso's fairy isle, to that Tartessus which Coleos the Samian had only reached before them because he had been driven out of his true course by a tempest along the coast of Africa. It was after their first long voyage of exploration that the Phocaean

mariners, on their return home, decided to found a colony with the regular rites, and to found it at Marseilles. The oracles of Delphi or of Dodona were consulted. The names of the colonists were inscribed in the temple registers at home, together with the agreement entered into between the travellers and their mother state. The gods of the old shrine, the fire from its Prytaneum, were carried overseas to the new site. Aristarche, a lady of Ephesus, warned of her duty in a dream, went with them. Simos and Protis were the leaders of the expedition of young men who trusted to find their wives in their new home, and thus ally themselves at once with the inhabitants by the strongest and most enduring ties. This is the process that is suggested in the charming tale of the old chroniclers, a tale that contains far more truth than legend.

Simos and Protis, anxious to secure the friendship of the Segobrigians before the whole Phocaean expedition landed, went up to the stronghold of their king, Nannos. They had discovered that from the Rhone westwards towards Spain was the country of the Iberians. They evidently preferred the territory eastward of the Rhone, towards Italy, in which dwelt the Ligurians or Ligyans, of whose tribes the Salyes, the Comani, and the Segobrigii were the most important. These last must have lived somewhere along what is now the chain of the Esterels, and the foreign travellers arrived just as King Nannos was about to celebrate the betrothal of

his daughter Glyptis, who was to choose her husband, as the custom was, by offering a full cup of wine at the banquet to the man who pleased her most. It was to Protis—for the other name, Euxenos, only signifies the same, honoured guest—that she gave it. The Mas-Salia, which was her dowry, was the small Salyan village above what is now the Old Harbour of Marseilles; and in the last paragraph of this chapter I have mentioned some rude carvings that recall the Salyan tribes who once lived at Entremont near Aix. The Greek explorers landed under the happiest auspices, and began to look about them.

The choice of their leader was soon justified. Here was a bay ringed round with hills, from which there jutted a peninsula on which to found their city, with her harbours upon either side. Here was their "Lamptera"; here their "Naustathmos"; here, too, even the three islands that protected these Phocaean originals; for Château d'If, Pomègues, and Ratonneau were the Bancheion, the Elaiousa, the Alopeke, of their Ionic shores. It was Phocaea once more beneath another sky. The images of their Phocaean divinities were placed round that of the Artemis they had brought from Asia Minor, in the first temple built to her worship on the coasts of Gaul; and some of these carved gods and goddesses remain unto this day. Following the example of Protis, his young men took to themselves

wives of the daughters of the country, and the new colony grew and flourished, gradually imposing its arts, its religion, its civilisation, upon the receptive populations all around.

But the Phocaeans of Marseilles did more than this. Restless and bold mariners, they were not content with the one harbour that had held one expedition. This was but the nucleus, the fruitful centre of more exploring voyages both from itself and from the mother-country. To the east, in the country of the Ligyans (descendants of those Italian tribes of Siculi, whom the Greek mariners had passed on their adventurous westward voyages), the Massaliots founded outposts, ports with a sheltering island wherever possible, like the Stoechades at Hyères. Here, too, they founded Olbia, Antipolis (Antibes), and Nicaea (Nice); and hence they did a rich trade in timber, cattle, honey, skins, and fish. Along the westward coast they advanced steadily towards the Pyrenees, by way of Agathe (Agde), and Emporiae; taking possession, as they went on, of the Rhodian settlement (Rodez) between Emporiae and the mountains.

Still further they sailed, along the coast of Spain itself, where they found salt, metals, and dye stuffs; and opposite the Balearic isles they built Hemeroscopeum, a kind of fortified ironworks and fisheries combined, with a sanctuary of Artemis. Beyond the

Straits of Gibraltar they sailed on, even to the mouth of the Baetis (the Guadalquiver), and so at last to the legendary riches of Tartessus, the Tarsis of the dawn of history, "where was good copper." Nearly all these foundations still exist; but Rhodanusia and Heraclea, at the Rhone's mouth, have vanished from our ken. Inland towns like St. Remy, Tarascon, Vaison, and Avignon (as they are called now) were connected with Marseilles by links of commerce and communications that grew stronger every year.

Realising that agriculture is one of the deepest foundations, after intermarriage, for the prosperity of aliens who propose to stay, the Phocaeans brought with them their own olive-trees; and in the greatest beauty of to-day's Provence, as in her best harvest, we can still trace the wisdom of her first Greek colonists. It is practically certain, too, that they brought over more highly developed varieties of the fig, the cherry-tree, and the chestnut; and there is little doubt that they began the culture of the vine on systematic methods. Their coins were probably the first that ever circulated from hand to hand in these early days of commerce. For if Pheidon, King of Argos, was the first Greek to circulate gold coins in Aegina, stamped with the tortoise of Aphrodite, he was only enabled to do so because the Mediterranean coasts already knew and accepted the money and weights instituted by Lydians

and Phoenicians on the coasts of Asia Minor, the rounded pieces of pale yellow Ionic gold, formed out of electrum from the Pactolus, and coined as staters in 720 B.C. Massalia was founded a hundred and twenty years later than this, and no doubt its founders brought with them the coins to which they were accustomed, and the usages of local minting which they had known in Asia Minor. Coins have been found in the districts in and near Marseilles which were struck in nearly every Greek town in Asia Minor; and among the types upon them are the lion of Cyzicus, combined with the "griffon" of Phocaea, which is the trace of a commercial union so valuable that the greater number of Massalian coins retained this stamp of the lion's head, almost as frequently as that of the Artemis who was the special goddess of their sacred rites. To her presentment they added, later, the figure of a crab, on the reverse, with the letter M beneath it. But the emblem of the lion lasted longest as the symbol of Massaliot marine supremacy, even as it was to be that of Venice and of England later. Some antiquarians have even seen in this coin the derivation of that much-contested name, the Gulf of Lions. But I do not propose to discuss so difficult a problem. The older names of Gulf of Narbonne and Gulf of Marseilles are far more appropriate, and need never have been altered.

It will be remembered that a lion typified too the sea trade and the sea power of ancient Arles. "Ab ira leonis" is the town's motto even now; and it may well indicate an early tie with the Greek colony which had a lion upon its coinage alike by right of heritage and of its own supremacy. The Phocaeans of Marseilles cannot have forgotten that when they were originally sent out from Athens, it was their swift appreciation of the women of Cyme which gave the most Hellenic colony in Asia Minor its deepest hold upon the country by the most pacific methods possible. The equally harmonious traditions of the marriage between Protis and Glyptis reveal that this successful policy had not been forgotten when the Phocaeans founded colonies in their turn and came to Gaul. If the principle had needed further confirmation, it would have derived it from the incident which saved the young city from the treachery of "Comanus," the king of the Segobrigians, who followed Glyptis's father. It was the love of another Segobrigian damsel which revealed the plot to a young Greek, and enabled him to warn the authorities in time. The treacherous Segobrigians were massacred to a man, and once more the colony profited by the women of the country. At Arles no doubt the same process went on. Arles was already founded when Massalia was born. But this only meant that the young and daring Ionians were received

with a more certain welcome when they came; and there is no town in the world where the mingling of Greek blood with that of Eastern races, and with ancient Gallic stock, can be more clearly traced than in the streets of modern Arles.

The beauty of the Arlésienne is the one traveller's tale that never disappoints either the most sceptical of modern visitors, or, hardest test of all, their even more unbelieving wives and daughters. I saw her first ten years ago, as she is drawn in one of my mother's illustrations for this book (in vol. II.). Only last spring I had the happiness of verifying my first impressions. At the gate of the old Roman Theatre, which is guarded by a concierge with military memories and a better conscience than his predecessor, sat a beautiful woman with dark hair that shaded a warm olive cheek, beneath which the blood flushed visibly. Her quiet eyes, her beautifully proportioned face, her gentle dignity were all that I remembered of her race. They were the gifts that race alone can give (see vol. I., title-page.) Not until she opened her lovely mouth could you realise she was a daughter of the people.

A few days before, Mistral, the poet of Provence, had called a gathering of the girls of Arles in that same Roman Theatre which is so fitting a framework to their classic charms. Like the columns which were set there by Greek workmen so many centuries ago, these women

seem the immortal relics of a golden age that has, elsewhere, vanished from the earth. Greek, Roman, Saracen, and Frank have had their say in the moulding of those perfect features. But it is the Greek that has prevailed. Upon the coins of Evaenetus of Syracuse, in the head of the Persephone he modelled for the Greeks of the fourth century before Christ, you may trace the type that has survived. In no other country but the land that has preserved the Aphrodite of Arles, the Maison Carrée, the Triumphal Monument of Marius, could such a type have lasted for so long. The soil itself of modern Hellas has not proved so favourable to the preservation of these noble racial distinctions; and even in Arles those exquisite refinements of line which give character and beauty are denied to the male. The woman only has preserved the delicate chiselling of the antique gems and cameos in which her far-off ancestors delighted to portray the faces of their gods and goddesses. The town of handsome men is Tarascon; but their type is again entirely different. It would seem that, by some process which wiser heads than mine may possibly explain, the mothers that were to mould the future generations of Provence had received, at the very beginning of Provençal civilisation, that eternal stamp of Greek beauty, of Hellenic dignity and proportion, which was to remain pure and unsullied however often a fresh issue of human currency was called for. The pattern of the mint

was fixed, once and for ever, by the Attic blood that the Phocaeans brought to the Rhone valley. Neither in Narbonne nor in Nîmes; not at Avignon, not at Carpentras, not at Orange, has the same type survived; not even at Marseilles, the first cradle of that fertilising race. Wherever, in other towns than Arles, a distinctive type stands out, it may be either the bronzed face, the slightly angular features, the blazing, feverishly active black eyes of the Saracen; or the massive form and riper beauty of the Roman matron; but it is never the perfection of the Greek. The very rarity of the type, the precise restriction of its area, give it a greater value, suggesting one of those strange, inexplicable results of Nature; working at her will, in her own way, and in no other. At Marseilles the Phocaeans may have planted their arsenals, founded their markets, trained their sailors. But at Arles they loved, and bred. "Theline Vocata Graio incolente." Here was the bosom upon which the weary seafarer reposed, and here he paid back to posterity the debt he owed the woman of his choice.

By such almost intangible, yet infinitely precious and permanent results in human framework and in certain architectural types which I shall mention later, must we be content to trace the presence of the Greeks in old Provence.[1] By the time the Romans had come

[1] Prosper Castanier in *Histoire de la Provence dans l'Antiquité* (Paris, 1896. E. Flammarion) gives a drawing in vol. ii. plate i. of

over we shall find more visible evidences of life; and in many of the monuments and statues that the Roman domination left behind it in the valley of the Rhone we shall see very distinct proof that the Greek art and the Greek love of beauty had been carefully preserved. "Graecia capta ferum victorem cepit." It is not only in the mighty amphitheatres, the rugged aqueducts, the vast remains of structures which seem built to defy the elements, and Time itself, that Rome has left her indelible mark upon Provence. It is in the Greek workmanship and design which Rome preserved as well; and of this I have given several examples in my illustrations. It is, indeed, astonishing that more is not known of a district which preserves monuments

the statue of Artemis which the Phocaeans brought to Marseilles. . The original may be seen in the Musée Calvet in Avignon, and is a careful Roman copy of the Ionic carving. In the Museum of the Château Borély in Marseilles may be examined the remains of the forty-one shattered statuettes which were placed in the Pronaos of her temple, where Aristarche was high-priestess. In the Museum in Lyons is the Aphrodite of Marseilles, an archaic statue of no great merit, but of the highest interest, showing the long braided hair of the goddess and the dove upon her wrist. It is no doubt Phocaean work, as was the Artemis, and of about the sixth century B.C. M. Castanier also gives excellent reproductions of many types of early Greek coins found in Provence. But for more beautiful specimens of workmanship inspired by Greek art we must wait until the Romans reached the Rhone. The Phocaean statues just mentioned were buried (and thus preserved to us) when the Massaliots, on learning of the flight of their former countrymen to Rhegium after a naval battle in which Massalia had of course assisted, abandoned their city for a time in fear of the Carthaginian vengeance, about 536 B.C. The monuments they put up after their return, in about 480 B.C., have totally disappeared. The period between this date and the siege of the Greek town by Julius Cæsar has left no traces.

of Roman life as interesting as can be found in Rome herself, and which probably gave the lead—in at least one important instance—in an architectural development which spread from Provence over the whole Roman Empire, I mean the Triumphal Arch at St. Remy.

After suffering a temporary eclipse from the jealousy of Carthage the Massaliots returned from this enforced exile in Italy, and their city rose, from 470 B.C. onwards, to her true position, as the Greek capital of Gaul, taking, one by one, under her dominion, the various other colonies that either Phoenician or Greek enterprise had founded on or near the coast. Among these were Monaco and Saint Gilles. Even in the Balearic islands they established their sway more firmly by the foundation of Artemisia. The Iberians in the west seem to have accepted this change of power more contentedly than did the Ligurians to the east, with whom the Massaliots had many a sanguinary struggle. It was against these persistent enemies that Massalia was finally obliged to call in the help of Rome. C. Sextius Calvinus was sent, and at Aquae Sextiae (Aix) he left the military station which recalled his victory over the Salyans. When the vanquished barbarians' king, Teutomalius, took refuge with the Allobroges, C. Domitius Enobarbus was sent out, with the usual Roman thoroughness, to conquer them in their turn, which he did with complete success in the battle be-

tween the Ouvèze and the Sorgue. He was succeeded by Quintus Fabius Maximus, who finally crushed the Allobroges near the Isère. Victorious Roman legions had set foot upon Provence. Their mark has never left it; and it is in commemoration of the victories just mentioned that the first Roman monuments in Provence were built.[1]

[1] The immediate answer of Rome to the appeal of the Greek colony of Marseilles is only intelligible when the ancient history of the Phocaean mariners is remembered. In the distant centuries when Tarquin was king a Phocaean expedition had landed at the mouth of the Tiber and made alliance with the Romans before sailing further west. South of the Tiber, too, was that "Magna Graecia" which every Hellene loved. An even stronger tie was the common hatred felt by both Romans and Greeks for the Etruscans, those descendants of the Pelasgi whom the Hellenes had chased out of Greece, whose fleets, allied with Carthage, had at one time crushed the Phocaeans and Massalia, and whose yoke the Romans only finally threw off about 400 B.C. This independence was probably not achieved without the sympathy and even the assistance of the same old friends in Massalia, whose swift penteconters had so impressed the Romans two hundred years before. When Phocaea, the mother-city of Massalia, was sacked by the Persians, and after both colonists and original citizens had had to fly from their own cities, in fear of further outrage, it was at Rhegium that they first sought safety, and at Velia in Lucania that they founded a new home. Here was yet another bond between the Italians and these Greeks.

Such traditions are not easily forgotten. As the centuries passed by, and it came to be Massalia's turn to struggle for her independence, her call for help was not made in vain to the growing republic on the Tiber which had suffered from Hannibal's army the same Carthaginian insolence that had well-nigh destroyed Massalia. Rome must have watched for long the rise of the Greek cities on the Mediterranean coast, and must have sympathised instinctively with those colonising and civilising influences of which she was herself to be the great exemplar of all time.

Of the Celtic tribes that had moved out of Germany about 300 B.C., a certain proportion passed down the Rhone Valley. The disturbance created among the Iberians and Ligurians of Provence may easily be imagined; and it is significant that when the legions of Sextius, Domitius, and Fabius were called to help Massalia in the turmoil of contending nations there were not only Ligurians to conquer but also Volcae, Allobroges, Vocontii, Helvii, and Cavares. Their defeat was not finally effected until the reign of Augustus; and the trouble given by their presence first becomes notorious in history when Hannibal was on his march to Rome, and crossed the Rhone between Beaucaire and Tarascon to gain the highway to the Alps.

Discussions have raged long and hotly over the route of Hannibal. I do not pretend to greater authority than that of any previous writer on this difficult problem. But I have examined the locality and I have made up my mind, after considerable labour, that a certain route is right, and without further complication or argument I shall give the one which was first suggested by Gilles in 1872, and which no subsequent theories have ever shown to be impossible. Certain facts in the problem are undisputed; such as the point of disembarkation of Scipio's attacking forces, and the direction of existing roads. The great highway from Spain to Italy, for instance, crossed the

Rhone at Tarascon, and there split into two, one part going by way of St. Remy towards what became later the Via Julia Augusta southwards, the other going further up the Rhone by Avignon, and towards the Alpine Passes eastward. The only existing road Hannibal had to use was the one that led him to Beaucaire, and when once he had crossed to Tarascon, the third undisputed fact is that he then crossed the Durance near its mouth. This river joins the Rhone close to Avignon, and Hannibal crossed it from south to north, proceeding up to Orange, and further north still, before he turned eastwards on the road to Gap, to Embrun, to Briançon, and so to Mont Genèvre.

The destruction of Saguntum was the determining cause of a war for which Hannibal had made long and careful preparations. The friendly spies from Marseilles had scarcely informed Rome that he had passed the Ebro when he was across the Pyrenees, and marching by way of Perpignan, Narbonne, Béziers, Montpellier, and Nîmes, upon Beaucaire. He reached the Rhone in fact before Scipio's army had had time to interfere with him at all, and he therefore had full leisure to choose between the two routes that offered themselves, either to north or south. Scipio meanwhile had disembarked at Fos, near the south-eastern corner of the Camargue, and just north of the eastern mouth of the Rhone, at the foot of the Salyan hills,

four days' march from Beaucaire. At that time, as we have seen, the plain from Arles to the sea, that is between Arles and Fos, was so covered with immense though shallow lakes that the only route from Fos to Tarascon, on dry land, lay through Istres, Le Merle, Aureille, Mouriès, St. Remy, and Maillane. It was by this route that Scipio's three hundred cavalry scouts marched to their first skirmish with Hannibal's Numidians, doing about fourteen miles a day. The barbarian inhabitants who opposed the Carthaginian's passage of the river were the Cavares, and if Scipio had been a little quicker there is no doubt that the Roman legions, backed by these clouds of irregular militia who knew the country, might have stopped Hannibal for ever. Even alone these hordes of enemies were difficult enough to deal with. So Hanno was sent from Beaucaire northwards to where the isle of Barthelasse gives a ford over the river between Avignon and Villeneuve. His Spanish mercenaries swam over on their shields, and came back to Tarascon in much less time than they had taken to go north, owing to the conformation of the river's course. Their beacon fires were sufficient to terrify the Cavares into a hurried retreat, and Hannibal passed over safely to Tarascon, after gaining time for the transportation of his elephants by occupying the Roman cavalry with his Numidians. The arrival of an embassy from the

Boii then decided him to take the northward route by Gap and Embrun.

Between Tarascon and Maillane took place that fierce little conflict between Scipio's advance-guard and the Africans, which was so sharply contested that one hundred and forty of the Romans perished before the Numidians were put to flight with the loss of two hundred of their numbers in rather less than an hour's hand-to-hand combat. The reconnoitring party, having made out the main body of Hannibal's army, returned at once through St. Remy to their general's headquarters at Fos. Scipio then advanced in order of battle, leaving his baggage on his fleet at anchor, but marching without undue haste, believing at every moment that he would meet the Carthaginian army advancing along the southern road after its passage of the Rhone. But Hannibal had had a fatal advantage in his start, and with his infantry ahead, and his cavalry and elephants behind, was already marching to the north and east by way of Frigolet and Avignon where he crossed the Durance, the only hindrance in his march from the Rhone to the Alps,[1] for the Allobroges had been won over to a friendly neutrality. Once more Scipio had his chance, for the crossing of

[1] I read here (with I. Gilles) "Inde per extremam oram Vocontiorum agri tetendit in Tricorios. Haud usquam impedita via priusquam ad Druentiam flumen pervenit; is et ipse Alpinus amnis," etc. A slight change in the accepted punctuation of Livy gives sense instead of nonsense.

the Durance in its autumn flood, at Barbentane by Avignon, was a dangerous operation which cost the Carthaginians a heavy loss in men and animals by drowning. But Scipio was again too late. If he had pitched his headquarters at St. Remy, as Marius did long afterwards, he might have had time to strike, first at the Rhone passage and then at the Durance, if another blow had been necessary. But with a base so far away as Fos he could do nothing. With totally wrong conceptions as to Hannibal's daring plan of campaign after Tarascon and Avignon, Scipio was equally powerless after he had started from Fos; for he was continually making slow preparations to fight an enemy who was continually marching as fast as possible away from him. The slaughter of Lake Trasimene and the disaster of Cannae were the price Rome paid for the indecisions and delays of Scipio in Provence.[1]

[1] I claim no credit whatever for an explanation of the text of Livy and other classical authors, which is entirely due to the geographical labours on the spot of a Provençal historian, who has once more shown the supreme value of geographically scientific researches in the field of history. It may be added that Scipio only sailed from Italy on the 25th of September 218 B.C., when Hannibal had already reached the banks of the Rhone. The time taken by Scipio's voyage was employed by Hannibal in making those careful preparations for his passage of the Rhone which Livy has described in detail. When Scipio had reached Fos on the 28th, Hanno had been sent northwards on his forced march round by Avignon to take the barbarians in flank, which was effected on the 29th. The way being then clear, Hannibal's infantry passed the Rhone on the 30th. On October 1st he sent his

The sad silence in which the mistakes of Scipio have been wrapped by Roman chroniclers is reflected in the utter absence of all legends, and of almost every trace of his campaign in Provence itself. The difference observable when we reach the days of Marius is extraordinary but not unreasonable. Hannibal passed like a thundercloud. His goal was Rome, and he paused not on his way. The invading hordes whom Marius annihilated were a menace to every population on their route. The massacre of their whole strength upon the plains near Aix was a catastrophe which no nation could observe unmoved. The Provençal has

five hundred Numidians against the Roman scouts, and during the progress of the cavalry skirmish that ensued near Maillane he communicated to his army the result of his negotiations with the Boii and definitely decided on the northern route. On *the fourth day* after Scipio's fleet had reached Fos, Hannibal's advance-guard was crossing the Durance and his elephants were passing over the Rhone. On the next day (the 3rd of October) Scipio at length started, only to reach Tarascon on the 6th of October and to find that he had made an error which was to cause Rome untold horrors in the years to come. His countrymen have said little about Scipio's mistake. But that they had read the lesson right is shown by the fact that when Marius, one hundred and eighteen years later, had to cut off the advancing army of the Teutones and the Ambrons, it was at St. Remy he waited for them, and chose his own battleground for their defeat. Scipio's camp, after his fleet had landed the army, was on the plateau of Saint-Blaise, or Castel Veïré, an old Celtic stronghold where the remains of Scipio's cautious fortifications can still be traced, in a straight line from east to west. The only other trace of the campaign ever found was the skeleton of an African elephant, dug up near Maillane in 1788, the memory of which is only preserved in Achard's *Geographical Dictionary*; and now even the authenticity of this blameless relic has been severely questioned.

never forgotten it, and from his memories of that blood-stained cataclysm have arisen some of the most enduring and the most beautiful of his beliefs. But the campaign of Marius came after those of Domitius and Fabius already mentioned, and it is with the triumphal monuments of these two last-named generals, at Vienne and at Cavaillon, that I must first briefly deal.

Both of these monuments, the earliest of their kind in Provence, are the primeval types of a building peculiar to the Roman genius. They assumed the form of a tall pyramid or obelisk, a form which was successively modified until it reached perfection at St. Remy, where in the same enclosure is the first triumphal arch built outside Italy, which was the type that eventually replaced the pyramidal form.

After C. Sextius Calvinus had established his military headquarters at Aix, his work was handed on to the proconsul Domitius, who fought the combined forces of the Allobroges and the Arverni in 121 B.C. at Vindalium, the meeting-place of the Sorgue and the Ouvèze, in the country of the Cavares. The same enemies rose again the next year against Fabius, the next proconsul. He beat them even worse than his predecessor had done, and took their king, Bituitus, prisoner on the field of battle at the confluence of the Rhone and the Isère; and it was to celebrate the second battle that the first triumphal monument in Provence

was erected by Fabius at Vienne.[1] This is the "needle" or "pyramid" which stands on the level ground near the river, a little to the south of the town. It has been called the "Tomb of Pilate"; it has been described as the tomb of Alexander Severus, or of one Venerreus, who is the mythical founder of Vienne; even as the mausoleum of Augustus himself, and many other guesses have been made about it. In the archives of the town it is spoken of as the Tower of Mauconseil, and its evil reputation is reflected in the legend reported by Gervase of Tilbury that the devil himself had set it up. A less daring archæological interpretation held that it was the "spina" of some vast and vanished Roman circus, round which the racing chariots made their turn. It is, as a matter of fact, the "monument in white stone" of which Strabo speaks, the monument set up by Fabius in the capital of the Allobroges after he had beaten them in the plains between that town and the Isère. The ruins of the two temples which

[1] Soon after 1540, ruins were dug up near the temple of Faustina at the eastern limit of the Forum in Rome, and one of the fragments bore the inscription: "Q. Fabius Q. F. Maxsumus Aed. Cur. Rest." Some twenty-five other fragments were found in 1882 (*Ann. Inst.*, 1859, p. 307, and *Not. degli Scavi*, 1882, p. 225) on the same site, which were supposed to belong to an arch erected by Q. Fabius Maximus, consul in 121 B.C., called Allobrogicus after his victory over the Allobroges. But whether these fragments really belonged to the arch of Augustus, erected near this point in 29 B.C., or whether they were fragments of an arch at all, I am inclined to think that the development of the arch as a triumphal monument cannot be dated before Julius Caesar.

he set up at the same time are among the many Roman remains at Vienne, of which the temple of Augustus and Livia is by far the most important.[1]

The pyramid at Vienne is built of huge, hewn stones, beautifully jointed without cement, though originally cramped with iron. It rests upon the square roof of a portico which is pierced with an arch on each of its four sides, and ornamented at each angle with engaged columns. Though the pyramid itself is hollow, the enormous weight resting on the portico is the most astonishing feature of a construction which is otherwise quite plain, and even unfinished in the carving of its details.

As became the reputation of Domitius Enobarbus, the monument he set up (later than the one at Vienne), for the victory won before Fabius arrived, was far more finished in style and much more elaborately decorated. In plan the same as that at Vienne, the monument of

[1] Vienne is too far north even for my generous interpretation of the geographical limits of Provence. But it may be added that the inscription on this temple was finally deciphered, after a skilful use of the holes left by the old bronze letters, by Édouard Bondurand of Nîmes, Archiviste of the Gard. It runs as follows—DIVO . AUGUSTO . IMP . CAESARI . OPTIMO . MAXIMO . ET . DIVAE . AUGUSTAE. To this interpretation it has been suggested that the use of both DIVUS and IMPERATOR of the same man is unprecedented in inscriptions hitherto examined. Precedent, however, has little to do with proved facts. This building is now carefully restored, and as a complete specimen of its type is only second to the Maison Carrée at Nîmes. The fine group of two children struggling for a bird is the best bit of old sculpture in the town.

Cavaillon originally showed a similar portico with four arches and carved Corinthian columns with a cornice above it, and other decorations in detailed work, among which are winged Victories at each angle. Above was placed by its founder a pyramid which has now disappeared. This loss of its chief feature, and the concealment of the plan by subsequent débris, at first led many observers to consider the ruin as the remains of a triumphal arch. But this is not the case. Such arches did not appear in this connection till much later, and this monument was of the original type from which other buildings of the kind were, as we shall see, descended. The victory of Domitius over the combined tribes took place at Vindalium in the territory of the Cavares, which is now Bédarrides, the strategic position commanding the plain from the Rhone to the Alps, which was the natural battlefield of the tribes against the advancing legions. His monument was placed at Cavaillon ("Cabellio Cavarum") because that was the chief town of these conquered populations before Orange attained importance as an Augustan colony. The position of the monument has no doubt been changed since its first building, for the present arches have no real foundations such as would have been necessary for a structure originally at least seventy-five feet in height to the top of the pyramid which surmounted it. The wrongly placed pilasters of the west-

ern arch are also evidence of an ignorant reconstruction, in which, no doubt, the whole building suffered sufficiently to begin the state of ruin in which it now exists.

Besides these monuments of Roman victory, it will be interesting here to point out that in the Museum of Aix are preserved some ancient bas-reliefs which recall Gallic battles and were carved by the Gaulish warriors, themselves inspired, no doubt, in these their first rude efforts by the artistic work they must have seen in or near the Greek colony of Marseilles. The three stone blocks at Aix are certainly pre-Roman; and they are equally certainly neither Greek nor Phoenician. Together they form a four-sided pillar, one side of which is left plain. On the front are spirited sketches of men and horses, and on the two sides are carved human heads, almost life-size, and apparently the remains of decapitated foes, who were clean-shaved. The cavalry on the front are naturally very much reduced in size, and sadly out of proportion, but the carvings clearly represent the fighting of barbarian horsemen. These most valuable relics of the aboriginal Gauls of Provence were found in 1817, in the old Salyan stronghold of Entremont on the plateau which dominates Aix to the north, and were presented, in 1862, by M. Sallebant, owner of the land, to the Aix Museum, where they are now numbered 305, 306, and 307.



CARVING FROM A ROMAN TOMB AT ARLES

CHAPTER III

MARIUS IN PROVENCE

". . . Pièi racountavo quouro e coumo
Eron vengu li fièu de Roumo
Bastissèire de vilo e ditaire de lèi
Caius Cauvin—e Caius Màri
Lou grand vincèire poupulàri
Qu'engruno a-z-Ais sorto soun càrri
Lou front d'un mounde fèr e i'e staco si rèi."

CALENDAL.[1]

FAR more terrible than the dangers surmounted by Fabius and Domitius was the peril that threatened both Provence and Italy when the Cimbrians and the Teutons advanced by slow and devious but unrelenting marches from the Baltic Sea, through Germany, towards the promised land of southern Europe. Joined by the Ambrons of the Bernese Oberland, this torrent of warlike humanity numbered no less than twelve hundred thousand souls, of whom three hundred and

[1] "Then he told how the sons of Rome came down, the builders of cities and the makers of law: Caius Calvinus and Caius Marius, that great conqueror from the ranks of the people, who crushed the barbarian horde beneath his chariot wheels at Aix and bound their kings in chains."

sixty thousand were fighting men. Fresh from his triumphs in Africa, Marius was called upon by Rome to stem the invasion, and the unexpected march of the Teutons into Spain gave him time to make preparations to meet them after they had recrossed the Pyrenees and as they passed along the Rhone valley on their way towards the Alps. The Cimbrians he was to deal with later. We have now to reconstruct the salient details of a campaign which has never been forgotten in Provence, and in doing so I shall be obliged to make as many references to the modern map, and to those earlier geographical conditions already mentioned, as were necessary in explaining the advance of Hannibal.

The naval base of Marius's army, which kept up a considerable amount of his supplies, was near that same Fos where Scipio had landed long before him. But the famous "Fosses Mariennes" were not here, nor did they join the Rhone at any point, for Marius did not camp close to either bank of the Rhone. The Barbarian army, advancing from the Pyrenees as Hannibal had done, would be obliged to leave the line of the coast soon after Béziers because of the immense lagoons which stretched from Aigues-Mortes, from St. Gilles, and from Beaucaire, towards the sea. They had to reach Beaucaire by way of Nîmes, and they, too, crossed the river to Tarascon. From there they marched eastward across the Tarascon plain, turning a little southerly

past Maillane, and working up the foot of the Alpilles at St. Remy. It was on the foothills near St. Remy that Marius pitched his fighting camp to wait for them; and that camp was chiefly provisioned by the port of the "Fosses Mariennes" at St. Gabriel, or Ernaginum.[1]

Marius only began the "trench or canal," which Plutarch describes, after he had learnt that his enemy was approaching, and as part of the final preparations he had so carefully elaborated for a campaign which, I have often thought, shows many points of resemblance

[1] In the choir of the church at St. Gabriel is preserved a Roman inscription, which runs as follows, with the abbreviations expanded: "Marco Frontoni Eupori, Seviro Augustali Coloniae Juliae Augustae Aquis Sextis, naviculario marino Arelatensi curatori ejusdem corporis patrono nautarum Druenticorum et utriculariorum corporatorum Ernaginensium, Julia Nice uxor. . . ." This means that one Marcus Fronto was patron of the boatmen of St. Gabriel (Ernaginum), to which the "navy of Arles" brought sea-borne craft from Marseilles, while the "boatmen of the Durance" navigated boats from St. Gabriel to Fos across the swamps and lakes caused by numberless springs on a plain which easily held water (for there is only a slope of 13·17 metres in the 80 kilometres from Eyragues to the sea), and by the overflows both from the Durance and the Rhone. On these expanses, too, the rafts on skins and bladders were plied of the "utricularii," whose names are found in many Roman inscriptions. Near the amphitheatre at Nîmes was found the epitaph of the head of the Nîmes corporation, in the following terms: "Lucius Valerius Secundus, magister bis Collegii utriculariorum Nemausensium, vivus sibi posuit." This man, however, might have merely been concerned in the making of skins, which were used in many different ways at that time, for wine or oil, as well as to float rafts. But when the name of a river is added, the connection with the raftsmen is clear. An inscription found inside the Nîmes Arena clearly indicates this. It runs as follows: "Nautis Atricae et Ovidis loca numero xxv data decreto decurionum Nemausensium," which means that twenty-five places had been reserved in the Arena

with that which ended in Kitchener's victory at Omdurman. Plutarch's phrase is that through this canal Marius "drew off water from the river towards a convenient spot where the water flowed towards the sea, smoothly and tranquilly, without being harassed by the wind or waves of the sea. This canal still bears his name." His complete system of "waterworks" therefore consisted in (1) the natural lagoons between Ernaginum and the sea; (2) the "Fossa Mariana," which he dug out from the Durance towards Ernaginum. The natural lagoons, decreased in size by the Abbé of Montmajour in the thirteenth century, and again by Van

by the decurions of Nîmes for the boatmen of the Ardèche and the Ouvèze. The boatmen of the Rhone and Saône were naturally more liberally treated, as may be judged from another passage in the same inscription, which runs: "Nautis Rhodanicis et Araricis (loca numero) XL, D.D.D.N." In the national collections in Paris, too, there is a tessera, showing a large swollen skin, such as was used for supporting the rafts, with an inscription recording the Utricularii of Cavaillon and Lucius Valerius, their chief officer. Suetonius speaks of Julius Caesar (cap. lvii.) using the same methods: "Were rivers in his way to hinder his passage? Crosse over them he would; either swimming, or els bearing himself upon blowed lether bottles" (Holland). Elius Aper and Cnaeus Cornelius are named as patrons of the Arles boatmen; Lucius Julius Secundus as one who left them money for annual sacrifices. Marcus Junius Messianus is recorded as four times their president. At Lyons is the tombstone of C. Liberius Decimanus, of Vienne, who established himself as "Utricularius" at Lyons; and of Arrius Attilius, procurator of the boatmen of Ernaginum; and of C. Catinus Driburon, a Lyons sailor—all apparently men of the highest domestic character. The epitaph of the head of the "Utriculaires" of Arles is still preserved there: ' M. Iunio Messiano Utricl. Corp. Arelat. Ejusd. corp. mag. IIII. F. . . ."

Ens in 1642, were almost completely dried up by the opening of the Canal de Bouc in 1835; and the water which formerly found its way to the sea between Fos and the mouth of the Rhone is now entirely diverted. It remains only to fix the exact situation of the "Fossa Mariana," which was artificially constructed. This was what is now called the Canal des Lonnes (or sometimes Duransole), which leaves the Durance opposite Château-Renard in a south-western direction towards Laurade. Of this canal, and of the lagoons which it made practicable, one of the chief officers responsible was that Flavius Mamorius whose title of "Comes Ripae" is mentioned on the tomb preserved at Arles, and whose duties extended from Château-Renard to the south of that Lake Galégeon by which the waters eventually reached the Mediterranean. The distance from Château-Renard to Laurade is about fifteen kilometres, with a slope of rather more than a half in every hundred metres; and it was far from necessary to canalise the whole distance in order to ensure the waters of the Durance flooding the whole plain towards the south and west. This therefore is the reason why, during the three years Marius waited in Provence, he put off the final construction of his water-system until the last year, when tidings had reached him of the slow advance of the Barbarian hordes across the Pyrenees.

As was only natural, there are certain traces still

visible of this long sojourn of Marius and his army along the slopes of the Alpilles, and the stone-carving at Les Baux, now known as the "Three Maries," is in reality the monument of Marius, Julia his wife, and of Martha his prophetess. A drive from St. Remy to Les Baux, one of the most interesting and beautiful excursions in Provence, will at once show the importance of both places in the campaign, for they mark the eastern extension of the position held by Marius on the north and the south slopes of this magnificently picturesque chain of hills. It is a district filled with legend and with fairy lore, and in the chapter on the ruined citadel of Les Baux we shall hear more of it.

The slopes of the Alpilles, on each side, have yielded a rich harvest of Roman remains of every kind. During his long wait, Marius no doubt had several camps in the immediate vicinity of Les Baux, with important outposts to the north. But when at last news reached him of the Barbarians' advance, when he had completed his system of waterworks, and when it became necessary, not only to watch the ford of the Rhone between Beaucaire and Tarascon, but also to keep in touch with St. Gabriel, the vital point of his supplies, he chose a camp on level ground at St. Remy, rather to the south of the present town, with his right flank protecting and resting on the defiles that led to his old stronghold of Les Baux, and so to safe retreat southward; and with

his left flank guarded by the waters he had just led southwards from the Durance towards Maillane. The old Celtic citadel which became the Roman Glanum protected his rear, and in front a simple palisade upon an earthwork was enough additional fortification to the torrent of Jonquerolles.

Two objections to this choice occur at once. Why did he not attack the Barbarians while they crossed the Rhone, and why did he leave the route towards Orgon, Aix, and Italy wide open? He had two reasons; and his success proved that they were right. He desired, first, to accustom his soldiers to the sight of the Barbarian army, whose exploits and ferocity had been unwarrantably exaggerated; and he desired to do that at a spot where the narrowness of the route would compel the Barbarians to pass by slowly in a narrowed formation, while his own men would easily be able to repel any attacks that might be made during that passage. His second wish was to destroy the invaders utterly and irremediably upon a battlefield that he had chosen previously, and which they must necessarily accept. All turned out as he had planned it.

Conditioned as it was by the waters on the plain, the march of the enemy from Tarascon led them to the attack of Glanum (St. Remy), rather from the east than from the west, and they passed close enough to Marius's camp to shout insults to the Roman soldiers on their way. Finding that hard words broke no bones, and

that Marius remained immovable, they attacked his camp, but were repulsed so decisively that they proceeded on their march along the northern slope of the Alpilles by the Via Aurelia, which led from St. Gabriel to Orgon. From here they proceeded by way of Lambesc and St. Cannat, through Eguilles, to the plain of Les Milles, by which flows the river Lar, a short distance west of Aix. Here they camped south of the Lar (or Arc), and the army of Marius, which had followed hard upon their rear-guard, step by step, encamped upon the northern bank, where his water-supply was very limited. This was again part of a prearranged plan. By the time he had arrived here the advance-guard of the Barbarians, comprising the whole forces of the Teutons, had already reached those fateful plains on which their death was to bestow so terrible a name.[1] He therefore had only the Ambrons to deal with, and when his thirsty soldiers, tired of pursuing an enemy whom they now longed to conquer, shouted for water, he pointed to the river that flowed along the Ambrons' camp, and bade his men go down and take it. A number of the Roman camp-followers and servants did, in fact, "go down" to get water, and the enemy at once advanced upon them, though many of the Barbarian chiefs were still engaged on their midday repast.

At first both sides shouted the same war cry; for

[1] Pourrières, Campi Putridi.

against the invading Ambrons rushed a fierce remnant of the same populations which had been left in Liguria, and now fought for Rome. Behind these hot-blooded skirmishers tramped the living wall of steadfast Roman legions, and the Barbarians who had crossed the Lar to the attack soon found themselves repulsed again among the boulders of its stream. And now the irresistible advance swept over it, and on; driving back the routed Ambrons with terrible slaughter up to the very lines of the wagons that guarded their central camp. Then the Roman trumpets sounded a retreat, and the Roman soldiers moved back steadfastly to camp, where, through the whole of that portentous night, they heard the lamentations of the Barbarian host and their hoarse cries for vengeance. By degrees these sounds grew fainter. Panic, in that unknown darkness, terror of that conquering foe across the stream, had done their work at last. In tumult and in shouting the night wore slowly on, and the Barbarians fled, fled beyond Aix, until in that great plain which already held the Teutons, the Ambrons joined them and prepared to fight again. The whole army of the invaders was now gathered on the battlefield which Marius had chosen.

In the dawn after the combat of the Lar the Roman troops pressed forward relentlessly upon the tracks of their predestined prey. Both forces thus passed along

the Via Aurelia by way of Le Tholonet, Beaurecueil, and Châteauneuf, going through the hills north of Trets by La Grande Pégière, which is on the actual modern road from Paris to Antibes. The Barbarians fixed their camp at Tegulata (so called from its tile factory) which is known as La Petite Pégière. Round this centre were grouped their chariots and wagons, and their mighty army stretched across the Lar (or Arc) southwards (to the north-east of Trets), and as far as Pourrières to the north. When the Romans were within touch of their outposts, they halted, about a mile and a half west of La Grande Pégière, and occupied the hills which stretch from Trets to Puyloubier, from the stream of the Lar to the eastern foothills of Mont Ste. Victoire. Knowing the country well, Marius then sent three thousand infantry under Claudius Marcellus from Puyloubier towards the north and east, as far as Puit-de-Rians. This was the highest point of the turning movement, and Marcellus's infantry then marched south, past Pain de Munition, towards the wooded valleys near Pourrières, where they were well under cover. On the hill at Pain de Munition (Annonae Munitio) was an old Celtic fortification, which was rapidly strengthened; and it formed even a better retreat in case of disaster than the other camp, also fixed upon before, upon the hills just north of Trets. Its importance as a centre for baggage and for rein-

forcements[1] would have alone justified the turning movement of Marcellus, even if that movement had not been planned with a very different, and a very forcible, immediate object.

It was now the second day after the preliminary skirmish some miles back. The Roman army had rested. Its reserves and provisionment had been secured. Marius at length advanced straight on the Barbarian camp, throwing forward a cloud of light cavalry as he came. Without waiting for the attack to de-

[1] Plutarch being almost the only classical authority for details here, I have chiefly followed him, but he does not seem to have enjoyed the advantage of studying the actual ground, and where his explanations do not accord with visible geography, I have usually chosen (from many authors) the solution of M. Gilles. The old fort on Pain de Munition is alone well worthy of a visit, for it is on higher ground than any other near the battlefield, and gives a splendid view of the amphitheatre where the tragedy was played out. It needs some courage to climb up to it, but if you persist for some two hours you will reach the vestiges of a kind of spiral path leading to the summit, a fortified platform six hundred metres above the plain. In the centre is a ruined tower, and round it no less than four lines of entrenchments are traceable. The inner circle, round the central ruin, is an irregular ellipse, whose largest diameter is about forty metres. At the foot of the third circle is a regular rampart of masonry with a fosse about two metres thick by three wide. The fourth circle, on the opposite side to the fosse, is incomplete, as the rocks at each end are in themselves sufficient defence. The blocks of hewn stone are laid together without cement, and in the course of time have almost fused in a solid mass. There is no doubt that Marius had foreseen the necessity for fortifying this ancient stronghold long beforehand, as a base for supplies which could be hidden there by the inhabitants, and as a strong refuge in case of utter need. In the end he made the brilliant, and probably sudden, choice of using it as the point from which Marcellus could safely make the turning movement that routed the Barbarians.

velop, Teutons and Ambrons both rushed into the fray and engaged the main body of the Roman army while yet it was among the foothills of the descent. Once they were rolled back, and once they rallied; but then Marcellus, marching by a route which completely screened his troops, reached the rear (or eastern side) of the Barbarian camp, and fell upon the centre of their headquarters. The cries of their women gave the first news that this great turning movement had proved successful in its aim. The Teutons drew back at once to grapple with Marcellus, and like a thunderbolt the Roman legions fell upon them as they turned. A hundred thousand fighting men were slain in that awful carnage on the right bank of the Lar. Three hundred thousand of the camp-followers and women were exterminated or sold in every slave-market along the coast. The stream of the Arc was choked with blood. The plains were thick with corpses. So complete was their defeat that the principal fact which history records of these Barbarian wanderers is their entire extermination.

Upon an enormous pyre in the very centre of the blood-stained encampment of his enemies at Tegulata, Marius celebrated his victory by a holocaust of all the booty which was not divided among his soldiers or reserved for his own formal triumph. Traces of a deep layer of ashes, of melted lead and other metals, of burnt earth and calcined pottery, have been lately

found where this great pyre once flamed to heaven so long ago, and proclaimed the victory of Marius to all the countryside. Plutarch adds the picturesque touch that the messengers from Rome bringing news of his fifth consulate arrived just when Marius was lighting the pyre. The episode is only important as suggesting the date of the battle in the spring, and the 24th of April is the date tradition gives it. Within fifty metres of the same spot, which is east of the bridge that bears the modern road, are some few vestiges of a stone triumphal monument, which was erected by the soldiers of Marius just south of the river. A fifteenth-century tapestry existed in 1804, and was then described by M. Fauris de Saint Vincent as showing a high pyramid supporting a strong square base which bore, he says, a sculptured bas-relief of three Roman soldiers carrying a general upon the shield lifted upon their shoulders. But the historian Bouche, describing "Le Triomphe de Pourrières, which is near the bridge of La Petite Pégière on the river Lar," suggests that the three soldiers each carried a buckler; and evidently from some confusion with the old name of Tegulata, it was at one time thought that these men were each carrying a tile. The arms of Pourrières, taken in 1697, preserved the same monument,[1] which those readers who have followed my

[1] Heraldically as follows:—"D'azur, à une pyramide d'argent, maçonnerie de sable, sur la base de laquelle sont écrits ces deux mots Caius Marius, l'un sur l'autre en caractère de sable; la pyramide accostée en chef d'un P à dextre d'or, et d'un S à senestre du même."

descriptions of the monuments to Fabius at Vienne and to Domitius at Cavaillon, will have no difficulty in recognising as another erection of the same type, a pyramid upon a quadrangular base, which here preserved upon the spot the memory of Marius's greatest victory in 102 B.C. His triumphal monuments in Rome itself were destroyed by Sulla long before this one near the Arc had crumbled into oblivion. But the great Roman general was not to be without his own commemoration on the soil of Provence; for, as we shall find at St. Remy, Julius Caesar, who cared for his relative's memory in Rome, erected also, upon the site of the camp where Marius first saw the Barbarian host, one of the most beautiful examples of triumphal architecture which remains in the world.

There is still, above that mighty battlefield, a memory of Marius which will remain while the everlasting hills endure, for Mont Ste. Victoire is called after his victory upon the plains of Pourrières, and on its summit is a church dedicated to the victorious saint, which replaced the Cassianite convent built on the ruins of a far more ancient shrine. To this old convent, it will be remembered, that Scott describes the visit of the Earl of Oxford's son to Queen Margaret, in *Anne of Geierstein;* and on the narrow platform near the modern church, above the giddy precipice that falls sheer down into the plain, the villagers used to go every year upon the 24th of April, until the Revolution of 1793 swept away this

picturesque custom with so many others. A former curé of Pertuis, the town from which Marius drew his chief corn-supplies, has fortunately preserved the memory of a vanished rite, together with the music to which the procession marched from Vauvenargues towards the mountainside. As soon as all had arrived upon the summit a vast bonfire was lit, and round it, with garlands on their heads, the peasants danced the farandole with shouts of "Victoire! Victoire!" As the start was only made in the late afternoon, it was long after midnight before the men and women returned to Pertuis, all carrying boughs and branches, and shouting as before. At dawn the curé of Vauvenargues, the village near Mont Ste. Victoire, on the route taken by Marcellus and his three thousand, celebrated Mass. Immediately afterwards all moved on towards the Garagaï (the abyss of Caius Marius), to see the rocky cleft down which he hurled a hundred prisoners the day after the battle, by the advice of Martha, his prophetess.[1]

[1] The scene upon the balcony of the convent of Our Lady of Victory in *Anne of Geierstein* shows how long the traditions of this place were known and venerated, and perhaps indicates the reason why the good people of Vauvenargues only visited the Garagaï after they had been spiritually comforted and strengthened by the celebration of the early Mass. "Know," says Queen Margaret, in the pages of Sir Walter Scott, "that beneath these rocks, and under the foundations of this convent, there runs a cavern, entering by a secret and defended passage a little to the westward of the summit, and running through the mountain, having an opening to the south, from which, as from

The journey from Aix to Vauvenargues is still an easy one for any visitor who cares to see these haunted precipices for himself, and takes less than two hours to drive, on the left-hand side of the valley called "Infernet," beyond which rises the height of Mont Ste. Victoire. There are the remains of a huge château, part of which is still inhabited and finely furnished. In a ravine to the south-west is a farm called "Le Delubre," but there are no vestiges of the ancient temple from which its name may have been originally derived. From here guides and mules can be procured for the famous ascent of the mountain, which is

this bartizan, you can view the landscape so lately seen from this balcony, or the strife of winds and confusion of clouds which we now behold. In the middle of this cavernous thoroughfare is a natural pit, or perforation, of great but unknown depth. A stone dropped into it is heard to dash from side to side, until the noise of its descent, thundering from cliff to cliff, dies away in distant and faint tinkling, less loud than that of a sheep's bell at a mile's distance. The common people, in their jargon, call this fearful gulf Lou Garagoule; and the traditions of the monastery annex wild and fearful recollections to a place in itself sufficiently terrible. Oracles, it is said, spoke from thence in pagan days by subterranean voices arising from the abyss; and from these the Roman general is said to have heard, in strange and uncouth rhymes, promises of the victory which gives name to this mountain. These oracles, it is averred, may be yet consulted after performance of strange rites in which heathen ceremonies are mixed with Christian acts of devotion. The abbots of Mont Ste. Victoire have denounced the consultation of Lou Garagoule, and the spirits who reside there, to be criminal. But as the sin may be expiated by presents to the church, by masses, and penances, the door is sometimes opened by the complaisant fathers to those whose daring curiosity leads them, at all risks, and by whatever means, to search into futurity."

easy enough, and may also be made from Cabassols, which is slightly nearer Aix. In two hours you reach what is now called the Hermitage and Chapel of Notre Dame de la Victoire, with the ruins of a cistern and an older convent near it. Though the view is fine here, it is still grander from the western point of the mountain, on which has been erected the great iron "Cross of Provence." From this spot the whole battlefield of Marius is stretched out below you, and within about two hundred and fifty yards is the famous "Garagaï," the dangerous and legendary chasm whose mystery no man has yet solved. On the southern slopes it is a stiff climb down, but there are the ruins of a Roman aqueduct, and the traces of a Celtic hill-fort to be seen, which may reward the more adventurous traveller. The whole place is filled with memories of a dead civilisation, and must be crowded with the ghosts of that great army which was slaughtered in the plains beneath. But the peasants will not seem to know much more of the details of what happened there so long ago than Thiebault could tell Arthur Philipson, when he explained to the English visitor that the great victory had been "gained by a Roman General named Caio Mario, against two large armies of Saracens, in gratitude to Heaven for which victory Caio Mario vowed to build a monastery on the mountain for the service of the Virgin Mary, in honour of whom

he had been baptized." But if many of the historical details have been forgotten by the people whom they chiefly affected, the folklore and the religion of Provence have preserved many traces of the campaign of Marius which even the French Revolution could not utterly destroy, and Ste. Victoire herself, now added to the calendar of the Church, is but the Christian personification of the greatest Roman victory on Provençal soil, a touching instance of that infant piety which, as Gregory of Tours observed, made use of local traditions as the basis of early Christian faiths, and gave to ancient superstitions a new meaning for the worshippers of Christ.

A very extraordinary example of this metamorphosis is closely attached to the story of Marius; and the process of development will appear perfectly natural to those who remember that when the first preachers of Christianity reached Provence, the remembrance of the salvation of that country, and of Italy herself, from the Barbarian hordes was still distinct, and still as great a fact in the contemporary life of both Provence and Rome as the Napoleonic wars are to ourselves. For if it was near Aix that the Ambrons and Teutons had been annihilated by Marius, it was at Vercellae that the other half of the invading army, the Cimbrian tribes, were crushed in the valley of the Po by Marius and Catulus. This is why the statues of the two gen-

erals are seen together on the triumphal monument erected to them by Caesar at St. Remy, and this is the reason that a Christian legend attached to the local memories of their campaigns would be acceptable both to Provençal hearers and to Roman colonists. The origin of that legend is to be found, strangely enough, in the prophetess Martha who commanded the human sacrifice in the Garagaï, and whose effigy was carved beforehand with that of Marius and of his wife Julia on the "stele" at Les Baux.

At the present time I know no place in the world which gives so deep and melancholy an impression of remote antiquity as does Les Baux, which should be first seen from the St. Remy side, not from the road that reaches it from Arles. It is here that Ezekiel might have seen the valley of dry bones; here may the belated traveller at night behold them shaking, bone coming together to his bone, "until the breath came into them and they lived and stood upon their feet, an exceeding great army." Here in the "Valoun d' Infèr," which hides the "Trau di Fado," might Dante have conceived his amphitheatre of hell:—

> "In su l'estremità d'un alta ripa
> Che facevan gran pietre rotte in cerchio."

And as we found traces of the Syrian prophetess in the cleft of the rocks above the battlefield of Pour-

rières, so near Les Baux, at the end of a small valley, called the Gorge of Hell, is a sombre cavern of the spirits, where Mireio and her Valebregan went to consult the sorceress Tavèn, as Saul long before them went to consult the witch of Endor, who "saw gods ascending out of the earth," or as Odysseus went down to Hades through the caverns of Avernus.

The sterile rocks around Les Baux gleam white like skeletons. The air of death is all the deeper for those dusty ruins of royal habitations whose princes have been dust for centuries, and for those few hovels, still inhabited, that cluster among the empty palaces like the evil excrescences of a foul decay. Among them, on the slope of the hillside, some forty yards below the little plateau of the modern village, are two carvings upon the white stone from which Les Baux itself was quarried. About three hundred yards apart, one of them is called Gaïe with two figures upon it; the other is called Trémaïé with three figures.[1] This latter was no doubt called Trémaïé because it was first supposed to be "tres Marii imagines" (three figures of Marius) which afterwards became "les trois Maries." The change to "les Saintes Maries," assisted by the pious

[1] It will be remembered that the hill near the camp of Caius Marius at Fos is known both as Gaïé and Maïé, from the two names of the general. Much the same is the case at Les Baux.

exegesis of the local curé, was not long in coming; and the chapel that is built beneath the great triangular carved block soon consecrated the new name.[1] The sculpture faces south, and looks out above the valley of Entreconque, over the lakes, the river Rhone, the Crau, and on to the distant horizon of the sea itself. Originally the bas-relief, which is five and a half feet high, by four and a half broad, stood twelve feet above the rocky soil immediately beneath it. The central figure preserves the mantle closed by buckles on the left shoulder, the lance decorated with wreaths and flowers, which Plutarch describes in his sketch of Martha the prophetess; it preserves also the Eastern head-dress, or tiara of camel's hair, which Raban Maurus describes in his *Life of St. Martha*, written in the middle of the ninth century, "Alba tyara de pilis cameli velata caput."[2] This is the Syrian "woman that had a familiar spirit," like the witch of Endor, whom Marius

[1] In 1902 the Abbé L. Paulet published *Les Baux et Castillon*, in which he bravely adheres to the saintly legend, "whatever may be the opinions which the antiquarian M. Gilles has published." The Abbé is of course right to be on the side of the angels.

[2] The best way to reach these monuments is to take the path out of the Porte des Archers which goes to the north of the village out of the main road, keeping the "Croix de Machine" on your left. The first is "Li Gaïé" to the west, the second is "Trémaïe" to the east. These are also called "Li Santo." There was an excellent guide at Les Baux in the spring of 1904, but he does not take you to these carvings unless you ask for them.

brought "in a litter with great reverence; by whose commands he made sacrifices at the time and in the manner which she ordered." The importance attached to her by Plutarch is evident from the space he gives to the story of her first meeting with Julia, the wife of Marius.

On her right is the only contemporary portrait-statue that still exists of Marius himself. Plutarch has described a carving of the great general which he saw at Ravenna, and which has now disappeared. It represented, says the historian, "a man of vigorous and austere nature, brought up to the military discipline of war, hardened by early poverty to privations and fatigues." He is represented at Les Baux as a small man, with a muscular neck, in the simple toga of a consul, with uncovered head, and quite short hair and beard. On the other side of the prophetess is Julia, his wife, a matron of ampler proportions, wearing a tunic beneath the usual stola of the Roman lady, one end of which covers her head and folds back beneath her left arm.

A most interesting fragment of inscription, copied by M. le Marquis de Lagoy when more remained of it, may still be traced. It is at any rate contemporary and authentic, and the only word that can be deciphered without any doubt gives us the name of the man who erected the stele. This was Caldus,

perhaps that plebeian partisan of Marius, who forged his own way to the front, was made tribune in 107 B.C., and won his honours by hard work like his master. He it was who later on accused the patrician Pompilius of treasonable cowardice in the Cimbrian campaign; and he was lieutenant at Les Baux with Marius before he went to Spain; and in memory of his Spanish campaigns he struck the gold medals which record his rise to the Consulate in 97 B.C. The inscription on the carved stone known as "Li Gaïé," containing two figures, is neither contemporary nor properly connected with the sculpture. The fragments of writing that have been deciphered show the sixth century cursive characters of a Christian epitaph, and the digging of a grave beneath it has no doubt been responsible for the slope of the whole stone. A far more flagrant instance of the use of an ancient Roman monument by later inhabitants as a tomb will be found when we consider the wonderful buildings of St. Remy. The stone called "Li Gaïé" was probably a votive altar; and if the sacrifices at Lou Garagaï on Mont Ste. Victoire are authentic, it is easy to believe that human blood was shed at the same instigation upon this altar at Les Baux. The figures carved upon the stone are again those of Marius,

whose head has been entirely mutilated by time and accident, though his consular toga remains; and of Martha the prophetess, on the spectator's right, in her camél's hair tiara, her buckled mantle, and the thyrsus in her right hand as on the other stone. But the top of the tiara shows traces of richer decoration, and its bands on each side fall over the ears as far as the middle of the breast. The neck, however, in the "Gaïé," seems unfinished and only roughly blocked out. The niche containing these carvings, which are only busts, instead of the full-length figures of the Tremaïé, measures seventy-one centimetres across by sixty-eight high, and as it faces south-west, it is best seen in the morning, while the setting sun gives the best view of the Tremaïé.

The traditions of the countryside have for long regarded the Tremaïé as the representation of the holy women whose shrine is in the fortress-church of Les Saintes Maries by the sea, and M. l'Abbé Paulet sees in their Roman carvings a pious Christian representation of Martha, of her sister Mary Magdalene, and of her brother Lazarus. At Les Baux, in very early centuries, it was believed that the three Marys after the death of Christ were sent out to sea in an open boat and miraculously reached Les Baux, where their effigies were placed upon a rock to commemorate the

event, at first roughly done upon a stone which only held two, and later on, full length upon a stone large enough for all three. As we have seen, the five figures on the two monuments really represented only three persons originally, but there is little else true in this harmlessly devotional legend. This story from Les Baux was no doubt the origin of all subsequent traditions about the miraculous voyage of the Saints. But we find it far more developed at Tarascon, at Arles, and elsewhere. There is good reason for this. It was at Ernaginum (St. Gabriel) that the inhabitants of Tarascon, bringing food to the port of the "Fosses Mariennes" for Marius's army, heard first of the victory prophesied by Martha, his Syrian prophetess. When news of the massacre of Pourrières arrived, it was Martha's prophecy which was remembered by the populations delivered from that terrible host which had devoured their country like a flame, and covered it with invaders of bestial countenance and animal ferocity. In the early days of Christianity, the change from Martha the prophetess to Martha the hostess of Christ, the sister of Lazarus, was but a slight one; and the legend that St. Martha on her arrival had freed the country from the devouring Tarasque was again a simple reflection of the annihilation of the Barbarian hosts.

But as the literature of the Church increased, and the audience to which her preachers appealed grew vaster, a new place of disembarkation for the saints had to be found on the Provençal coast, and this place was discovered where the village of Les Saintes Maries de la Mer now stands around its battlemented church, built at the end of the twelfth century. The entrance door at the side shows two lions carved in marble, which may well have been taken from some older Roman shrine; but the ship with two persons is contemporary, and is the "Navis in Pelago" of the miraculous voyage. A church was known here in the sixth century, when St. Césaire in his will mentions "Ecclesia Sanctae Mariae de Ratis"; and in the will of William, Count of Provence, in 992, it is called "Notre Dame de la Barque." Till 1061 there is then no question of anything but of a shrine to Our Lady Mary of the Sea; and by that title it is described in the wills of Calixtus II. (1123) and Innocent III. (1200), and a deed of Raymond Berenger, Count of Provence, in 1241. The first appearance of the name "Les Saintes Maries" is in the procès-verbal of the search for the relics of the holy women, instituted by the good King René when he was at Aix in 1448. This consecrated the legend anew, and by 1744 the Arles tradition had absorbed the story of Les Baux, and an ecclesiastical writer

speaks of the shrine of "Trimariarum," the Trémaïé of the monument we have just been examining.[1]

It is worth while emphasising just a little more closely the points of resemblance between the Christian legend and the monuments of Marius, though the "Tarasque" found at Les Baux need not necessarily be taken as the first link between the Syrian and the saint. On the right of the entry to the crypt of St. Martha at Tarascon is a panel-painting of King René kneeling to the saint, which shows an Eastern dress, and bands falling from it upon the breast, as shown on the altar at Les Baux. The famous carving of her with her Tarasque on the tomb of Aix I have mentioned in other pages, and of course we shall hear more of both at Tarascon, where the fête of the Tarasque

[1] The passengers in the miraculous ship of course increased as well, as time went on; and the beginning of their voyage is thus described in an old song of the Jews, quoted by Mistral:—

"Entrez, Sara, dans la nacelle,
Lazare, Marthe, et Maximin,
Cléon, Trophime, Saturnin,
Les trois Maries et Marcelle,
Eutrope et Martial, Sidoine avec Joseph,
Vous périrez dans cette nef.

"Allez sans voile et sans cordage,
Sans mât, sans ancre, sans timon,
Sans aliments, sans aviron,
Allez faire un triste naufrage!
Retirez-vous d'ici, laissez nous en repos,
Allez crever parmi les flots."

on the 14th of April was celebrated every year since King René began it in 1474, until in 1904 I found to my great disappointment that M. Combes had commanded it to be given up at the same time as he tore down the crucifixes from the courts of justice. But St. Martha remains, and her Tarasque is without doubt the type of the invading terror crushed by Marius, and it is remarkable that this particular legend is not especially favoured in places so near at hand as Beaucaire or Nîmes, but is found at the place where the armies of Marius and his prophetess had the greatest influence. The church at Tarascon was finished in 1197 on the ruins of a much older shrine, and the crypt may well be of the fourth century, but the magnificent tomb of St. Martha was carved in white marble at Genoa in 1653. The fifth or sixth century bas-relief it contains shows how ancient was the worship of St. Martha on this spot, and indeed it may well have been at the very first introduction of Christianity, between 250 and 300, that the Syrian prophetess became the Saint from Palestine.

Julia, the wife of Marius, in the course of the transformation into Mary Magdalene, suffered strange chances. While St. Martha stayed at Tarascon, it would appear that Mary Magdalene went to bewail her frailties in the deserts of Sainte-Baume, but the recumbent statue now given her name behind the altar of

the Grotto was unfortunately modelled by Houdon to represent Clairon, the actress, in 1803. Her tomb in the crypt of St. Maximin is of alabaster, with five scenes from the Bible carved on the front, and was probably a Christian tomb of the fourth or fifth century, like many of those preserved at Arles. No traces of Mary Magdalene exist in St. Sauveur at Aix. Nor is it easy to find at Marseilles any evidence of Lazarus, whom, as we have seen, the ancient carving of Marius was imagined by later hagiologists to represent. Still, it is perhaps significant that the saint is almost invariably carved with the short hair and beard of the Roman general, instead of the flowing hair and beard usual with the Jews. The oldest church in Marseilles, St. Victor, was not dedicated to him by the famous abbot of the Cassianite Abbey who founded it, and it was only in 1040 that Benedict IX. connects the name of Lazarus with Marseilles.

If I took each of the other legendary occupants of the miraculous boat in turn, the result would be just the same. St. Trophime is one of them. The church now called after him at Arles was begun by St. Virgile in 625 in honour of St. Stephen, and only took the name of St. Trophime in the twelfth century when the cloister was carved and the saint's relics were transported from the Alyscamps, as those of the first Bishop of Arles. No greater proofs are obtainable of the

arrival of St. Maximin, whose magnificent church in the town of the same name is one of the finest Gothic buildings begun at the end of the twelfth century in Provence. The tomb supposed to be his in the crypt is (like that attributed to Mary Magdalene) one of the same early Christian carvings of the fourth and fifth centuries which are preserved at Arles. There is no need to go further into the catalogue. All the supposed events of the legend are found to have taken place in the district covered by the campaign of Marius, from which in fact they took their birth. All the historical traces of the legend disappear when we search earlier than 1152, the translation of the relics of St. Trophime; and it is only completely accepted after 1448, the date of King René's search at Saintes Maries de la Mer. The result is then that the legend of the miraculous voyage of the saints to Provence arose in the twelfth century, attached itself to existing fables at Les Baux, and was incorporated in the theology of the faithful by King René. If these holy persons had in fact reached Provence so soon after the death of Christ, it would be difficult to explain the slow conversion of Provence, where, even under Constantine, the Christians were in the minority; where St. Martin (baptized in 354) was the first to preach against idolatry; where St. Hilary took the classic marbles of pagan temples and theatres to decorate the churches of 439; and where St. Césaire,

in 542, found it necessary to destroy nearly every vestige of Roman art in his constant efforts to uproot the persistent paganism of the population.

The legend of the Saintes Maries, one of the most beautiful and most popular in all Provence, will lose nothing in the eyes of those who believe it, or the ears of visitors who hear it, because the historian can find no evidence of its material truth. It would scarcely perhaps be possible for any one to visit the strange old church of Saintes Maries de la Mer on the 25th of May without believing what that multitude of earnest pilgrims so ardently believe, as the shrine of the sacred relics is lowered into their midst, and all their sick are healed. Yet it is easy for one who has stood by the monuments carved upon the sterile hillside of Les Baux to understand how the legends of the countryside, and the stories of its childhood's faith, have gradually descended from the mighty memories of the plain of Pourrières and the victorious campaign of Caius Marius in Provence.



FROM AN EARLY CHRISTIAN TOMB AT ARLES

CHAPTER IV

ROME AT ST. REMY AND ORANGE

"Ansin, esfatant sa bassesso
Aurenjo, futuro princesso,
Carpentras, Cavaioun, Saint-Roumié, Saint-Chamas,
S'arrengueirèron en carriero
D'arc-de-triounfle; li serriero
Vous durbiguèron si peiriero."—CALENDAL.[1]

FOR the clear understanding of the next Roman monuments, all commemorating battles, which I shall describe in Provence, it will be necessary to give the briefest possible sketch of so much of the history of Rome as falls within my geographical limits, from the time when Marius returned to the capital up to the years when Augustus began the real pacification and consolidation of the district, and when nearly every monument that remains will be found to be of a civil or religious order, with the few exceptions that I shall note in their right place.

[1] "Thus rose from the darkness of their prime, Orange, the princess of the coming age, Carpentras, Cavaillon, St. Remy, St. Chamas; and thus their mighty thoroughfare was dressed with the Triumphal Arches, when the quarries of the granite hills were opened."

The natural consequence of Marius's victories over the Barbarian was the annexation of farms and estates for his veterans. Whether the native inhabitants expected to be freed from the Cimbri and Teutons without paying the price I know not; in any case it is certain that they objected to the payment. Their gratitude to Marius himself has continued to this day. But a very few years of Marius's soldiers was enough for them. There is no doubt that this discontent was increased by Roman misgovernment and Roman carelessness. The cauldron of Italy was still seething with those elements of discord that were to produce a different life and form of government. Just as, long afterwards, the last decades of the eighteenth century in France showed every symptom of the purging cataclysms that foreshadowed change and regeneration; just as a mighty master of men appeared to dominate the new Republic and to found an Empire; so out of the horrors of the Servile War, out of the barbarities of the Marian and Sullan proscriptions, arose the dominating figure of Julius Caesar, and the foundation of the Roman Empire. Provence was neglected while greater stakes were being lost and won beyond her boundaries. The Salyes, the Celtiberians, and other tribes seized the opportunity to revolt. Naturally a stronghold of the Marian faction, Provence must have looked on with mingled feelings while the extremely

dangerous rebellion of the Marian Sertorius gradually grew more and more menacing in Spain. Provence became a mere road for the armies of Rome's various faction-leaders, a mere source of supplies for one passing legion after another. The Senate had to send Pompey, their greatest general, against Sertorius, who held out until he was foully murdered by his own officers in B.C. 73. Fonteius was Pompey's lieutenant in Provence during those years; and Cicero's defence of him still forms the most damning indictment of his rule, still provides the most pathetic picture of the woes of this unhappy territory.

Fonteius was prosecuted in Rome for extortion and embezzlement by the inhabitants of Provence in B.C. 69. From the invectives which Cicero, then engaged on the other side, poured out against Verres only the year before, we may get some glimpses of the truth about Fonteius, whose chief claim to Roman sympathy was that he was represented as having saved the Roman capital of Narbo Martius from the rebels. That he extracted huge sums of money, vast supplies of forage, and numerous cavalry recruits, from the Provincials, is of course also set down to his credit by the patriotic advocate. But the people who had undergone these processes of extraction took another view. They were far from being, even at this time, the utter Barbarians depicted in Cicero's bitter phrases. Greek

civilisation had done its work, and Roman colonisation had at any rate begun to spread its influences. The chief practical objectors to Fonteius had been those tribes of the Volcae and Helvii whose territory Pompey had handed over to the Republic of Marseilles, and who very naturally resented that process against the nearest Roman, being persons who knew nothing of Roman politics, and who were accustomed to direct dealing. It is significant that they had not at first been joined in open revolt by tribes which had given even more emphatic verbal expression to their sense of injury. The Allobroges, however, had not had their lands given to Marseilles; and their character and general proceedings are so different from those of all their more Barbarian neighbours that something must especially be said of them; for, as will be seen, their action had the very greatest influence on most important events on both sides of the Alps. Let me, then, take their visit to Italy, to begin with, reminding you that their territory is at the extreme north of our boundaries, lying, roughly, between the Rhone and the Isère, from Lyons southwards through Vienne, and from Valence northwards towards Lake Geneva.

In the year of Cicero's consulship, a year of which he never ceased to boast, the Allobroges sent an embassy to Rome to complain of the unfair exactions which they, in common with the Provençal tribes, per-

petually suffered. It happened that they arrived at the moment when the sinister and terrible shadow of Catiline was beginning to be cast over society in Rome. The leaders of the conspiracy, working for their own ends, urged them to revolt. Showing remarkable intelligence and loyalty, the Allobroges flattered Catiline's emissaries just sufficiently to secure damning proofs of guilt, and then explained the whole plot to the Consul. Cicero, in turn, used them for his private ends, and, having assured his own reputation, promptly turned them out of Rome without a shred of real redress for any of their grievances. So having had enough of Roman politics, they went home and revolted in good earnest, almost annihilating the legions of Manlius Lentinus. Pomptinus, who effectually crushed them not long afterwards, in 61 B.C., had to wait six years outside the walls of Rome before he was allowed to celebrate a well-earned triumph. But what are we to say when, in spite of this last insult, in spite of their defeat in battle, in spite of the contemptuous ingratitude of Cicero, we find the Allobroges the firmest friends of Rome in her next and greatest campaign in Gaul?

The only key to the enigma lies in the personality of Caesar. Here at last was a man they could trust. It is one of the many proofs of Caesar's greatness that he realised the Allobroges were indispensable. As a matter of fact, if they had not stayed staunchly faithful

to him at the critical moment of the rebellion of Vercingetorix he would most probably have been overwhelmed, and the whole course of history would have been even more deeply altered than if the Catiline conspiracy had succeeded, as, but for the Allobroges, it might very conceivably have done.

To the Roman monuments in Vienne, I have already alluded as briefly as I may. They owed their beginning to the favour shown by Julius Caesar to the capital of the Allobroges. He saw that as the Roman dominions were spreading further north, they could not be held either by Aix on the east or by Narbonne to the south. The key to the larger position between the Isère, the Rhone, and the Alps, the vital link between his invading legions and his Italian base, must be Vienne. What Caesar recognised, his great opponent, Vercingetorix, perceived with no less keenness; and in B.C. 52 it was against Vienne and the Allobroges that Vercingetorix began the attempt, that proved eventually successful, to cut the line of Caesar's communications with his base. Had the Allobroges yielded either to the policy or to the arms of the Gallic leader, Caesar would have been fatally isolated. But they held firm to him; whether owing to his prescience in settling picked veterans at Vienne beforehand, or whether in deference to some personal charm in his own character, it would now be futile to conjecture. But the latter

seems the more plausible hypothesis, for as soon as tidings of his assassination in Rome had reached them they rose in a body and expelled every Italian in their capital. The Roman military centre had in consequence to be shifted further north, to Lyons.

But throughout Caesar's masterly campaigns, Vienne was of the utmost strategic and military importance; and it was no doubt partly in memory of this that, even when higher honour was being paid in later years to her more northern rival, the fine temple to Augustus and to Livia was set up in Vienne. It was probably his confidence in the loyalty and the strength of this town that largely enabled Caesar to secure those unexpected reinforcements of German cavalry and light infantry from beyond the Rhine which finally enabled him to crush Vercingetorix at Alesia. After that, the victory of his lieutenant, Caninius, at Uxellodunum, completed the pacification of the north. With this and with a summary visit to Narbonne, the two years in Caesar's life between the defeat of Vercingetorix and the withdrawal to Arras are usually supposed to have been filled up. But the great commander left visible traces of his victory upon the soil of Provence before he quitted it, and it was in these two years that they were built. The first was the earliest Triumphal Arch[1] in

[1] Good authorities assert that the earliest triumphal arches in Rome were those erected by L. Stertinius (196 B.C.) in the Forum Boarium and in the Circus Maximus, out of spoils gained in Spain (Liv. xiii. 27,

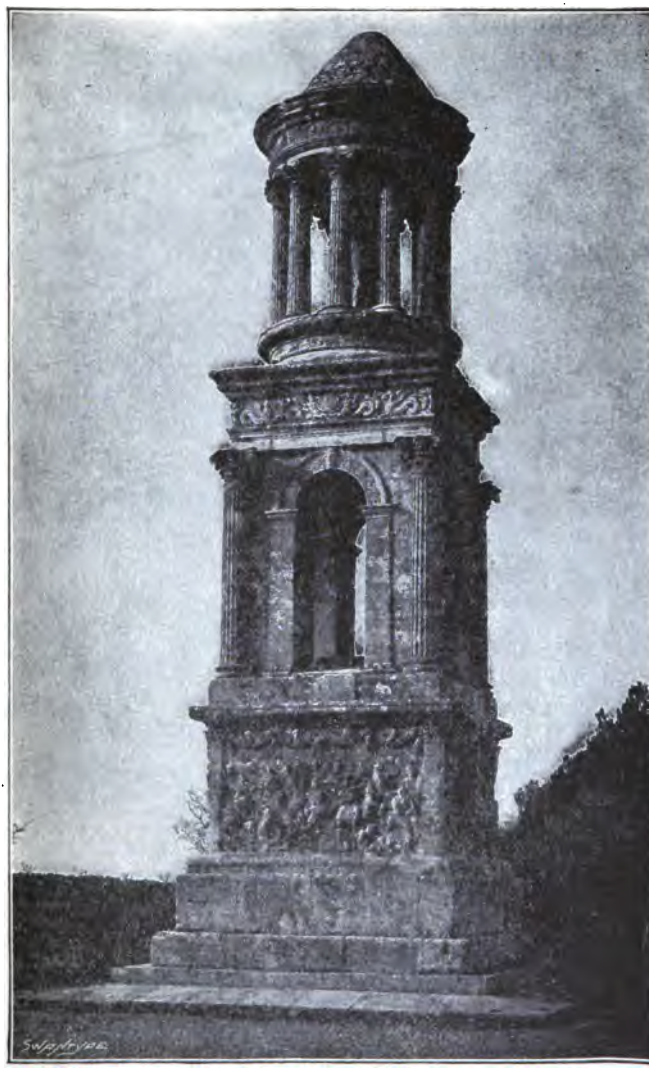
existence outside Italy—the arch set up by Julius Caesar at St. Remy to commemorate the surrender of Vercingetorix; and the second is the exquisite triumphal monument he set up to the memory of Marius, which was placed at the focal point of Marius's campaign, and suggested the site that was to commemorate the honours and the conquests both of the uncle and the nephew. I will take them in the chronological order of the events to which they refer.

Owing to an utterly spurious inscription, the beautifully proportioned pyramidal monument on the "Plateau dès Antiquités" at St. Remy has often been called a mausoleum. On the architrave of the north side are engraved the words:—

SEX. L. M. JULIEI. C. F. PARENTIBUS SUEIS.[1]

and xxxvii. 3). All others, with the possible exception of the fragments ascribed to the arch of Q. Fabius Maximus Allobrogicus, are later than the arch of St. Remy.

[1] M. Gilles is not so accurate as usual in his treatment of this inscription. The only possible reading, which is quite in accordance with good usage in the Augustan age, is that given in the "Corpus," which is:—SEXTUS LUCIUS MARCUS JULIEI, CAI FILII, PARENTIBUS SUEIS, meaning that "Sextus, Lucius, and Marcus, Julii, and sons of Caius, dedicated this monument to their parents." Both JULIEI and SUEIS are forms found in the first century A.D. at latest, and the same date is indicated by the absence of cognomina. Granting that such spelling lasted a little longer in the provinces than at Rome, I cannot put the inscription much before 100 A.D., whereas the whole style of the monument itself is at least a century earlier, if not more. It is also my opinion that the word "PARENTIBUS" can only refer to both father and mother; but unfortunately the statues beneath the cupola are both men, and the truth that their original heads were replaced



ROMAN TRIUMPHAL MONUMENT, WRONGLY CALLED "THE MAUSOLEUM."

The three Julii here mentioned may have been grandsons of a Gaulish chieftain, to whom, as was often the case, Augustus had given Roman citizenship, and who assumed, in consequence, the nomen *Julius*. Such persons were usually of wealth and distinction; but it is strange that there were apparently no official titles to add to the names given, and that the inscription is in a position which is so high up on the monument that I believe the letters were incised long after it had been completed; nor can I admit the possibility that three men of Gaulish descent, or three men who held no office, living in so small a town as St. Remy, would have had sufficient taste to erect so beautiful a work of art. They did something much simpler, something which is far from uncommon either in Provence or any other country full of classical remains. They calmly appropriated a fine "antiquity," wrote their own names on it, and buried the respected corpses of their parents within a building originally intended for entirely different uses. So old and so

some time ago by restorations does not affect the fact that each body wears the simple toga of the consul on active service. It is only fair to add that other translations have been offered for the letters of this inscription, but they only increase the difficulty of imagining that the inscription is contemporaneous with the origin of the monument. Nine of these versions are before me, and it will be sufficient to select the two least appalling examples. They are (1) "Sexto Lælio Monumentum Juliei intra Circulum Fecit Parentibus Suis," and (2) "Sextus Lucius Maximus Julii consulis filius Parentibus Suis."

interesting an inscription need not be erased, in spite of the fraudulent attributions it has aroused in centuries of antiquarians; but it should be obliterated from the mind of any one who visits nowadays the monument that commemorates the victory of Caius Marius over the Teutons and Ambrons, and of Catulus, his colleague in the consulship, when their combined forces crushed the Cimbrians upon Raudine Plain.

Almost the first peculiarity that strikes an attentive observer of both these monuments is that they are not square with each other. The arch is set to the four cardinal points, but the higher monument is not, for it is squared so that the statues on its summit look out towards the north-east, towards the old belfry of St. Paul des Mausoles (now an asylum), in the direction from which the attack was first made on the Roman headquarters; and the form of Marius, carved beneath the cupola, still seems to watch over his encampment, and direct its stubborn defence against the Barbarian army. (See p. 61.) This is the reason why the whole building is set at a different angle to the arch, although so close to it, and although built at the same time, and of the same hewn stones. This, too, is the explanation of the horned helmet worn by an Ambron horseman in the cavalry combat depicted on the large carving of the north-eastern side, beneath the spurious inscription, and of the same characteristic head-dresses found on

the other relief representing an infantry skirmish. To the south-west is shown the triumph of the consuls. In front is a river (the Rhone, the Durance, or the Lar), by whose banks the Barbarians were beaten, holding an urn and a reed. On the left the bald-headed man is Q. Lutatius Catulus, and beside him is the short-haired Marius. Near them is a child carrying meal and salt for the sacrifice. After him stands the priest, his head bare, his hands crossed over the breast, and a winged Victory holds in her right hand the spoils of the conqueror, while behind her is a Barbarian wearing his horned helmet. Other figures of infantry and cavalry in combat fill out the design, and in one corner is a youth bearing the sacred shields of Numa for the general's triumph.

I quite admit that now and then it will require the eye of faith to pick out all these details. But I cannot agree either with M. Léon Palustre in his opinion of "la banalité des sujets représentés et la pauvreté de leur exécution"; or with M. Mérimée, who explained them as (1) a hunting-party, (2) a combat of Amazons, (3) the death of Patroclus, (4) a cavalry skirmish. If the inscription were genuine, I ask why these subjects should have been chosen for the tomb of two citizens of St. Remy. If the inscription is admitted to be false, I ask whether the monument decorated with such carvings could ever have been originally built as a tomb;

however largely we interpret the well-known Roman feeling about the representations appropriate to the dead. Clearly, even if only a portion of the explanation here suggested for these carvings be correct, they recall a feat of arms; they commemorate a Roman triumph. The only great Roman victory over Barbarian warriors in this district was that which was planned within the camp of Marius upon this very spot. A pyramid, erected by his own soldiers, almost immediately after the massacre of the plains of Pourrières, commemorated the place of the final stand of the Barbarians. Fifty years afterwards an infinitely finer development of pyramidal architecture, in the style of such great Hellenic models as the Choragic monument of Lysicrates, was erected by the cultivated taste of his nephew, Julius Caesar, upon the spot where the Barbarians had first confronted the legions of Marius, and where Marius himself had dictated the whole strategy of his victorious campaign.

Those readers who have followed the architectural development of those pyramidal buildings which are a Provençal type of Roman triumphal monuments, will recognise here once more the same square basement we have seen before, the same four-arched opening above it, and a particularly graceful variation of the pyramidal structure that crowns all, a variation obviously due to Greek ideals, and never repeated in

any of the other monuments of this same type, which I shall have to mention later on, at Nîmes, for instance, and La Turbie. The square basement of the St. Remy monument, enriched by the reliefs just described, supports a story pierced with an archway in each face, with a three-quarter pillar of the Corinthian order at every angle, and a very beautifully carved frieze above them, of marine mythological monsters, referring to the "Fosses Mariennes." The highest part is a circular colonnade with a conical roof, which may now be incomplete. The openings in the archways and in the columns above them, give an effect of lightness, even of aspiring beauty, very different from that usually associated with either Greek or Roman architecture, and far finer, as I think, than the very singular and completely solid monument, of a somewhat similar form, at Igel, near Trèves, built in the last age of the Empire. The base of the St. Remy monument measures about twenty-two feet each way; the total height is over sixty feet; and it needs no great effort of the imagination to see in this exquisite piece of proportion the model of many early mediæval church steeples in this part of Provence.

Few other leaders could have dared posterity to make comparison between their own campaigns and that which annihilated the invading Northerners beneath the crags of Mont Ste. Victoire. But Julius Caesar

was able, without fear of comment, to erect the arch of his triumph over Vercingetorix beside the monument of the general which he set up at St. Remy, as he had restored the monuments of the great popular leader in the streets of Rome.

There is a political as well as a military significance in these buildings. Long before the Republic really fell, Roman society was already in structure, temper, and mind, thoroughly unrepublican. Marius had returned to Rome after his Provençal victories as the leader of the popular party. His military reforms had at once democratised the army, and attached it more closely to its leader for the time being, for he increased the efficiency of the legion, by admitting all ranks under voluntary enlistment, at the cost of a complete severance with all the ties which had formerly bound the army to the civil community and to civil authorities. In the ten years of civil strife during which constitutional government had been in abeyance, and the opposing political parties used legions who followed their generals even against their fellow-citizens, the turmoil had spread from the Roman forum to Italy, from Italy to the provinces. The Sullan system was overthrown by Pompey, a typical example of that growing indifference to Republican traditions against which Cicero struggled until he lost his life; for Cicero was a man who represented more than Arpinum, the birthplace of Marius, more than his profession, more than merely senatorial

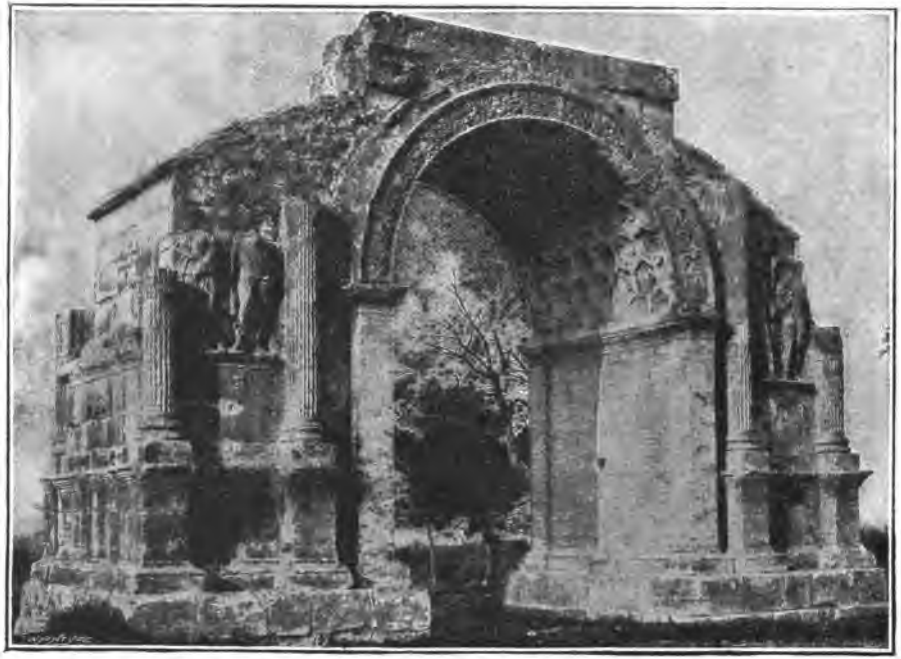
ascendency; he was the champion of the Italian middle class, and by them he was made consul, especially to combat socialistic schemes on one side, and aristocratic exclusiveness and luxury on the other. Unfortunately he arrived too late. The future was with the nobly-born, the aristocratic Caesar, and Caesar saw at once that it was by posing as the people's champion, as the nephew of Marius and the son-in-law of Cinna, that he would finally succeed. The outbreak of Catiline for the moment gave Cicero the upper hand, and discredited the popular party; but Caesar had effectually cleared the memory of Marius, Cinna, and Saturninus, and publicly reminded the people of their services by setting up again upon the Capitol the trophies of the Cimbric War.[1] After he had conquered Gaul, he

[1] This, no doubt, is one reason why Caesar placed the statue of Catulus, together with that of his uncle, within the St. Remy colonnade, a thing which we can scarcely imagine Marius doing, even if Catulus had actually assisted in the Provençal campaign. Fifty years afterwards, however, the unity of the St. Remy camp with the battle of the Raudine plain was seen in its true perspective by the heir of Marius's successes.

As Plutarch says, in North's translation, the proof of the love and goodwill which the people bore to Caesar was given "at the death of his aunt Julia, the wife of Marius the elder; for being her nephew he made a solemn oration in the market-place in commendation of her, and at her burial did boldly venture to show forth the images of Marius . . . the people rejoiced at it for that he had brought as it were out of hell the remembrance of Marius's honour again into Rome . . . and when Caesar was Ædilis he secretly caused images of Marius to be made . . . showing by the inscriptions that they were the victories which Marius had won upon the Cimbrians . . . the tears ran down many of their cheeks for very joy when they saw the images of Marius . . ."

must have realised, in his own mind, what was the inevitable consequence. He must have at least coveted the position Pompey had already won. When the crisis came he was ready to cross the Rubicon at the head of his conquering legions; and he was ready because, as there can be little doubt, his campaigns had riveted the convictions of his political experience, that the increase of Roman territory meant the downfall of Republican institutions. Only as a portion of a Roman Empire could Provence be rightly held and fruitfully governed. There is something of these dreams of his in the two buildings at St. Remy: one to the great pacificator of Provence, the first conqueror of the invading Barbarians, who was also the leader of the political party with which Caesar had identified himself; the other to the conqueror of Gaul, the founder of the Roman Empire. You may see this in the very style of each. The exquisite Greek proportions of the monument of Marius not only do honour to the general, but commemorate the aristocrat who could achieve so perfect a conception. The Triumphal Arch, the first of its kind outside Italy, the type of all the chief triumphal monuments of the Empire that was coming, was the appropriate form to commemorate the conquests of that Empire's founder.

The St. Remy arch is about forty feet long by eighteen and a half wide, twenty-five feet to the under side



TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT ST. REMY

of the vault, and is placed foursquare to the cardinal points. No earlier example of this form of building exists anywhere, though, as I have already noted, some authorities consider that earlier triumphal arches, now ruined entirely, were set up in Italy. This one is single, like that at Carpentras, set up by Julius Caesar's colonists; and, like it also, has engaged columns, with a considerable lateral thickness to receive bas-reliefs, which have vanished from St. Remy, but remain at Carpentras, though both have lost the capitals of the columns; and the attic, which was probably originally built on the later arch, was never designed for that of St. Remy.[1]

[1] The Carpentras arch, of which I give an illustration for purposes of comparison, is in the centre of the town, in the courtyard of the Palais de Justice. The town is twenty-seven kilometres by train from Avignon, along the line through Sorgues, Entraigues, and Monteux; and as I shall have no further opportunity of mentioning it, I may add here, that this ancient capital of the Meminian tribe of Gauls is well worth visiting, for the cathedral of St. Siffrein, its museum, and the Palais de Justice which guards its ancient arch. The greater size of this monument permits the possibility of the attic story that would crush the St. Remy building. It is placed foursquare to the cardinal points, and the bas-reliefs on each side show two captives bound and attached to a trophy. The two shown in my picture are different types of the mountain-tribes whose subjection was completed by Augustus after Caesar had conquered the peoples of the plain. The knife (perhaps a "scramasax"), carved below the rustic warrior, who is clothed in a sheepskin, seems very like the Ghoorka kukhrie, but I am unable to suggest any reason for the resemblance between weapons from places so far distant from each other. His comrade, much better dressed, and armed with the light double-headed battle-axe, may well represent Sacrovir himself. Many of these details are to be found in the larger monument, set up in the next reign at Orange. This arch was built

If the monument of Marius exhibited the happiest combination possible of Roman dignity with Greek proportion and elegance, the arch of Caesar is perhaps the most interesting, as it is one of the earliest developments of a building which Rome is said to have copied from Etruscan architecture. There is a reference in Pliny which suggests that the Greeks had developed this style, but I prefer to see in the St. Remy arch only the influence of Greek workmen, and the use of the Greek principle that monuments in the Corinthian style should never be too large. This is the smallest arch of its kind we know; and it was originally what is known as an equilateral arch, for I believe too much soil has now been dug away, and too great a height of its foundations thereby exposed. The carving on the northern side represents Julius Caesar, a small man, with his hand on his tall captive, Vercingetorix, whose head is still preserved, while that of his conqueror has disappeared. On the north-west the personification of triumphant Rome is seated on a pile of arms, beside which is a bound prisoner. On the south-east Vercin-

in commemoration of the victories of Augustus, and an inscription to that effect was no doubt placed upon the attic story which has now disappeared, as a similar inscription to Tiberius can be traced upon the arch at Orange. The St. Remy arch needed no such inscription, even if its simple and beautiful proportions had admitted the addition of an attic, for its carvings reveal the leader in whose honour it was built as clearly as do those on the monument of Marius, which originally had no inscription either.



TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT CARPENTRAS

getorix is represented chained to a trophy formed of a tree-trunk, and beside him is the weeping figure of Gallia conquered, and a prisoner. The fourth carving, to the south-west shows another male prisoner and a captured woman. Round the archivolt is an exquisitely carved garland of flowers and fruit, and on the narrow entablature just below the springing of the arch is a band of light relief carved with the "lituus," the sacrificial knife of the Pontifex Maximus, with flutes and other instruments of music. The vault itself is decorated with finely carved hexagonal caissons, deeply recessed, containing rosettes.

The whole construction, in large and finely fitted blocks, is as appropriate as the position and locality of the monument to the time when Julius Caesar built it. Glanum itself, the Roman town built near the modern St. Remy, had no special importance that such buildings should have been erected in it. It was only a "vicus" in the territory of Roman Arles; it was never the capital of a tribe; it therefore never developed into the see of a modern bishopric, with that continuity of history of which French towns give so many notable examples. But the site chosen for these monuments is one of the grandest in Provence when considered in the light of imperial history, when looked at as Julius Caesar, the maker of that history, would have looked at it.

To the south of St. Remy these marvellous buildings

stand on the north side of the scarred and sun-scorched crags of the Alpilles, true Provençal hills: barren yet beautiful; grey, lilac, gold against the setting sun, but never green. Never had "antiquities" (as the country people call them) so finely picturesque a frame. From the lower part of the great camp where Marius awaited the Barbarians they look out over the plain that extends as far as Avignon, that is bounded by the horizon of Mont Ventoux, and of the hills that guard Vaucluse. Behind them, to the south, begin the crags crowned by the dusty solitudes of the fortress of Les Baux, by the misery and squalor of those mediaeval ruins that are in such terrible contrast to the sane and beautiful relics of classical antiquity.

When Madame James Darmesteter visited them, the peasants gave her their views of the matter.[1] "Some of them aver the figures [on the taller monument] to be the portraits of those twin emperors Julius and Caesar; but most of them, with some show of reason, consider that they commemorate the victories of Caius Marius, the hero of all this countryside. The figures are twain, so the peasants have doubled the general; Caius and Marius look out towards the Fosses Mariennes . . . one shepherd, however, offered me the best explanations. 'Those two figures,' said he, 'represent the great Caius Marius and the prophetess Martha,

[1] Recorded in the *Contemporary Review* for November 1892.

the sister of Lazarus, and the patroness of our Provence. They were, as you may say, a pair of friends.' 'Dear me!' said I, 'I thought there was a hundred years or so between them.' 'Maybe,' said the good man, 'that may well be, madame; but none the less, they remained an excellent pair of friends.'"

This charming example of the legendary lore already explained in my description of the "Three Maries" was too good to be omitted, and it will show, better than anything, the hold upon the people's heart which these storied stones have held, and hallowed, for so long. In the north, traditions go back as far as, perhaps, the Great Revolution. Beyond that blood-stained trench the memory of the living past has almost vanished. But in Provence the horizon is far wider, far more mellow. Her citizens have peacefully inherited what the old kingdom of Arles handed on to them from Rome and Greece. In the contemplation of these vast and beautiful monuments of ancient Latin life, they have realised the inheritance of that ancient civilisation. They have acquired an unconscious dignity that, from the height of these departed glories looks down with courteous superiority upon the new Barbarian hordes which modern travel brings within their gates. The sympathetic and intelligent visitor who travels in Provence will not so much feel that its Roman ruins have survived unto this day; he will be conscious of a

strange translation from these modern moments of contemporary bustle to the elder centuries of a mild and bland antiquity.

"My countrymen," said Mistral, when I saw him in Maillane, "are not slaves like the men of Nice and Cannes who sell their soil to foreigners, or to syndicates from Paris, and lose all individuality and freedom. We, on the contrary, have each our own land and home, our liberty and independence from our own toil, and therefore we have kept the local character of our old Provence. Fools prefer similitudes. They understand them better. When they see differences they try to smooth them down to the monotonous level of their own low instinct. The wiser man loves difference; difference in dress, in speech, in life, in looks; difference that has given Provence the loveliest women of all France in some of her towns, the handsomest men in others."

No one who looks at those two carved figures within their lofty colonnade can mistake the feeling of dignity they impress on the beholder. They look from beneath the cupola that stands out against the limestone hills, and their gaze seems to pass beyond the Triumphal Arch of their military victories to the peaceful conquest of their laws and civilisation that lies in the far expanse beyond.

I know few villages more beautiful for a week's

sojourn in the month of April than is St. Remy. From the Hôtel de Provence you may be sure of happy adventure every morning, and of hospitable welcome every night. The village girls, in the beautiful costume of Arles, are like the maidens of Tanagra come back to earth again, maidens whom less favoured Londoners must look on as the terra-cotta statuettes upon museum shelves. The streets are avenues of plane-trees, garlanded, when I saw them last in April sunlight, with delicate little hanging balls of flower. The scent of roses and syringa is in all the air. Protected by the buttresses of the Alpilles, the gardens which are the chief business of that flowery town are full of blooms in odorous battalions of rich colour, divided by hay meadows and by orchards. Seeds are grown here for all the horticulturists of France; for many in distant England, too. There is a charming little irresponsible railway that jogs along from Tarascon across the fields to St. Remy. You pass one quiet farm after another, each screened against the Mistral by that line of tall, dark cypresses, which is one of the most beautiful characteristics of the country, until, amidst its orchards, and its oliveyards, its fig-trees, and its fields of flowers, you reach "La Ville Verte," the green and smiling town of St. Remy.

The earliest centre of habitation in this district was no doubt the Celtic station now known as Castellar,

which is also called "Romany," which means "Roque Magne," and has in turn been spelt Romanif, Roumanille, Romanin, or Rogmanye. It means "the Great Rock." It is six miles east of St. Remy, on a northern buttress of the Alpilles to the west of Eygalières. Its earliest inhabitants were of the Desuviate family of the great Salyan tribe, and from their ancient walls they had heard of the elephants of Hannibal, the legions of delaying Scipio, and finally the Ambron army against which Marius came out from Rome. When the great Roman headquarter-camp was established in these regions they came down nearer, for purposes of barter, to the upper part of the Valley of St. Étienne, where there are still found remnants of their temples, of their mounded dwelling-places, around which countless fragments of Celtic pottery are discovered. By degrees they spread out towards the valley called "du Trésor," along the road towards Eygalières, a valley named from the little grotto in the southern slopes of rock which is popularly supposed to conceal the hidden hoard of some dead chieftain.

After the army of Marius had passed on, some Romans and some Greeks were left, and among them were absorbed the ancient Celtic populations in the new town of Glanum. Their old stronghold is now hidden under the ruins of a vast château, which was destroyed in 1793. Glanum (which may have been

first called Clan) changed its name to Freta, when its site was altered; and that name in turn became St. Remy in the eleventh century. The site of Glanum has produced pottery of every kind: the black and fragile paste of Celtic ware; the delicate golden-coloured pottery of the Greeks, which is light enough to float on water; the thick, red, sturdy ware of solid Rome, and even the yellow, friable pottery of the Arabs, varnished to hold liquids safely, and ornamented with lines and geometrical patterns. By the second century, at latest, the Roman character, long predominant, was well assured by Roman government and institutions. Judging from the area covered by the ruined remnants that have been found, Glanum cannot have held more than two thousand inhabitants at most, who dwelt on each bank of the little mountain-stream that flowed through the town. There may have been villas outside. But the little town that began as a market-place for Marius's camp was never destined for a long or an extensive existence, and was never even walled in. An interesting relic of the very years of which I have just been speaking, the years between the campaign of Marius and the siege of Marseilles, has been found in the little silver medal, with a head of Persephone, and a bull, bearing the word Γλανικων. This was discovered in 1824 by M. le Marquis Roger de Lagoy, and shows the influence of the Greek colony of Massalia over the

regions from which Marius had driven the Barbarians, an influence which lasted till the independence of Marseilles was ended by the siege.

The Roman roads can still be traced which led through this district. The oldest line taken by the Via Aurelia left Tarascon at the Milestone of Hadrian opposite the temple, which is now the shrine of St. Martha, and went by way of Breuil and so across the Durance. At Maillane it passed in front of the Church of St. Peter. At St. André there was the Milestone of Tiberius. The chapels of Notre Dame des Pucelles at Eyragues, of St. Roch, St. Pierre, and Notre Dame, mark its stages towards the "Plateau des Antiquités" at Glanum, near St. Remy, and there it met the road from Nîmes to Cavaillon, and passed on to the south of St. Pierre by the old Gallic highway to the Farm of the Hugues. This road is only traceable by the temples, milestones, and buildings on its course. But the later Via Aurelia, still called the "Camin Aurélien," went from Tarascon to Laurade, and across to the temple which is now St. Étienne du Grès, arriving at Glanum along the northern foot-hills of the Alpilles. Several inscriptions mark its course, and a statue of Priapus, carved for it, is preserved in the Farm of Cloud as the centrepiece of a well-shaft. From the "Plateau des Antiquités," this second Via Aurelia joined the more primitive highway.

Glanum was destroyed by the invasions of 480, which did so much to ruin the monuments of Roman civilisation, and it is doubly fortunate that her two finest and most historic buildings survived the catastrophe which overwhelmed the rest. The population almost entirely deserted the site near them, and moved to Fretum, or Freta, which is almost exactly the site of St. Remy, and here were built their first ramparts. The name "Ager Fretensis" appears in charters of 982, and in that same year the Bishop of Avignon mentions in his will the name of various churches there. In the year 1000 it belonged to the princes of Les Baux, and at the beginning of the fourteenth century when the Counts of Provence were Kings of Sicily, a lady of the house of Les Baux is called "Princess of Fresta." The oldest part of the existing town is in the centre near the chapel of St. Peter; and there are remains of a temple, built of masonry like the Palace of Constantine at Arles, the north side of which, with a window, may be seen at the bottom of the Rue du Petit Puits, dating from the first half of the sixth century. The well which gave the street its name was the original fountain of the temple.

Freta herself was sacked by the Lombards in 571, and by the Moors in 737, after they had taken Avignon, and again after her name had been changed in about the tenth century. For some time longer, as we have

seen, the ancient name survived as well; but that of St. Remy finally survived, and first appears in some letters patent of Alphonse II., Count of Provence, dated in 1198. The cathedral, which originally had a Romanesque belfry, was given a Gothic spire instead, in 1336, by the direct commands of Pope John XXII., and this is all that is left of the original building, most of which fell down in 1818, and was restored in a very different style from that of the little fourteenth-century work that remains.

The ruined tower, which rises near the ancient temple, already mentioned in the Rue du Petit Puits, is the remnant of the mint set up here by the Counts of Provence of the House of Anjou; and it is recorded in 1331 that the bankers of Marseilles made oath to the effect that they were ignorant of the value of the money coined at St. Remy. But it had a large local circulation, for Philippe-le-Bel had to give orders that all St. Remy coinage found in Nîmes and Beaucaire was to be destroyed, and none now exists; but a funeral inscription of 1305 gives the name of "Quintinus Anastasius de Luchio de Morantia" as that of the Master of the Mint.

Roumanille, the charming poet of Avignon, was born at St. Remy; but curiously enough its most famous child was Michael Nostradamus, who first saw the light here in 1503. His marvellous "powder" proved so

successful against the plague in 1546 that he was given an annuity by the town of Aix; but professional jealousy seems to have driven him to literature, and in 1555 appeared the first edition of the rude quatrains that were to be his famous *Prophecies*, dedicated to his son César. Finding no honour in his own country, he went to Paris, where Catherine de Medicis was delighted to patronise him, with the result that his three hundred prophecies expanded in 1558 to a thousand, which were dedicated to King Henri II. His reputation was assured by the apparent prediction of that monarch's miserable death by a wound in the eye at a tournament, and Charles IX. could do no less than grant him two hundred crowns with the post of physician-in-ordinary. He died in 1566, and by 1618 his prophecies were being used as reading primers for the school-children. The supposed prediction of the execution of Charles I. by the Parliament gave his book great vogue again; and in the reign of Charles II. we find Pepys recording (on Feb. 3, 1666) that "amongst other discourse we talked much of Nostradamus, his prophecy of these times, and Sir George Carteret did tell a story how at his death he did make the town [of Salon] swear that he should never be dug up or his tomb opened after he was buried; but that they did after sixty years do it, and upon his breast they found a plate of brasse saying what a wicked, unfaithful people the people of that place were,

who after so many vows should disturb and open him such a day and year and hour, which, if true, is very strange." It is certainly true that he predicted 1792 as the beginning of a new era, and it was the Year One of the Republic. Perhaps it was this coincidence that led Napoleon to see predictions of his last campaign in 1814 in the lines that seem to foreshadow the famous landing at Fréjus from Elba. But when the son, César, tried to live up to his prophetic father's reputation, he was obliged to set fire to Le Pouzin in order to verify his own forecast, and was promptly trampled to death by the horse of the enraged General Montluc, who caught him in the act. The great Michael perpetrated a *History of Provence*, which, as far as I have ever traced its statements, is about as useful as the *Prophecies*, and the one thoroughly deserves the epigram which Etienne Jodelle wrote about the other:—

"Nostra damus quum falsa damus, nam fallere nostrum est
Et quum falsa damus nil nisi nostra damus . . ."

with which we may fairly leave a figure which is strangely out of place in quiet, beautiful St. Remy.

Far better symbol, far more appropriately representative, of the poetry and charm of all this district are the associations that cluster round the name of Mistral, the true "genius loci"; not the poet only, but the living shrine of every true Provençal from Avignon to Les Saintes Maries. Along the quiet roads that are

flooded with spring sunshine, and verdant with the strange, green, palpitating shadows thrown by those lofty pinnacles of cypress that rise, dark, sheer, yet delicate, like cathedral walls, you may pass towards his simple country house in the little village of Maillane. Its chief possession seems to be the bust of that Lamartine who spoke of Mistral nearly fifty years ago as "un poète né, comme les hommes de Deucalion, d'un caillou de la Crau; un poète primitif dans notre âge de décadence; un poète grec à Avignon; un poète qui crée une langue d'un idiome, comme Pétrarque a créé l'Italien." No wonder the young writer, then only twenty-five, answered with the dedication of *Mireille*—

> "Te counsacre Mirèio: es moun cor e moun amo,
> Es la flour de mis an . . ."

And near the bust of Lamartine is that of Gounod, who set those exquisite verses to melodies no less delightful. Close by is one of those fascinating carved coffers, which you may still find at Arles, in which the old Provençal kept his loaves of bread. "Tout mon pays!" cried Daudet, "des barreaux larges à passer le bras et une serrure de coffrefort!" The Mas du Juge, the background to so much of *Mirèio*, and the birthplace of the poet, is the big farm half-way from St. Remy, and before its doors is still the long stone table round which the farm hands sat at harvest home.

In his *Iles d'Or*, even more than in any other of his

writings, Mistral has reflected and preserved that spirit of old Provence which is about us in St. Remy, which is not so touched with infinite sorrow as at Arles; not changed as at Nîmes; not imitated, as at Avignon; but sane, strong, deep-rooted, and deep-hearted.

"Envirouna de l'amplitudo
E dou silenci di gara,
Tout en fasent vosto batudo,
Au terrado sempre amarra,
Vesès, alin, coume un tempèri
Passa lou trounfle dis empèri
E l'uiau di revoulucion:
Atetouni sus la patrio
Veirés passa la barbario
Emai li civilisacioun. . . ."

They have indeed beheld, these Provençals, "the pomp of empire passing far, like flying time—the lightning bolt of revolution, the decay of barbarian and of civilised communities." The monument of Marius and the arch of Julius Caesar are in their true setting still. It is but to hint at this truth that I have passed for a moment into those modern times that now surround them; and now I must return to them and to imperial Rome.

More marvellous remnants of antiquity than any monument of Provence may perhaps be found upon the soil of Italy and Greece, beneath the shadow of the Coliseum or in the sunlight of the Acropolis; the traces of an elder age may be discovered among the ruins of Baalbec or Ephesus, beside the pylons of Luxor,

or beneath the cupolas of Samarcand; but for the completed vision of a classic past, for the full dream of an ancient life that is not dead but sleepeth, you must stand upon the "Plateau des Antiquités" at St. Remy, in the great amphitheatre of Nîmes or Arles, before the exquisitely proportioned colonnades of the Maison Carrée; or you must wonder at that cliff of masonry which is the Theatre of Orange, and the mighty arch which commemorates the triumphs of Tiberius.

Both the St. Remy buildings are types of other constructions found elsewhere. I shall have to speak of the towers at Nîmes and La Turbie in following out that form which began with the pyramid of Fabius and ends with the column of Trajan. I must now turn to the great arch which is suggested by its smaller and more perfect exemplar at St. Remy, the arch of Orange. Of Carpentras I have already spoken; here the arch is still single, but the taste of the architect is far from being at so high a level. At Orange the whole building, fine as is its general effect, shows an even greater decadence, which is by no means compensated by its far greater size. St. Remy, Carpentras, Orange: Caesar, Augustus, Tiberius—the list is short, but the tale of diminished skill and artistic feeling is clear enough.

The Triumphal Arch of Orange stands at the northern entrance to the town, and is about seventy feet long by seventy in height, and nearly thirty-two wide, set

to the four cardinal points of the compass. Like most of these southern French arches, the lateral elevation is much broader than is usual in proportion to their length, and is also far more richly decorated than is the case in Italy, except perhaps in the Arch of Constantine. Another peculiarity is their engaged columns. And in their decoration the "motif" of chained captives is evidently a favourite one; "tristis summo captivus in arcu." The structure at Orange is pierced with a principal central arch and two smaller side-arches, and is adorned with four attached Corinthian columns between the arches, supporting an entablature with a central pediment. Four similar columns, far closer together, are on the east side. Sculptures enrich the archivolts and frieze, and trophies of arms are placed over the side arches. The upper panel of the huge attic story, over the central arch, is filled with a large bas-relief of crowded, fighting figures. The rostra of the ships and other maritime emblems are remarkably well treated; and Ruskin observed particularly that the carvings of this arch afforded an excellent example of "sketching in sculpture," being surrounded with a deeply cut line, which emphasises their outline, just as an artist might do with his pencil upon paper. There are certain mathematical irregularities in the constructive measurements, to which I attach no importance as signs of decadence; in fact, they probably contribute



THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT ORANGE.

very largely to the general effect of the mass, which is undeniably imposing; and neither beauty nor "proportion" depends on mathematics. But the design as a whole shows fatal signs of a loss of that delicate appreciation of appropriate balance and harmony which was the Greeks' best legacy to Rome. It seems to me to be the rough copy, made by uninstructed workmen, of the original at St. Remy; and its architect has only brought his ignorance into greater prominence by increasing the whole bulk of the great mass of stone he reared.

I shall try and say no single further word of depreciation. It is only my wish to emphasise the restrained beauty at St. Remy which has led me to criticise the magnificence of Orange; and it would be difficult, whatever phrase were written here, to lessen the delight of any one who sees that mighty monument of a great and warlike people, set at the head of the vast highway by which their legions marched towards the conquest of the north, and softened to the mellow tint of an exquisite gold against the brilliant blue of the Provençal sky. The town itself is full of a strange history, particularly significant to any Englishman; and in that history the arch has so great a part that no book which deals with the middle waters of the Rhone could possibly omit some mention of it.

As an example of the kind of work necessary to trace

the varying opinions of these monuments, and to produce some final and logical conception of them, I am tempted to indicate a few "authorities" concerning the Arch of Orange. In February 1597 one Thomas Platter, of Basle, records his view that Marius built it, and that it was called the "Tour des Arcs," because its rectangular formation suggested the outline of a fortified tower. A few years later we find Peiresc using the most unimaginable adverb about its three arcades . . . "filletées le plus mignonnement qu'il se puisse faire en l'ordonnance corinthienne." A century later Millin can see no traces of any inscription, and gives a wide choice from Augustus to Hadrian for its date. It is strange that he did not notice the holes made by the rivets of the vanished letters on the northern architrave, just below the frieze, for it was by exactly similar traces that Séguier had just deciphered the lost inscription on the Maison Carrée. By 1815 M. Gasparin had observed these holes, and chronicled the discovery of an "L" in bronze among the soil and débris beneath them. This was a fragment of the word "IULI." Caristie recorded that in 1807 the arch was still encumbered to the height of some fifteen feet, with the ruins of the fortifications added by Raymond des Baux in the thirteenth century. As a matter of fact it was only by 1811 that the arch was cleared and the site put into something of its present state. On Caristie's re-

port, and from the designs of Régnaux, the departmental architect, sufficient work was done to preserve what was left of the original Roman construction. Caristie reproduced the holes left by the bronze letters, but inaccurately, and showed that the northern frieze, never meant to contain an inscription, was originally designed for sculpture. Prosper Mérimée was artistically vague in 1834. Only in 1866 did a certain M. de Saulcy see the name "Tiberius" (and much more) in the shattered inscription; and the occurrence of the word "Sacrovir" on a Gaulish shield, carved on the northern front, showed he was on the right track; for it was the revolt of Sacrovir and Florus that the generals of Tiberius crushed in 21 A.D. M. de Saulcy's reading of the Emperor's name was further confirmed by Bertrand, who took a cast of the architrave, but could not successfully decipher all the words it once had borne. It remained for M. Édouard Bondurand, Archiviste du Gard at Nîmes, to suggest the best solution of the problem in 1897.

This is no place for scholastic discussions; but I shall proceed to give the results of M. Bondurand's discovery, because Provence is a land of false attributions and spurious inscriptions, and one typical instance will be enough to show the process by which other statements in this book, more briefly given as they occur elsewhere, have slowly been arrived at. Between the

27th June of the year 24 A.D. and the 26th June of the year 25 this arch was dedicated to Tiberius; and at some period that was later than this, but not very far removed, the decurions of the colony restored it exactly to its primitive condition; but the record of this restoration, involving twenty-five fresh letters, necessitated a change in the inscription from its original two lines of equal length to a new upper line which exceeded the new lower line by thirteen letters at the beginning and by twelve at the end. It then read as follows:—

TI · CAESARI · DIVI · AUGUSTI · F · DIVI · IULI ·
NEPOTI · AUGUSTO · PONTIFICI · MAXIMO ·
TRIBUNICIA
POTESTATE · XXVI · IMP · VIII · COS · IIII ·
DDCCN · ARCUM · TRIUM · RESTITUERE · [1]

which is, being interpreted, "In honour of Tiberius Caesar Augustus, son of the Divine Augustus, grandson of the Divine Julius, Pontifex Maximus, invested with the Tribunician power for the twenty-sixth time,

[1] The last line is peculiar. "DC" is usual for Decurio. But the form "DDCCN" is unique for the plural number. The form D · N · for Dominus Noster, and DD · NN for the plural, may be compared. "ARCUM TRIUMPHALEM" is unknown to classical Latin, and would only be possible to decurions who set up this inscription at the restoration of the arch in about the fourth century. The abbreviation "TRIUM" for "TRIUMPHALEM" has usually been explained as due to fracture of the stone in other cases. On the whole M. Bondurand has failed to convince the best authorities that his reading of the last line is right.

Imperator for the eighth time, and Consul for the fourth time, the Decurions restored this Triumphal Arch."

It is worth while remembering in this connection that the Arch of Titus in Rome, containing only a single opening, shows the winged Victories in its spandrils which appear at St. Remy; but though small in size, and beautifully finished, it has no sculpture at the sides, which is a very obvious defect in a type of building that has no real reason for existence except as a magnificent frame for bas-reliefs and carvings. The three openings of the structure at Orange may be compared with the arches of Septimius Severus and of Constantine, in Italy; and with them it very fairly holds its own. That at Rheims, once a hundred and ten feet wide, was larger than any of them, and was probably built in the last years of the Empire. This style of monuments must not be confounded with such a building as the Gate of St. André at Autun, or the far more elaborate Gate of Justice, known as the "Porta Nigra," at Trèves. The building known as the "Porte d'Auguste" at Nîmes is too obviously a town gate to be mistaken for anything else, and it probably had the light arcade above it which is preserved in the Porte St. André at Autun. Yet another form of Roman arch is to be found in Provence, and that is the beautiful entrance-gate placed at each end of a bridge, of which

the fine arches on the bridge of St. Chamas are the best examples in the Rhone valley, and the most elegant in France.[1] The Triumphal Arch is, in itself, somewhat difficult to justify architecturally, though it is often quite successful as a picturesque commemorative monument; and I need only mention one more to complete all I shall have to say upon the subject.

This is the building long known to historians of Arles as the "Arc Admirable." Writing in 1687, Seguin (*Les Antiquités d'Arles*) could only trace this arch, which had then disappeared, by a deed of 1511, mentioning the "Arcus Mirabilis" in the Rue St. Claude. This monument, therefore, which for so many centuries had roused the admiration of those who saw it, had vanished more than sixty years before the Arch of Constantine was pulled down in 1743, so that one of the public streets might be widened. Fortunately, however, some fragments have been left which permit us to reconstruct it, as a smaller and more artistic example of the three-arch type at Orange.

[1] The railway from Arles runs on the east (or left) bank of the Rhone across the Crau to St. Chamas, where there is a beautiful view of the Etang de Berre. The Pons Flavia crosses the Touloubre in a single span of solid masonry, the entrance arch at each end being decorated with Corinthian columns and entablature. The columns are surmounted with lions, and there is an inscription on the frieze. Some distance north, on the slope of the Vernégues hills, between the Rhone valley and that of the Durance, is a single Corinthian column, in the pure Greek form exemplified by the monument of Lysicrates, which is the sole remnant of a temple erected by a Greek artist from Marseilles.

The largest of these fragments is the portico built into the wall of the hotel in the Place des Hommes, which was placed there in 1715, composed of pieces from various different monuments, for neither the columns nor their capitals were originally portions of the "Arc Admirable." Other remnants would no doubt be found in the old fortifications (made of such fragmentary stones from Roman buildings) near the Tour de Rolland. A portion of the bas-reliefs of the attic story is preserved in the ancient theatre, and is reproduced in the appendix to this first volume, together with the other vestiges which enabled M. Gilles to give a plan of the building as it was originally set up in honour of Augustus some years after his visit to Arles, in 43 B.C., a visit which is commemorated also by the busts of himself and of Marcellus, and by the splendid carving of his imperial wreath. This arch was called "Admirable," not only by reason of its beauty, but from the same motives which gave the name of "Tour Magne" to the triumphal monument in the pyramidal style set up to the same Emperor at Nîmes.

The vanished "Arc Admirable" was, as I have said, of much the same design as that of Orange, though in better proportion and finer workmanship; and the surviving monument further up the Rhone will give some measure of our loss at Arles. In the same way, that mighty cliff of masonry which is the Theatre of Orange,

will suggest something of the smaller and more beautiful construction of which two lonely pillars and a large part of the auditorium still remain at Arles.

Orange played no important part as a Roman city; it was never as prominent as Arles, as Nîmes, or even as Vienne; yet the Roman buildings are all that remain of value in the town, and the size of them is a significant indication of that Roman character and civilisation which it is my business to describe in Provence. The hill of Orange was the original settlement, and the modern town is built on the site of the first attacking Roman camp, as Dorchester below the hill of Sinodun, without a winding Thames. The colony of Arausio began forthwith to take its amusements very seriously. They used the mass of the old hill as the material for their auditorium, and on its slope they built their stone seats in a semicircle. Opposite to them rises that stupendous wall of massive dark-brown stones, laid weightily one upon another, erect, eternal as the framework of the everlasting hills, and resonant still to every tone of modern tragedy. It overtops the town without a rival; and of all Roman theatres we know it is the most impressive, for there is no building of the kind that can compare with it as a whole. That part of the wall which faces the city is chiefly imposing from its sheer bulk. As we see it now, it rises in a single mass from the ground, but originally it must have looked

like one side of the nave of some vast minster, with its aisle and clerestory; for there was an arcade in advance of it, and the plain second story was once covered by a sloping roof, with a long range of smaller round-headed arches, which forestall the clerestories of Pisa or of Lucca. It is about one hundred feet high, thirteen feet thick, and over nine hundred feet in length. On the side facing the hill it was once faced with marble, set about with carvings, and formed the permanent scenery at the back of the rather shallow stage which the spectators saw; a scenery so tremendous that it seems only appropriate to tragedies "presenting Thebes' or Pelops' line"; and so durable that only those tragedies themselves can claim an elder place among the few accomplishments of man which have so long outlasted the generations that produced them.

On great municipal occasions, the Roman theatre is still used. Once every year the Comédie Française produces a classic tragedy there, and the alexandrines of Corneille or Racine wake the echoes that are still stirring with the mighty lines of Æschylus or Sophocles. Sometimes the Provençal poets, called the Félibres, are gathered here; but for a true Provençal fête the smaller, lovelier theatre of Arles is a far better setting, with that soft charm of melancholy beauty which Arles alone retains. The sheer bulk of Orange is too overwhelming for our modern life. It was but the pleasure-

place of the old Romans; yet how many of our most pretentious buildings will last even a quarter as long? Our Gothic churches, mere architectural babes in time compared with it, are fast tottering into decay already. Our modern buildings, our flimsy town halls and stucco palaces, will be dust when the Theatre of Orange is still serenely strong; and I prefer to see that theatre, not filled with modern actors, or with modern crowds, but as my friend saw it some few years ago: ". . . its sweep of steps graciously mantled in long grass growing for hay, and full of innumerable flowers; its stage tenanted by bushes of red roses and white guelder roses; the blue, empty circles of its wall-space rising serenely against the flame-blue sky. Never have I seen the huge strength of Roman antiquity appear more sweetly venerable, more assimilable to the unshaken granite structure of the globe itself, than thus, decked and garlanded with the transitory blossoms of its eighteen-hundredth spring." [1]

Those steps rouse many dreams; for few foreign cities are so often spoken of by Englishmen as is Orange, and few places have ever roused wilder confusions of thought; for Orange gave its name to a line of princes, one of whom was also a king of England, and from that king a political party in the British Islands and colonies thought proper to take its title.

[1] Mary Darmesteter: *Contemporary Review*, November 1892.

The fact that the town is on a tributary of the Rhone, and lies a little off the main line, has preserved it from too much attention on the part of the incurious English traveller, who hurries past it to the Riviera. Arausio, the Roman colony, is known only from geographers and from its own remains; and the power and ubiquity of Rome have never been better exemplified than in the existence of such mighty works in a place historically so insignificant. Its mediaeval history begins with a certain William, of the house of Adhémar, called Duke of Aquitaine in the days of Charlemagne, who delivered Orange from the Saracens. There is a tale of this Guillaume d'Orange, who came home wounded after Roncesvalles,[1] the last survivor of that day of slaughter, suddenly aged and pinched and grey, upon a sorry varlet's nag. So the porter could not recognise him, and the lady of the castle would not let him in. "My husband," she cried, "would come a conqueror, with his captives behind him, covered with glory and honour." And when she heard that he had come

[1] In *Calendal* the poet Mistral tells this same tale of the Count of Orange escaping from the Saracens at the battle of the Alyscamps at Arles :—

"Guibour! Guibour! ma gènto damo
Siéu, dis, Guihèn, aquéu que t'amo!
A Guihèn dóu Court Nas, Guibour, véne durbi . . .
. . . N'as menti! crido
Guibour . . ."

The unfortunate count is only admitted after he has gone back to the fight and chased the Saracens single-handed to the sea.

from Roncesvalles: "Less than ever my husband," she cried again, "for he would not have lived when all those heroes died." At last he was let in; and there is nothing now of all his castle left upon the hill, save one weak buttress and a tottering wall. But they remind us of such a tale as the great stones of Rome could never tell; for "the monuments of the Middle Ages are other than of stone." By the end of the eleventh century and the beginning of the Crusades, we find a living and distinct Count of Orange, at the time when the Burgundian kingdom had arisen out of the ruins of Charlemagne's empire, and had been again united to the imperial crown with its fellow-kingdoms of Germany and Italy. Orange was no part of France then; it was a member of the kingdom of Arles, and its counts were vassals of the Emperor under the Counts of Toulouse, who claimed the imperial fief of the Provençal March. The greatest of the Crusading counts was Raimbauld II., whose modern statue now stands in the market-place; and in 1150 another of his name appears as a devoted troubadour, so loyal to a neighbouring countess that he left no heir for his inheritance, and Orange passed to his brother-in-law Bertrand, of the great house of Les Baux, the first to receive the title of prince, granted by Frederick Barbarossa, as he passed by Orange on his way to his Burgundian crowning at Arles. With that title, then so rare that from Orange

to Snowdon there was but one other, the Prince of Aberffraw, Bertrand received the right of coining money, and marching with his banners displayed from the Isère to the sea and from the Rhone to the Alps. In 1215 Frederick II. granted Bertrand's son, William, a charter (dated at Metz in 1215), which further granted him the whole kingdom of Arles and of Vienne, which was probably only the vicariate of the Empire within its bounds; at any rate, some such rights existed, for they were formally renounced by a later Prince Raymond of Orange to Charles of Anjou, and throughout the thirteenth century the Princes of Orange did homage to Provence for the greater part of their dominions.

The Princes of Les Baux turned the triumphal arch into a fortress, and held the castle on the hill above the town. By some strange hazard, this little scrap of the old kingdom of Arles lived on, side by side, with its neighbours of Avignon and the Venaissin, long after Pope and prince alike had been surrounded by the gradual annexations of France; even after Lyons, Vienne, Provence, Bresse, Besançon, and the Burgundian counts had been swallowed up. It is difficult to realise now that the character of France, as regards these places, was that of an encroaching enemy. The siege of Avignon, by Louis VIII. in his Albigensian crusade, first showed his danger to imperial Burgundy.

The acquisition of Provence by Charles of Anjou meant as much to Burgundy as did the later Sicilian crown to the Italian states. It was not a long step from doing homage to the king's brother to doing homage for Orange to the King of France himself. The Dauphin Charles (afterwards Charles V.) had received the vicariate of the kingdom of Arles from his imperial namesake; but the only reality was the superiority of France. To this Dauphin had Raymond of Orange done homage in 1349, and by 1393 Orange had passed by female succession to the house of Chalon, a French lordship in ducal Burgundy. Louis XI. exacted homage in the fullest terms in spite of good King René's grumblings; but when, in the next reign, Orange had been completely surrounded by French territory, Louis XII. good-naturedly declared Prince John II. its independent sovereign. The full significance of this was not apparent until in 1531 René of Orange began the connection of the old Burgundian county with the house of Nassau. For thereafter the Princes of Orange, technically the peer of any sovereign with whom they had to deal, also became the first nobles in the outlying dominions of the Spanish crown, the first citizens and the first magistrates of a great commonwealth; though they took their title, being of the house of Nassau, from a precarious little principality in the Rhone valley, which they most probably never

cared enough about to visit.[1] It was as a sovereign prince, owning the Emperor as his only superior on earth, that William the Silent could make lawful war upon the Duke of Alva. The independent sovereignty of tiny little Lichtenstein, which you may drive through in half an hour on the Ragatz road between St. Gallen and Graubünden, is the only modern parallel.

During the days of the Nassau princes France was perpetually seizing Orange and giving it back again by treaty. But Prince Maurice made the castle of Orange, upon the hill above the theatre, one of the strongest fortresses in Europe; and it was Louis XIV. who swept away well-nigh every trace of those too presumptuous ramparts. The independence of the principality only came to an end when William, the Tenth of Orange, set forth for the deliverance of the Protestant religion and the liberties of England, and thereby became William the First of Ireland, Second of Scotland, Third of England, Fourth of Normandy, and Tenth

[1] How rarely they came here may be gathered from the legend of that Prince of Orange who visited the home of his ancestors, as it is told in Mistral's "Poem of the Rhone," and of his death by drowning with the beautiful Anglore during a storm upon the river :—

"Mai lou verai es que, pèr uno espouncho
Que vèn dóu sang, Guihèn (coume ié dison
Au bèu dóufin de la nacioun flamenco)
Vói trafega lou Rose. Vóu counéisse
Lou nis, lou couvadou, la terro illustro
Que i' a trasmés lou noun preclar que porto
Aurenjo e sa famouso flourieto, . . ."

of Orange. Though the formal incorporation of the town with the French province of Dauphiné was delayed till 1731, it had become a part of the French dominions by 1714, in virtue of the treaty of Utrecht. It is now a quiet, unimportant, yet charming little town, filling up its ancient girdle with ample spaces of green garden, and surrounded by lovely meadows of luxuriant flowers, that cover the sweet and fertile plains of Orange with a beauty that is appropriate to its best memories of idyllic Greece and Rome.

It was the arch that brought us from St. Remy to Orange, and to St. Remy's building I must now go back again, to pick up the thread of Julius Caesar's campaigns which we dropped beneath the shadow of the arch he built. It will need but a few pages before we can move on to Arles.



THE TOMB OF THE HUNTER, ARLES [A].

CHAPTER V

THE PACIFICATION OF PROVENCE

"E de que tiron glòri
Toúti li conquietaire li mai trule
Que sus Rose à-de-reng an fan l'empèri,
Li Charle-Magne emé li Bonaparte
Les Annibau e li Cesar de Romo!"

—LOU POUÈMO DÓU ROSE.[1]

IT is a curious thing that the two greatest names of Roman Provence, Marseilles and Narbonne, now contain nothing whatever to which we can point as an undoubted architectural relic of Roman rule. I have determined to say as little as possible of the history that cannot in some degree be traced in stone to-day; but of Marseilles something must now be said, for its siege was the most important event, during the Civil War, in the Roman Province.

[1] "What profit have those conquerors of their greed, those who in turn have held the empire of the Rhone, Charlemagne, and Bonaparte and Hannibal, and the Roman Caesars!"

Founded in the age of the Gracchi, Narbo remained a town throughout the Republic, the first burgess-colony proper beyond the sea, but isolated. It was strengthened by Caesar, and under Tiberius was "the most populous city of Gaul." [1] But after the fall of Marseilles, and the rise of Lyons, Arles became the great emporium of commerce in the Rhone valley.

The wealthy Greek mercantile state, which was protected by the standing Roman camp at Aix, was by no means comprised within the city walls of Massalia; it extended along the greater part of the coast, nearly from Montpellier to Nice. But in a political aspect Massalia disappeared after the siege, and became for Gaul what Neapolis was for Italy, a centre of Greek culture and Greek learning, preserving its independence within the modest proportions of a provincial town.

At first the Massaliot envoys desired Caesar to allow them to remain neutral in the quarrel between their two patrons, Pompey and himself. But their pleasant dreams were soon dispelled by the sudden arrival of Domitius Ahenobarbus (grandson of the first proconsul who made the Via Domitia) with seven swift galleys from the Etrurian coasts; for he immediately put himself at the head of the city's sea and land forces, in the

[1] Those who still believe in the artistic tendencies of François I. may be interested to know that he built walls round Narbonne with the fragments of mutilated Roman ruins.

cause of Pompey; a cause which may well have commended itself to a majority of the citizens in an ancient and conservative Greek state, naturally opposed, on general principles, to the incarnation of revolutionary politics which was Julius Caesar.

Being obliged at the moment to cross the Pyrenees, Caesar left Caius Trebonius to command by land and Decimus Brutus to direct the naval operations against Marseilles. The Phocaean city, as it still was, occupied the triangular peninsula between the Old Harbour to the south and a creek of La Joliette to the north-west. The modern Place d'Aix was just outside its eastern boundary, and a curve drawn from the Place de La Joliette, through the Place d'Aix, and round to the "Vieux Port," between the Cannebière and Rue de Noailles, would about indicate the extent of the Greek city.

In spite of the pacific expressions of the ambassadors, the town was well equipped for the siege it must have realised to be inevitable, and military reinforcements had been secured from the friendly Celtic tribe of the Albici, who lived some fifty miles north, between the Verdon and the Durance. Caesar was not slow in taking measures on his side, and the fact that Arles could supply him with twelve warships within thirty days after the trees from which they were built had been felled is one proof of the resources of ancient Arelate.

With this unseasoned dozen Decimus Brutus lay at anchor outside the Old Harbour, depending only on the veteran infantry who had volunteered from the pick of Caesar's legions to man them. The very solidity of these new heavy-timbered vessels lent added courage to the landsmen on their decks. As soon as the seventeen warships of Domitius bore down upon them, the legionaries grappled, boarded the enemy, and dispatched their crews. Brutus brought all his dozen safe back to their moorings and six Massaliot vessels with them; three more were sunk; and Domitius had but eight left.

As soon as possible Pompey sent sixteen more ships of war under Nasidius, who anchored opposite the now vanished Tauroenta, some twenty miles to the eastward of Toulon, and summoned Domitius with his old fleet of eight, and nine new vessels built by the men of Massalia to replace their losses. Unfortunately the squadron of Nasidius took to flight almost as soon as Brutus went into action, and the Massaliot ships were fairly easily defeated after making a good fight of it. The crisis of the struggle now shifted to the land, where Trebonius had been working with might and main to undermine the defences of the city. At last he fatally sapped the principal tower of the city wall by means of an immensely strong covered approach, and the besieged, in despair, begged for an armistice till Caesar

should return. In the course of this they treacherously attacked the Roman camp and burnt everything in it that would catch fire, after which they withdrew within their walls again, repaired the breaches, and once more bade defiance to the enemy. But the coast-blockade proved too much for them. Domitius Ahenobarbus made good his escape by sea, and Caesar himself, on his arrival, received the unconditional surrender of the city. He spared all lives, took possession of all arms and military engines, all ships and naval stores, the public treasure, and the territories of the State, and quartered two Roman legions upon the city as a garrison. Scarcely a trace of Greek or Roman Massalia now remains.

The fact that Vercingetorix found no successor is almost as great a triumph for Roman diplomacy as was his defeat for Roman arms. The revolts of the Treveri under Julius Florus, in the Ardennes, or of the Haedui and Sequani under Julius Sacrovir, near Lyons, were but a pale reflection of the determination of the Celtic nobility to seize every opportunity of Germanic unrest to try their strength against Rome. But the policy of amalgamation and reconciliation soon did its work of cautiously but completely Romanising every element in the population. Such a deliverance of the Celtic nation as was contemplated by Vercingetorix, or even dreamed of by Sacrovir, was no longer possible in 70

A.D., for already that nation had ceased its separate existence. Its subsequent history was the history of the Roman world, the development of the Romano-Gallic culture founded by Caesar and Augustus.

The beginnings of that foundation are traceable in the last public acts of Caesar in Provence. He gave to the coastwise canton of the Volcae a Latin municipal constitution, with Nîmes, to which the remaining townships were made subject, for its urban centre. Latin rights were given to Roussillon, Avignon, Aix, and Apt; and their burgesses, after acquiring the Roman franchise by entering the imperial army or by holding office in their native towns, stood on a perfect legal equality with Italians. The Roman colony of Lyons (second to Narbo under Tiberius) was the native seat both of all government institutions common to Gaul, and of the Celtic diet of the three Gaulish provinces. What this involved may be seen from the facts that when Rome was desolated by fire in 64 A.D., the men of Lyons sent a subsidy of four million sesterces (£43,500) to the capital, and when Lyons in her turn was burnt out in the next year, she was assisted, not only from the privy purse of the Emperor, but by contributions from the whole Roman empire. It is essential to realise these things if we are to understand the extraordinary amount of traces still remaining in Provence of Roman life and Roman buildings. Just as Christianity took up the

legends and heroes of paganism and made her saints and martyrologies from the materials of more ancient faiths, so did Rome keep all the old memories and transform them into greater permanence and strength. The fountain-god of the Volcae and the temple of Nemausus were the centre of Imperial Nîmes. The Emperor Claudius was himself born at Lyons. He married Agrippina, who was born in the camp of her father Germanicus at Cologne. It was but natural that they should each favour the largest possible extension of the privileges of the Gauls. The official language of course became the Latin. But we find Greek inscriptions lingering on for long in Provence,[1] and no barriers were made to Celtic speech on unofficial occasions. At Arles, indeed, most of the dedications so

[1] I have given in another chapter several examples of this. But the most appropriate here is a bilingual epitaph of about the second century, A.D., of which the first line in Latin is followed by Greek hexameters and pentameters.

C. Vibio Liguri Maxsuma mater fecit.

Τὸν τάφον ἠργάζοντο γεραιοτέροις· ὁ δὲ Δαίμων
Νήπιον ἀντεβόλησ' ἑπτάετες κλίματι.
Συγγενέες γενέται τε ὁμοῦ ὃν ἔθρεψαν ἔθαψαν
Γαΐον. ὦ μερόπων ἐλπίδες οὐ μόνιμοι.

The reading does not quite satisfy me; but it is obviously a pathetic lament over a boy of seven, who was killed by the climate and buried by his parents. The name Ligur was naturally common in the country of the old Ligurians. On the island of Ste. Marguerite the name occurs again both in Greek and Latin on a votive tablet:—

Ὑπὲρ τῆς σωτηρίας Μάρκου Ἰουλίου Λιγυός.
Pro Salute M. Juli Liguris. . . .

far discovered might have served just as well in Italy; but at Fréjus, Aix, and Nîmes many traces of a prior, indigenous worship have been found.

The results of all this acted and reacted upon both sides. The cavalry of Imperial Rome was recruited from Gaul, and both its manœuvres and technical expressions were chiefly derived from the Celts. And the soldiers Gaul gave to Rome were repaid by the wine Rome sold to Arles and Lyons. In the Narbonnaise and in Southern Aquitaine there were indeed early beginnings of that Allobrogian vintage which is now our Burgundy, of the Biturigian wines which are the modern claret. But it was not till the end of the third century A.D. that the provinces were really allowed to infringe on the invaluable Italian monopoly of wine-culture. The great highway from Rome to the mouth of the Baetis was repaired in republican times from the Alps to the Rhone by the Massaliots, from thence to the Pyrenees by the Romans. Augustus relaid it, and ample means existed for communication with all parts of Provence, both military and civil, both by land and water. Small wonder is it, then, that this land of olive-yards and fig-trees, even before the general culture of the vine, rose to great prosperity when its agriculture was once solidly encouraged by Augustus, a prosperity which is still reflected in the amphitheatres of Nîmes and Arles, in the theatre of Orange, in the monuments

of so small a community as St. Remy, in the public works of Fréjus.

Fréjus, Forum Julii, was, as its name implies, established by Julius as a forum, viz.: an assize-centre and market, being situated, as fora usually were, on the high road. It was still a forum when first mentioned in Cicero's *Letters* in the year after Caesar's assassination.[1] After Actium, Augustus made it a naval station and a colony, whence was derived its title of "Pacencis" or "Pacata."

But there is so much Roman masonry at Fréjus that I must give it a separate place to itself (p. 254); and it will only be necessary here to mention that piece of history which connects it with the period just before the reign of Augustus to which we must proceed with what haste be possible.

Mark Antony was the most open champion of Caesarism after Caesar himself had died. Dolabella, the man of the Senate and the assassins, was conveniently shelved in Syria; but the young Octavianus was not to be so easily put off. Claiming his rights as heir to

[1] This same correspondence has preserved one of the few classical texts which actually mention the presence of Julius Caesar on the Riviera; for Caelius writes to Cicero "bemoaning his bad luck in being sent to Vintimiglia, amidst the snows of the Alps at Christmas time, to quell a riot occasioned by the assassination by adherents of Pompey of one of their citizens for having entertained Julius Caesar on his way to Spain at the outset of the civil war."—Quoted by W. H. (Bullock) Hall in *The Romans on the Riviera and the Rhone.*

his uncle and father by adoption, he was met by the unwelcome news that Antony had spent most of the four thousand talents (about one million sterling) which the widow, Calpurnia had handed over to Caesar's relative and chief representative on the spot. Octavianus therefore at first joined the party of the Senate; but Cicero soon discovered that this was only part of a far deeper plan, a plan remarkably astute for any one, but nothing short of astounding in a youth of twenty.

Defeated near Mutina, Antony was at once pursued by Decimus Brutus, and fled by way of Vada Sabata across the Maritime Alps towards the Esterels. The coast road he chose must have been particularly arduous and difficult for his disorganized forces and undisciplined followers; for there was hardly any food or water on the way. "Antony," writes Plutarch, "was in misfortune most nearly a virtuous man." Overtaken by famine and by distresses of every kind, he set a splendid example of endurance to his troops. "He who had just quitted so much luxury and sumptuous living, made no difficulty now of drinking foul water and feeding on wild fruits and roots. Nay, it is related, they ate the very bark of trees and creatures that no one before had ever been willing to touch." Even when ameliorated by the repairs which the Massaliots were bound to make upon it, the hardships of the road across the deep gorges of the Esterels, choked with impene-

trable thicket, killed off a large proportion of Antony's troops, and it was a miserable, starving remnant which presented themselves on the 15th of May, B.C. 43, at the gates of Forum Julii.

There Antony was joined by Ventidius and three legions, and plenty of forage was brought in for the cavalry, while they rested before the meeting with Lepidus, the general in Provence who had assured Cicero so fully of his loyalty to the Senate. There was no fighting. Even if the senatorial general had not decided to choose "peace and politics," the soldiers would probably have preferred Caesarism to the constitution; for many already had traditions of victory behind them as glorious as those of Napoleon's Old Guard, and those traditions were connected with the party represented by Antony. The only victim to the ancient constitution was Laterensis, the senator, who killed himself on the Pons Argenteus from a pathetic loyalty to the hopeless cause of republican institutions. The principles of Plancus, the other Provençal general, were as amenable to argument as those of Lepidus, and he prudently withdrew to Grenoble until Octavianus had shown signs that it would be better to join Antony. This Lepidus immediately did. Decimus Brutus, meanwhile, caught between Octavianus and the rebels, had his indecisions swiftly ended for him by death at the hands of Antony's men. The result of all this

shuffling of cards was the Triumvirate which at once beheaded Cicero. Lepidus had to content himself with Africa in the partition that ensued. Antony married Octavia; but for the next twelve years was occupied in dreaming with Cleopatra of an empire in the East. Octavianus quietly consolidated his power with most remarkable success, for the last hopes of the Republicans were shattered with the fall of Brutus and Cassius at Philippi; Lepidus was banished; Sextus Pompeius died in 35 A.D.; and the victory over Antony and Cleopatra at Actium left Octavianus alone in his supremacy, and strong enough to justify the title of "princeps," or first citizen.

Wearied out by twenty years of war and anarchy, the Roman communities were glad enough to welcome one, who, if he had not the dazzling pre-eminence of patrician descent, the daring disregard of form, the cosmopolitan tastes of Julius Caesar, yet united deliberate caution and unfailing tact to great administrative capacity and a quiet strength of will, which were especially acceptable in one whose "bourgeois birth" assured his genuinely Italian sympathies. In the years that followed, Rome shared the decline of the Republic. But the provinces grew and flourished under an imperial system, which was seen at its best in developing or protecting an orderly civilisation and maintaining the peace of the world. In the tower at La

Turbie and the Tour Magne at Nîmes are to be seen two monuments of that protection as exercised by Augustus.

The colossal monument at Turbie commemorates his final victory over the rebellious Alpine tribes in B.C. 12, which implied the opening of a safe road to traders over the Maritime Alps, and immunity from Alpine raids for the lowland farmers. The modern townlet of La Turbie (which means "the Tower") stands on an inland pass formed behind the mountain walls that rise precipitously from the sea, about two miles from Monte Carlo, and commands one of the finest views upon that splendid coast.

The huge tower that was the triumphal monument of Augustus's victories was built of great blocks of stone upon a square base which supported a circular structure with an inscription in letters of gold: "IMPERATORI · CÆSAR · DIVI · FILIO · AUGUSTO · PONT. · MAX. · IMP · XIV · TRIB · POT · XVII · S.P.Q.R." [1] The third portion of the building was a round colonnade, which upheld yet a fourth circle of statues and pillars, the whole being surmounted by the colossal effigy of the victorious Emperor. The imitation, and still more, the exaggera-

[1] This inscription continues (according to the reading of Desjardins and the text of Pliny): "QUOD EIUS DUCTU AUSPICIISQUE GENTES ALPINAE OMNES QUAE A MARI SUPERO AD INFERUM PERTINEBANT SUB IMPERIUM POPULI ROMANI SUNT REDACTAE. GENTES ALPINAE DEVICTAE. . . ." And then follow the names of the conquered tribes.

tion of the elegant St. Remy monument will at once be noticed; and it is a matter of abiding satisfaction that the better of the two has survived. The later, and decadent example, invited pillage from its mere bulk of masonry, and what ruins were left by the Barbarians were used to construct a fortress during the quarrels of Guelphs and Ghibellines. This remained until it was in turn dismantled by the French in 1706; and very little of the original building can now be seen, for the remnants were as usual employed as a convenient quarry for every building set up near it in the eighteenth century.

Unfortunately the monument at La Turbie was taken as a model by the citizens of Nîmes when in their turn they desired to show their sense of the glories of Augustus; and the Tour Magne, which rises on the hill above the Gardens of the Fountain, is the tribute of gratitude to his valour from "Nemausus, Volcarum Arecomicorum Colonia Augusta," in B.C. 27, and is therefore the oldest building in Nîmes. Octagonal in plan, and chiefly impressive from its size, the Tour Magne is built of rough ashlar; it is hollow, and some hundred feet in height. Below the topmost story a



PORTION OF FRIEZE CARVED WITH THE ROMAN EAGLES, NÎMES.

girdle of engaged columns in Roman Doric surrounds the edifice, which was crowned by a terrace supported by the attic. There was possibly a colossal effigy upon this, similar to the one at La Turbie. It was originally entered by an exterior staircase as far as the top of the first story, and the inner staircase now used is as modern as the lower door. Its present name means the same as the older name of "Tour Lampèse" or "Lamprèse," "the splendid tower," like the "Arc Admirable" at Arles.[1]

I have now completed the list of all the important monuments in our district which may be referred to classical military operations. It will be a more pleasant, and perhaps a more interesting task to proceed in my next chapters with the monuments of peace. In doing so, I shall be following the dictates both of history and of inclination if I begin with Arles.

[1] The "Tour Magne" gave rise to the most elaborate pun I know, concerning the romantic adventures of a Provençal courtier named Gal. It runs as follows, and was composed, I believe, by Marc Monnier: "Gal, amant de la reine, alla, tour magnanime, Galamment de l'Arène à la Tour Magne à Nîmes." This is supposed to refer to the athletic lover's feat of carrying his sweetheart on his back from the amphitheatre to the tower.



EARLY CHRISTIAN TOMB AT ARLES [B].

CHAPTER VI

GREECE AND ROME AT ARLES

"Roumo, de nòu, t'avié vestido
En pèiro blanco bèn bastido;
De ti grèndis Areno avié mes à toun front
Li cènt-vint porto; aviés toun Cièri;
Aviés, princesso de l'Empèri,
Pèr espaça ti refoulèri,
Li poumpous Aquedu, lou Tiatre e l'Ipoudrom."[1]

—MIRÈIO.

THE Arles of to-day is, as I explained in my second chapter, very different in its merely geographical aspect, to the Arelate of Rome; to that harbour of commerce by river and by sea which Ausonius could apostrophise: "Pande duplex Arelate tuos, blanda hospita, portus, Gallula Roma." In the time of the Greeks, and before them, the waters of the Mediterranean and

[1] "Rome dressed thee new, City of Arles! built thee true with white stones; a hundred and a score of gates she placed before thee in the Amphitheatre; and like a princess of the Empire, thou hadst the Circus for thy pleasure, the gorgeous Aqueducts, the Theatre, the Hippodrome."

the Rhone were even a more prominent characteristic of the place; and many think that the name, which is neither Latin nor Greek, may be referred to the Celtic word "Ar-lath," the place of waters. In the earliest centuries of its history this commerce must have had its full effect upon the development of the town, and it soon spread out upon both banks of the Rhone; on the left, or eastern, side was the official and patrician quarter; on the point of the Camargue to the west and north rose the business town, the merchants' buildings, and the barracks; an arrangement which has many close parallels with that of ancient Alexandria. The maritime character of the town lasted far longer than we can appreciate to-day, when the whole country from the Durance to the sea is over thirty feet higher than it was two thousand years ago, when the line of the sea itself has retreated several miles, and when so many of the lagoons that stretched from the deep water of the Mediterranean towards the shallow expanses nearer Arles have disappeared. In 418 the Emperor Honorius picked out Arles as a place of national assembly because there were so many means of locomotion: "Velo, remo, vehiculo, terra, flumine, mari." Even in 1101 Roger de Hoveden, describing the course of the English fleet to Palestine, says that it touched at St. Gilles, at Arles, and at Marseilles; all apparently being equally accessible.

Owing to these natural advantages, Arles rose to importance as soon as any foreign traders reached it by sea, and no doubt the Phoenicians had established more than a mere market there even before the Phocaeans arrived at Marseilles. At the end of that period, at any rate, the swift preparation of the galleys already mentioned, which Caesar ordered for the siege of Marseilles, is a convincing proof of the excellence and capacity of the dockyards of Arles.[1] Her prosperity was great enough to last for a long while; for the description given by Honorius and Theodosius is couched in the most flowery language: "Neque enim ulla Provincia ita peculiaris fructus sui facultate laetatur, ut non haec propria Arelatensis soli credatur esse fecunditas; quicquid enim dives Oriens, quicquid odoratus Arabs, quicquid delicatus Assyrius, quod fertilis Africa, quod speciosa Hispania, quod fecunda Gallia potest habere praeclarum, ita illic affatim exhibetur, quasi ibi nascantur omnia."

The peace that spread over Provence after the victories of Caesar and Augustus was the opportunity that all the towns of Provence took to decorate their

[1] An inscription has preserved the name of one of the head workmen in these dockyards, as follows: "CAIUS JULIUS POM . . . COLLEGA FABRORUM NAVALIUM CORPORATORUM [ARELATENSIUM] CURATOR EIUSDEM CORPORIS . . ."; and a patron of the same body is also known who is referred to as: "SEVIR COLONIAE JULIAE PATERNAE ARELATENSIS, PATRONI EIUSDEM CORPORIS, ITEM PATRONI FABRORUM NAVALIUM UTRICULARIORUM."



THE GREEK THEATRE OF ARLES (taken from the north-west corner of the stage).

streets with something better than the old defensive works, and more or less solid fortifications. There was just a slight pause between the defeat of Marseilles and the formal colonisation of Greek Arles by Rome. In that pause, Decimus Junius Brutus was appointed governor; and during that interval of rest the theatre was built. Its very ruins still frame a scene that is one of the most beautiful and touching in all France, for they are echoing still with the syllables of a great language that lives no longer, and the air is full of the rhythm and the cadences of tragic verse. "One of the sweetest legacies of the ancient world," wrote an author who was not usually fortunate in his experience of Provence.[1] The two slender columns that rise above the ancient stage stand "like a pair of silent actors" who still dominate an audience of ghosts; of tender and appreciative spirits; of gentle wraiths whose living hearts were touched to a tear by the sorrows of Alcestis, or tuned to a smile by the harmonious measures of a dance.[2] Cross northward to the huge arena,

[1] See *A Little Tour in France*, by Henry James, who was so worried by the stones in the streets of Arles, and by the photographers of Vaucluse, that his discomfort almost entirely obscures, for the unsympathetic reader, the beauty of the scenes he visited.

[2] Associations of Greek actors existed from very early days in Asia Minor and the East, and travelling companies, under the protection of Dionysus and his worship (whence the word Thymele), were soon organised in various large cities, to which I have referred in the list of Greek actors given elsewhere. One of the presidents of these dramatic and gymnastic brotherhoods was approached for a good

and you will see what happened when Rome had planted her mailed foot within the Roman walls of Arles. There the solid and gigantic arches rise in tiers to hold a howling populace that shouts for butchery; there the great oval centre, fenced with tall slabs that look like tombstones, seems still to swim with blood as hecatombs of slaughtered animals are dragged through the darkened gateways at each side, or the gladiators enter, and are slaughtered, for the holidays of Rome.

The theatre produces a very different effect, and produces it even in its ruins, because the art that built it was not the Roman but the Greek. In truth it would be difficult, here in Provence, to recognise that there was a Roman *art* at all. There was a Roman *style*, a

troupe by any town that wished to give a special fête. The Naples Brotherhood, with its especially Greek connections, was famous for its good companies, and on one occasion passed an official vote of thanks to Titus Julius Dolabella, a prefect of Nîmes, who either had behaved very generously to some Greek players, or was more probably the agent in Nîmes for the business of the Neapolitan Dramatic Brotherhood. Much the same no doubt occurred in the management of the theatre of Arles, where the existence of a branch of the Dionysiac Brotherhood is even more probable than at Nîmes. The corporation called τὸ κοινὸν τῶν περὶ τῶν Διόνυσον τεχνίτων was known first at Teos and then at Ephesus, where it spread widely both in influence and area. The brotherhoods lasted right on till the sixth century, when ecclesiastical dogmas became strong enough to stop them, and they were replaced by such unedifying functions as the Fête des Fous, or by the Mystery Plays. Augustus is known to have favoured these Greek companies; Caligula brought them to Lyons; Hadrian so much encouraged them, at Naples and elsewhere, that he was called "the new Bacchus"; and his close connection with Nîmes and Arles implies much.

Roman architecture built for power and strength, and lasting for eternity; a personification in stone of that material brutality which was an elemental characteristic of their conquering blood and iron; a massive creation of archways and of amphitheatres; of aqueducts that stride relentlessly across mountain, vale, and river. Dominion, durability, Imperial power, these things you may see in every building set up by the Romans in Provence; for in their hands were all the corners of the earth, and the strength of the hills was theirs also. But of the art that loves delicate proportion, that enjoins restraint, that plays in fanciful creativeness with naturally graceful detail—of this you will see nothing that the Romans did not take from Greece.[1]

Ever since Hellas had been ravaged, and her treasures spilt, Greek artists, sculptors, architects, had been travelling slowly through the Roman world. Already more than half Hellenised by their constant contact with Phocaean Massalia, the citizens of Arles were ever ready to welcome the artists from the motherland of Attica. The Maison Carrée is almost the sole trace of pure Greek influence at Nîmes, which is as characteristically Roman as Arles is individually Greek. But the amphitheatre is almost the only building in Arles which is wholly bereft of all Greek influence,

[1] The Map of Peutinger preserves the tradition of this influence in the name "Gretia," written on the district between the Durance and the sea, of which Arles is the centre.

and owes its being and its form to the nation which invented amphitheatres and triumphal arches, and borrowed Ionic columns or Corinthian capitals from the more artistic, the less military state. It was a Greek architect who designed the theatre of Arles,[1] and gave at once the dignity of proportion and the beauty of detail which distinguished the original construction. It is built of the same stone as was used

[1] There were also many Greeks brought over to perform in the theatres of Provence, as is shown by the inscriptions found at Nîmes; *e.g.* the stone placed in 1850 near the Porte d'Auguste, which records the patronage of the emperor extended to Greek theatrical art; as we know, from other sources, was the case with Hadrian. The letters are

. . . . ΘΥΜΕΛΙΚΗΣ ΕΝ ΝΕΜΑΥΣΩ ΤΩΝ ΑΠΟ . . . .

. . . . ΝΕΡΟΥΑΝ ΤΡΑΙΑΝΟΝ ΚΑΙΣΑΡΑ ΣΕΒΑΣΤΟΝ . . . .

which refer to the "Thymelic troupe" at Nîmes patronised by Nerva Trajan Caesar Augustus. Another inscription in the Museum refers to Lucius Samnius, an actor in the "Dionysiac Brotherhood," and three times president of the "Thymelic Confrérie." Another is an epitaph: "Afrodis · Symmele · , Grex Gallicus, Memphi et Paridis . . ." which not only contains the interesting phrase, "Gaulish troupe of Actors," but mentions a player in the troupe of Memphis and Paris, who may have been the famous actors brought by Verus out of Syria in 165 A.D. Compare with this the inscriptions at Vienne. (1) Scaenici Asiaticiani et qui in eodem corpore sunt vivi sibi fecerunt. (2) Niciae citharoedo. (3) Hellas Pantomimus hic quiescit ann: XIIII, a young Greek dancer who died when he was only fourteen. At the corner of the Boulevard Gambetta and the Rue de Corcomaire at Nîmes, another inscription refers to the fact that Greek musicians used to play there. The words IONIKHΣ KAI are decipherable among much that is erased. Most touching of all these dramatic memories is the tombstone found in the ruined circus of Antipolis (Antibes), which was set up to the memory of a boy of only twelve years old, who died after he had twice danced successfully: D.M. PUERI SEPTENTRIONIS QUI ANNORUM XII ANTIPOLI IN THEATRO BIDUO SALTAVIT ET PLACUIT.

for the amphitheatre which so quickly followed it, and there are strong traces of Roman influence, as would be only natural under the governorship of Brutus, in the archways that were the chief, though the invisible, support of the main walls and the external entrances. But the whole effect of the interior is the effect of the theatres still left upon the soil of Greece.[1]

[1] It must not be imagined that the Greek style of theatrical representations ceased with the extinction of Greek nationality. I have already mentioned the support given by Hadrian to the Dionysiac confraternities. Antoninus Pius was equally enthusiastic, and the connection of his paternal stock with Nîmes ensured the benefits of that enthusiasm for Provençal theatres. The crocodile and the palm-tree on the ancient coins (and the modern escutcheon) of the city of Nîmes recall the fact that its original colonists were veterans from Egypt, who would also be likely to have brought Greek theatrical fashions from Alexandria. A very instructive inscription preserved at Athens fixes without further doubt the connection of Hadrian and Antoninus with the Dionysiac brotherhoods. It runs as follows: "Decretum sacrae Hadrianiae Antoninae thymelicae peripolisticae magnae synodi eorum qui ex toto orbe terrarum circa Bacchum et imperatorem Caesarem T. Aelium Hadrianum Antoninum Augustum Pium novum Bacchum sunt artificum." The title of "novus Bacchus," given to Hadrian and Antoninus Pius, was continued to Caracalla, and implied a double significance in the priesthoods under the protection of both the god and the divine emperor. Later on we find a treasurer or procurator, appointed by the emperor, who managed the dramatic funds, with the title of "logista thymelae." His functions were necessitated by the fact that every performance had a competitive element, and prizes were awarded to the best players, for tragedy, comedy, flute playing, and poetic composition. Honourable titles were borne by actors who had been thus rewarded at various famous performances. One Valerius Eglectus is known to have won prizes in Greece, Italy, Syria, and almost all the ancient world, and cities vied with each other in bestowing titles upon him, and raising statues or monuments in his honour.

The steps are built into the side of the hill, which slopes from east to west, towards the columns of the stage, and the Rhone beyond it; and the line of the stage is almost exactly north and south, the entry as you come from the amphitheatre being the northern gate of the smaller building. The tower above the southern entrance, known as the Tour de Rolland, is of course of far later construction. There is no huge wall left at the back of the stage as we saw at the Roman building of Orange, and the original wall here was probably very differently treated. The theatre of Arles has suffered sadly, and chiefly at the hands of the religious, for religion seems often to have measured its sincerity by its destructiveness, even from the earliest times. In 446 the Deacon Cyril destroyed every detail of carving his fanatic worshippers could reach, and pulled down every statue; and in 1664 a monastery was built with the materials, and on the actual site of the stage.

It is somewhat difficult to suggest what used to be here without emphasising archæological details rather more than would be suitable in the present volume. My chief object is to tell the traveller what he can see, to suggest what he may enjoy, rather than to involve him and myself in barren antiquarian discussions which he must look for in pages more austere than mine.

The two beautiful and lonely columns, one from

Carrara, the other of African marble, remain the most potent evocation of the vanished splendours of the building, and need least explanation. The eight columns of porphyry and one of verd antique, which were shipwrecked on the Rhone as they were being taken to Charles IX. in Paris, were probably once companions of these two, which indicate accurately the background of the somewhat narrow, classical stage. In front of it extended the semicircular space for the chorus and the dancing, called the orchestra, which was reached from the stage by marble steps at each extremity. Part of the marble pavement of this orchestra may still be seen. Under the Roman Emperors this central space in front, which corresponds to the orchestra-stalls of modern theatres, was used for the seats of distinguished personages, whereas the Hellenic arrangement left it free for the proper development of ceremonial dances. It has been calculated that some sixteen thousand spectators could enter by the great gates, north and south, and find places on seats which were so cleverly arranged that every one could see the stage.[1]

A terribly inharmonious thought is suggested by the fact that throughout the Middle Ages, and up to the

[1] There were thirteen small chambers hollowed out in various places beneath the rows of seats, containing a large bronze urn, or a vessel of pottery, which were supposed to aid the acoustic properties of the theatre as a whole. The building was about one hundred and three metres in diameter, with an opening span of some forty-two metres for the stage.

Renaissance, the common name given to the sole surviving pair of columns was the "Fourches de Rolland." Modern poets have seen the shape of a lyre in their graceful lines; but if we are to think that "Fourches de Rolland" means "Fourches Patibulaires," we must conclude that the ruin was used as a gibbet on which were hanged those malefactors who had been imprisoned in the "Tour Dominante" above the southern arches, or perhaps in the "Tour de Rolland," which is the highest tower added to the Roman amphitheatre. Such a conclusion, followed as it is by the settlement of a convent upon that desecrated stage, suggests that a spot once consecrated to the drama will never be without its innate possibilities of tragic, as of comic, happenings. The amphitheatre, as I shall point out later, certainly preserved for many centuries the tragic possibilities ingrained in its foundation-stones, as other amphitheatres have done on English soil; for when Judge Jeffreys held his "Bloody Assizes" in Dorchester it was in the "Maumbury" (as they call the Roman amphitheatre there) that the population gathered to see two hundred and ninety persons hanged; and it was again in the middle of those haunted ruins that an English crowd of ten thousand watched Mary Channing strangled and burnt in 1705, on the accusation of having poisoned her husband. Scarcely less terrible are the memories of "Les Arênes d'Arles" in modern centuries.

The Greek character of the whole building of this theatre at Arles is emphasised by the fact that a theatre was as important a part of the life and religion of a Greek town as was its temple; with the result that in the Rhone valley, where there was so much Greek influence, we find one theatre in a small Roman colony at Orange, and another in an important Greek colony at Arles, while in Rome itself there are only the traces of the Theatre of Marcellus, with a diameter seventy feet larger than that of Orange; and in other parts of Italy we have to look in places where Greek influence was paramount, as it was, for example, in Pompeii and in Herculaneum. But even apart from all these general considerations the details of sculpture discovered among the débris of the theatre would alone be sufficient to stamp its artistic origins, even if nothing else survived. The first and most famous of these, dug up during some excavations made by order of the king in 1651,[1] was the exquisite marble statue known as the Venus of Arles, now in the Louvre.

The original may well have been a skilled reproduction of the lost Aphrodite of Praxiteles. The whole of the right arm, and the lower part of the left from the elbow downwards have unfortunately been restored; and this restoration I am compelled to repro-

[1] Seguin says, "excavations made for a cistern in the courtyard of the convent," which in his day (1680) was on the site of the stage.

duce, though much against my will, for the photograph taken in the Louvre is the only one that gives a just idea of the marble. Whatever else may have been the position of the original arms, we may be certain that the goddess did not hold a ball in one hand and a mirror in the other, as the restorer seems to suggest. Only thirty-six years after the Venus was brought to light, Seguin published an engraving of the marble, which was, by a misplaced loyalty, sent as a present to Versailles, in his *Antiquitez d'Arles*; and this engraving I reproduce with all its defects to show the effect of the modern additions. The Venus of Milo and the Victory of Samothrace have fortunately been saved from similar desecration. It is only when such masterpieces are altered by inefficient workmen that we perceive either the relatively unimportant accident of breakage, or the unsurpassable beauty of the Greek treatment and conception.

The Venus was found by two brothers, whose name was Brun, on the 6th of June, 1651. In May 1684 it was brought to Paris by Jean de Dieu, the sculptor of Arles, a pupil of Puget. Michel Angelo refused to restore the lost hand of the statue of Meleager, as he was requested, for fear his own work might spoil the conception of the ancient artist. M. Girardon felt no such scruples in supplying this Aphrodite with what he thought was needed to complete her, and his execu-



THE VENUS OF ARLES IN THE LOUVRE (restored).
The smaller figure shows the marble as originally found.

tion of the hands seems to me as bad as his idea of their position and use. On April 18, 1865, the statue was brought to the grand gallery of Versailles, and it is now in the "Salle du Gladiateur" in the Louvre.[1] Its colour, a delicate warm brown, shows that the marble (which came from Mount Hymettus) was originally treated with burnt wax, which gives it a soft, sun-kissed patina of mellow gold, and there are slight traces of that tender colouring, in light shades, which are to be found in other examples of the best Greek art. More human than the proud and severely simple goddess from Melos, more dignified than the subtly and delicately sensual Venus de Medicis, this exquisite statue holds a middle place, commands a loyalty all its own. For as it shows the maid just blossoming into the perfect woman, so it exemplifies that moment in the art of sculpture which is after the perfection of the divine and before the frank seduction of the feminine. She is but half unclad. She wears, as is her right, the highest charms of mortal woman, yet she has not quite stepped down from Olympus to

[1] Just as the masterpieces of Phidias and Praxiteles were at one time to be seen close to the ancient fetish-stones which represented the earliest conception of Divinity, so, in Provence, there has been found at Antibes an oval fragment of diorite of the fifth century B.C., which represents the ancient fetish-stone before the Aphrodite of Arles had been created. It bears an inscription to Eros (for in that way I construe Τέρπων) as follows: Τέρπων εἶμι θεῶς θεράπων σεμνῆς Ἀφροδίτης τοῖς δὲ καταστήσασι Κύπρις χάριν ἀνταποδοίη. No doubt it is a remnant of the Phocaean colonists of Marseilles.

the earth. If indeed she be the copy, perhaps even the duplicate, of the Aphrodite of Praxiteles, she is the child of his earliest years when still the influence of Scopas was upon him, before the genius of Phidias was forgotten. There is a copy from the same great original now in the British Museum,[1] which was discovered at Ostia in 1776 by Gavin Hamilton. But the true copies of the Venus of Arles are the Arlésiennes, as Aubanel has sung:—

"O douço Venus d'Arle! o fado de jouvènço!
Ta bèuta que clarejo en touto la Prouvençe
Fai bello nòsti fiho e nòsti drole san;
Souto aquelo car bruno, o Venus! i a toun sang
Sèmpre viéu, sèmpre caud. . . . ."[2]

Almost at the same time as the Venus was discovered, a very beautiful Greek head was dug out from among the same ruins of the theatre. Though the face is imperfect it is far better to have kept it in Provence than to have had it restored at the price of losing it in the Galleries of the Louvre. It has been called the head of Livia, wife of Augustus; but, even supposing a statue had been set up in Arles to the deified Empress

[1] Our Museum has also secured an exquisite statue called the Diadymene of Vaison, one of the marbles which once decorated the theatre there.

[2] Aubanel's graceful lines, written for Paul Arène, are too long to quote in full, and are of a delicate savour which would evaporate in translation; but I have included one of their suggestions in the verses that preserve, elsewhere, some of the impressions that Aphrodite's statue made upon the writer of this book.

after her death, this impassive divinity could not have been the portrait of any human original. The nature of the fissure in the marble suggests that we have here the perfect piece as far as it went, and that drapery in some other material crossed the breast from beneath the left arm over the right shoulder. The modelling of the neck and hair, and the perfect finish of the workmanship throughout, have been considered by the best authorities to indicate the great period of Greek art, and the peculiar treatment of the surface has been no less effective than in the case of the Arlesian Aphrodite in the Louvre. The head is placed upon a pedestal which does not, of course, belong to it, but is an altar to the "Bona Dea" set up by her priestess Caiena Attice, the freed woman of Prisca. Of this I shall have more to say in another chapter, and it is only necessary here to point out how much superior is the Greek work at Arles to what little can be attributed to Greece at Nîmes, even if we include the Venus



GREEK BUST AT ARLES.

of Nîmes, and such examples of decadent Græco-Roman workmanship as the bust of Hermes or the Apollo from Ladignan.

There is also preserved at Arles a fine head from the colossal statue of Augustus which once adorned the theatre. Though mutilated and defaced, it still retains the characteristic Roman physiognomy; the low, full forehead, thick lips, and prominent cheek-bones. Above all, there is that expression of lofty thought, of almost austere majesty which only the real artist could convey; and the workmanship shows traces of the true Hellenic touch, for it was no doubt carved by some Greek sculptor who had been attracted by the lavish orders given for the later decoration of the theatre.[1] By the same hand, too, are the magnificent



THE IMPERIAL WREATH OF AUGUSTUS AT ARLES.

[1] In Bernoulli's *Bildnisse der römischen Kaiser*, in the volume on the Julian and Claudian houses, the author says of this bust at Arles (which is No. 60 on his thirty-eighth page), that it is "vom Typus der Statue von Primaporta im Vatican." The bust, numbered 1877 in the British Museum, may be compared with it.

imperial wreath, with its broad fillet, which once no doubt formed part of the altar to the divine Augustus; and the separate altar which seems to unite the divinities of the Emperor and of Aphrodite, in the theatre which held so many decorations in honour of them both. This latter is a masterpiece of design and execution in white marble, with swans at each corner, holding a thick garland of laurel in their beaks. The treatment of the silken fillet and of the birds' wings, is especially fine. Augustus, like every member of the Julian house, prided himself on his descent, through Aeneas, from the goddess Aphrodite; we know, too, from Suetonius, that the palm was his favourite tree, and it therefore appears upon one side of this altar.



ALTAR TO VENUS AND AUGUSTUS AT ARLES.

As a last example of the sculpture which this treasure-house of Hellenic art contained, I may select the statue of a dancing-girl in the Arles Museum, full of graceful life, though so little of the carving has been saved. Her strong yet delicate foot scarce seems to touch the

ground as she floats forward amid a gentle sway of billowing draperies. She stood, no doubt, near the steps that led down from the stage to the orchestra, where her living sisters danced the rhythmic steps of Greece. A marble fragment of the proscenium above them has been also found, a bas-relief, representing the triumph of Apollo and the punishment of Marsyas.

It should be remembered that although the plans were made, and the building begun, of the Greek theatre at Arles at about the date before Christ which I have mentioned, the decoration of the structure with its elaborate ornaments, and the gradual collection of the statues which adorned it, took at least a century longer, and very probably for some three centuries continual additions of one kind or another were being made. So beautiful and so laboriously perfected a whole deserved better treatment at the hands of St. Hilary's zealous deacon; and it is an ironical commentary on generally received opinions to find that what the early Christians cared not to preserve, and what was either wantonly degraded or sullenly neglected up to the seventeenth century, received the unaccustomed honours of a special guardian from Theodoric, King of the Goths, from his successor Athalaric, and from the Queen Amalasonte, who not only appointed a count of their court to watch over the classical remains, but spent money of their own to save them from destruc-

tion. When more modern Arles awoke to the fact that she was the guardian of a priceless artistic antiquity, she could find no better use for her carvings than in giving them away to French monarchs, or Italian cardinals, or to any notability whose passing favour it was important for the municipality to gain. Personally, I can never forgive or understand the transportation of their Aphrodite from her ancient shrine. Yet she is but one example out of many lesser losses. They even include the torso of the colossal statue of Augustus, whose head remains alone in the museum at Arles.

"Tout passe. L'art robuste
Seul a l'éternité.
Le buste
Survit à la cité;
Et la médaille austère
Que trouve un laboureur
Sous terre
Révèle un empereur."



EARLY CHRISTIAN TOMB AT ARLES [c].

CHAPTER VII

OF ANCIENT RELIGIONS IN PROVENCE AND GREEK ART AT NÎMES

". . . Per omnia quasi superstitiosiores vos video. Praeteriens enim et videns simulacra vestra inveni et aram in qua scriptum erat IGNOTO DEO."

THE building of the theatre of Arles marks the end of an era distinguished by the gradual intermixture of various racial elements, chiefly Celtic and Hellenic, upon a favourable soil. After the reign of Augustus, this composite population was profoundly modified by Roman ideas and Roman modes of life; yet it retained certain characteristics which have never been lost; which retarded its union with an alien Paris until very late in its history; and which preserved its individual and peculiar flavour until the present day. This is not the place for ethnological discussions; but I may at

least venture to suggest a few of the constituents into which the living unity of Provence can briefly be analysed in its progress through the ages, especially those which so profoundly modified its early years that maturity has never lost their influence; and I can do so best by reference to what remains of its most ancient faiths.

The earliest nurse of Gallic culture was no doubt the religion called Druidic, which taught the doctrines of metempsychosis and of a future life, mingled with much nature-magic, and the use of the moon for the divisions of the calendar. On the sixth day of the moon was cut the mistletoe, which symbolised the new life flourishing upon the old oak of the past; and at the ceremony two bulls were sacrificed. These rites did not tend to unite a population still widely disseminated in many small groups all over the country; and it was the necessity for self-defence, when every man's hand was against his neighbour's, that produced the clans and tribal associations. The tribe of the Allobroges were gathered into Vienne; the Tectosages, a tribe of the Volcae, into Toulouse, Carcassonne, Béziers and Narbonne; the Arecomician tribe of the Volcae into Nîmes, which preserved the name of Nemausus, their fountain-god. These attributions cannot invariably be shown to be accurate; but they indicate quite fairly how remarkably similar the divisions

of the ancient peoples remained after the Roman conquest to what they had been before it.[1]

This extraordinary persistence in racial characteristics continued after Gaul had changed her religion, her customs, her language, and her laws, as far as public life went, for those of Rome. One reason is that the actual infusion of new blood, Latin blood, was not very great in proportion to the indigenous mass of population. Of relatively few "colonies" can this infusion be proved beyond doubt, and be traced in the official name given. That of Narbonne suggests the importation of the veterans of the tenth legion. The sixth legion had a similar connection with Arles, called "Colonia Julia Paterna Arelate Sextanorum." The Latin colonists, sent to Vienne in B.C. 46, were nearly all expelled later on by the original inhabitants. Lyons was but small, as a Roman town, and represented no large previous settlement in spite of its high-sounding name of "Colonia Copia Claudia Augusta Lugudunum." Béziers was colonised by veterans from the seventh legion, Fréjus from the eighth. Even if Desjardins's estimate of three hundred families as forming a "colony" be too exiguous, we shall not be justified

[1] Preserved at Avignon is an inscription in which Hirschfeld sees the only trace now left of a supreme magistrate of Nîmes (between the fall of Marseilles and the Principate of Augustus), who was still called Praetor of the Arecomician tribe of the Volcae. It runs as follows: T. CARISIUS. PRAETOR. VOLCA. AR. DAT.

in increasing it too far, and in nearly every case it could only influence to a given extent the agglomeration of tribal inhabitants already on the spot. Even then it must also be recalled that many of Caesar's veterans had been recruited in Cisalpine Gaul and in the Narbonnaise.

After all these considerations it would be very difficult to formulate any precise desire on the part of Rome to "assimilate" the Gauls. Tacitus seems to indicate the process in describing the policy of Agricola, but in its essentials the idea itself is entirely modern. Rome certainly broke down the old barriers of tribal and city exclusiveness; but it was not at her will that the Gauls changed so much. It was at their own. The Aquitanian Julius Vindex, the Haeduan Julius Sacrovir, the Treviran Julius Florus; these men, who rebelled against Rome, bore the names bequeathed to them by fathers or grandfathers who had been made Roman citizens by Julius or Augustus. Innumerable instances of the same thing occur in the inscriptions, some of which I shall mention later on; and examples of such Gallic names as Smertulitanos, Comartiorix, or Dubnacus are rare enough to stand out as obvious exceptions to the general rule, and almost entirely disappear by 200 A.D. The reason, no doubt, is that the Gauls rapidly recognised the advantages of Roman citizenship, and took the name of the man to whom they owed their rights, just as a liberated slave was

described as the freedman of his former master. When, for example, a Gaul named Cabur had been given his citizenship by Caius Valerius Flaccus, he called himself Caius Valerius Caburius, and his son was known as Caius Valerius Procillus. The transformation was complete; and in this case, too, before 50 B.C.

From the condition of subjects, such men as these had aimed at membership of the Empire, and they could rise step by step in the official ranks until, at last, even the highest place was theirs. The price they paid was that instead of calling themselves Gauls they gloried in the name of Roman; by that name Gregory of Tours describes them in the fifth century; and their ancient patriotism insensibly became the love of Rome. As one of their own poets has said, apostrophising the capital of his Empire: "Fecisti patriam diversis gentibus unam." It was not Rome who tried to gather these men into her bosom. It was they who were not content till they had been gathered in, for the sake of the legal protection of person and of property, of recognised sale and purchase, of marital or paternal authority. From the unstable, external, shadowy position of a "peregrinus," they reached the acknowledged status of a citizen. They asked no better reward for their services in the field, as was seen when the five thousand Gauls who were in Caesar's famous Transalpine legion, the Alauda, were at a

stroke given their citizenship. They expected no other recognition from Augustus and his successors, for their public work or political activity, than this same citizenship, which had much the effect, though far more than the significance, of the modern list of honours which appears on various important dates at the present day; and, in precisely the same way the rich, by degrees, asserted and maintained their right to the same favours.

It would not be correct therefore to imagine that Gaul was oppressed, enslaved, and desolated by the Roman Conquest. Populations which had never previously coagulated into even the nominal unity which may be called a nation can hardly be said to have bewailed their "loss of nationality." With very few exceptions they were allowed to retain their own organisations, their own family life. The trifles a man thinks so essential to his personality were untouched. The only radical changes made were those necessitated by the administration of Roman law and life over large districts, and the rapid approximation to Roman ways of living in those districts was the free and subsequent expression of individual desire. Men whose outlook was bounded by their own concerns would notice very little change at all in every detail of private existence. The Vocontii, for instance, in Gallia Narbonensis, retained their tribal integrity, but with

this weighty difference: that instead of constant inter-tribal feuds they now enjoyed continual peace: the "Pax Romana" of the Empire they soon grew to love.

For these same reasons such ancient faiths of theirs as Druidism were not persecuted out of existence. They merely ceased to exist. The same modern fallacy must be avoided here as we noticed in transferring modern notions of "assimilation" to Imperial Rome. The missionary is a modern development, and wholesale religious persecution is chiefly posterior to the formulation of various modern creeds. The need for some kind of spiritual belief is innate in man, if human history has any meaning since its earliest records; but the forms of that belief have changed and are changing since the beginning. Nor is it possible to assert that Druidism was the religion of the Gauls.[1] It was rather a sacerdotal cult imported from more northern peoples, and its highest mysteries were the monopoly of a priestly hierarchy. It grafted itself upon an older, more natural faith, and gradually imposed its ceremonies everywhere; but the people had their gods, and Julius Caesar recognised very little difference except the names in the divinities which represented to

[1] Too much stress has been laid, in this connection, on the passage in Suetonius's life of Claudius, which runs in Holland's translation: "The religion of the Druidae among the Frenchmen, practising horrible and detestable cruelty, and which under Augustus, Romane citizens onely were forbidden to professe and use, he quite put downe and abolished."

them his Diana (Arduinna), Mercury, Jupiter, Mars (Camul), Apollo (Belen), or Minerva. The consequence of this was that the only change observable after the coming of Rome was that Druidical intervention ceased. The Druidical corporation came to an end when the conventions for tribal government ceased with the substitution of another government. Its magic rites were forbidden by Tiberius, its human sacrifices by Claudius. It departed, in fact, to its old home in the British islands; and only an unconsidered remnant lasted on a few more centuries in the wilder forests of Provence.

Once more it will be fair to see the exercise of Gaulish freewill rather than of Roman constraint. The tribes saw that nothing to outrage their established customs was suggested, and of their own accord they gradually gave up what they would have eagerly defended, had it been openly attacked. As the Latin language grew more and more popular, the Gallic gods added the Latin names to their own ancient appellations. Divinities more aged still, and brought from other lands, were worshipped also: Isis, and Mithra, for example; for under the Roman rule religion enjoyed nearly always the greatest freedom, except when it took on a dangerous political complexion, as was sometimes the case with Christianity. No nationality at any rate was recognised in the many divinities of the world.

Greek, or Egyptian, or Asiatic gods were worshipped in Italy; Italian gods in Gaul.

As an example of this tolerance of ancient faiths, we find that the Arecomician tribe of the Volcae were first attracted to Nîmes by the beautiful spring which gushes out from the last low buttresses of the Cévennes, and the tribe continued to give honour for the foundation of their "colony" to Nemausus, the fountain-god who gave the town its name, long after the Romans had established their dominion. Inscriptions were set up by Gallic inhabitants with the words: "Deo Coloniae Nemauso," "Genio Coloniae Nemauso." The Gallic shrine was carefully preserved by the Romans, who built the more enduring temple to the same divinity, which may yet be seen; and sometimes a Celtic worshipper dedicated his altar both to his own and to the Roman deity; sometimes both races made their separate offerings to their ancient gods.[1]

[1] *E.g.* (1) "Deo Nemauso Valeria Procilla," inscribed on a bronze votive tablet. (2) "Jovi Optimo Maximo Heliopolitano et Nemauso Caius Julius Tiberii filius Fabia tribu . . ." inscribed on a votive altar with a sword and buckler carved on one side, and on the other the statue of "Jupiter Heliopolitanus," to whom Antoninus built the gigantic temple at Baalbec, the only known example of such a statue of this god, who was widely worshipped throughout the Empire at the end of the second century A.D. (3) "Jovi et Nemauso Titus Flavius Hermes Exactor Operum Basilicae Marmorarii et Lapidarii votum solvunt," a votive inscription of thanksgiving from the inspector, and the marble- and stone-workers for the safe erection of buildings at Nîmes in the Augustan period. Inscriptions also occur to Mars, as "Augusto Marti Britovio," "Marti Augusto Lacavo." (4) "Laribus Tertius

Besides the local religions of the Celtic inhabitants, and the Greek rites of later colonists, there existed for long in Provence, and especially in Arles, the memory of Eastern rites which were different from Hellenic faiths; and of these rites we can still see traces in the worship of the "Bona Dea," or Cybele, which had come west in the third century B.C., and of Mithra, which was subsequent to the Roman conquest. In the polyglot and miscellaneous rituals of Rome, even in the purer, nobler ceremonies of Periclean Athens, there remained traces of a more ferocious, Oriental past, which was the shadowy mother of all ritual and all symbolism. Dionysus or Bacchus was more an Asiatic

Lesbii Filius Minervae et Nemauso Votum Solvit," on a votive altar to the Lares, Minerva, and Nemausus. (5) "Nemauso Augusto Censor Jugarius. . . ." inscribed on the base of a portico in honour of the fountain-god. In the "Proxumi" we find some special domestic divinities of the Arecomicians, female, and privately worshipped. *e.g.* (6) "Proxumis Suis Cornelia Cupita," (7) "Proxumis Bituka Votum Solvit." Other old worships are suggested in (8) "Rufina Lucubus Votum Solvit Libens Merito," an altar to the sacred groves, in (9) "Junonibus Montanis Cinnamis Votum Solvit," an altar to various personifications of Juno of the Hills, sometimes called "Matronae." (10) "Titia Savinis Ornatrix Fecit Hisidi Votum . . ." inscribed on an altar dedicated by Titia, a lady's maid, to Isis. These are all (except the first) chosen from inscriptions which may be seen at Nîmes, and were published in 1893 by Eugène Germer-Durand. On an epitaph at Nîmes is preserved the fact that Tettia, wife of Marcus Gesicus, was a priestess of Isis: "ISIDIS SACERDOS." One of the most curious of all these religious fragments, and in its way unique, is the monument set up at Nîmes to the Fates by Valerius Tatinus, "in accomplishment of a vow made according to the orders he received in a dream": PER SOMNIUM IUSSUS VAL · TAT · PARCABUS · V · S · L · M.

or an Indian type than he was either Greek or Roman. In the orgies over which he officially presided the Oriental taint is manifest; and in nearly all rites which included "mysteries" the same Eastern survivals may be traced. In exactly the same way the Mysteries of the "Bona Dea" and the cult of Mithra lasted on among the rites of Arles until the sturdy Christianity of the fifth century seems to have dispelled them finally.

Mithra was the God of the Sun and of Fire, the supreme divinity of Zoroastrianism, the incarnation of Ormuzd, the regenerator of the world. Some of the earliest representations show him as a young, heroic god, slaying a bull, and the Taurobolic rites preserved that memory. But there was an esoteric presentment of him also, showing all the mighty symbols of his power; and of this kind is the strange statue in the Museum of Arles. The lion's head has vanished. Round the torso a serpent winds its splendid scales, and between its coils are carved in relief the constellations of the Zodiac. This strange and interesting fragment of antiquity was discovered in 1598 on the left bank of the Rhone near the old Porte de la Roquette, and in 1723 was bought for twenty-seven livres by the consuls of the town, who were under the erroneous impression that it was an Egyptian effigy of Esculapius. The inscription recording this mistake still exists. The lost lion's head represented the strength of the sun when it entered the constellation Leo; the serpent symbolised

the ecliptic course apparently taken by the sun as it moved through its yearly path across the sky. The mysterious nature of these tenets ensured them a long life. Especially to the poorer classes did the sacrifice known as "taurobolia" appeal, and the memories of it are preserved on altars with carvings of oxen's skulls, and the inscription "DEO SOLI INVICTO MITHRAE." The ritual consisted in the digging of a pit within which stood the worshipper. Above him, supported by planks, was placed the bull chosen for sacrifice, and its blood was poured upon his body through the interstices of the wood over his head.

Far less repulsive was the worship of the "Bona Dea," the Good Goddess, that Mighty Mother of the universe whom the Greeks sometimes called Cybele, who was worshipped in the Eleusinian Mysteries, and whose cult goes back to Phrygian and Phoenician shrines. As Rhea, Demeter, the Idaean Mother, Astarte, Ceres, this same divinity appeared in various forms, and in her honour also were held those nocturnal dances and debaucheries which accompanied the rites of Cybele. The altar to the Bona Dea in the museum at Arles is a square block of Carrara marble, about four feet high. Upon the front is carved a beautiful wreath of oak leaves, within which are placed two ears,[1]

[1] This wreath, drawn for me by my mother, now decorates the cover of this volume. The ears here shown are mentioned in the inscriptions, though unknown in other carvings; for Gruter quotes a dedication (lxxxix. 6) "Auribus Bonæ Deæ." The combination of the cult of the

as if to indicate that though no one might carve the face of the divinity, yet she was ever present, and ever listening to her worshippers. Above the wreath is the inscription: "BONAE DEAE CAIENA PRISCAE LIB. ATTICE MINISTRA," which signifies that the altar was set up to the goddess by her priestess Caiena Attice, the freedwoman of Prisca. The elegant ewer carved on one side, with an olive branch upon it, is especially worthy of notice; and the whole style implies a time not much later than Augustus.

This altar is, somewhat inappropriately, used as the pedestal for the marble head of the goddess "au Nez cassé," with which it has no connection whatever. It was found in 1758 beneath the chief entrance to the church of Notre Dame la Major, which was first built near an old pagan temple in about the sixth century A.D. The male head, with ram's horns carved on one side, represents the sun in Capricorn, and suggests the union of Cybele with Jupiter Ammon, of the spring sunshine with the earth it fertilises.

The carelessness which the majority of the inhabitants of modern Nîmes and Arles display towards the

Bona Dea with the Taurobolic offerings appropriate to Mithra is observable at Vence: IDAEAE MATRI VALERIA MARCIANA VALERIA CARMOSINE ET CASSIUS PATERNUS SACERDOS TAURORIPOLIUM SUO SUMPTU CELEBRAVERUNT. And at Riez—MATRI DEUM MAGNAEQUE DEAE L. DECIMUS PACATUS ET COELIA SECUNDINA [EIUS OB] SACRUM TAURORUM FECIT.

extraordinary collections in their museums is only equalled by the difficulty with which the local authorities surround every effort to discover or to reproduce them. Several of the interesting statues kept in the Maison Carrée at Nîmes were photographed for the first time in April 1904,[1] owing to my determination that my readers should be able in some measure to form their own opinion about these practically unknown treasures. The majority it will be more appropriate to mention later on, in my sketch of Roman life in Provence, but all of them have a deep interest from the fact that they are among the very relics of an age that comes after the best period of either Greek or Roman art, and before both were swept away by northern or by Saracenic invasions. They are not the work of skilled artists; but they show how the old ideals were preserved by inhabitants of the towns, and even the villages, of Provence, long after the expression of those ideals in stone had lost its first perfection; and three among them I may take as symbolising that especially Graeco-Roman form of art which it is the purpose of this present chapter to emphasise.

One of them is an Apollo. The photograph is before me; but I have hesitated to reproduce it because I think the zeal of the rustic restorer has placed the head from a similar statue of Aphrodite upon the male

[1] By Raphael Royer, 3 Place d'Assas, Nîmes.

figure of the god, which throws the whole work out of proportion. But Reinach, who mentions this statue (*Repert. de la Stat. Grec. et Rom.*, vol. ii. p. 94), does not notice the substitution of the head, and considers the pose is typical. The little statue still preserves its elements of charm, and deserves more than the notice it obtains. It was found at Ladignan. Rather better, both in style and workmanship, is the small bust called the Hermes that was found at Nîmes. The hair is bad, the cap is an addition, but the face itself is original. It is only down to the join of the neck that we have the rest of the original marble, but this is more than enough to convince the sympathetic spectator of its genuine value as the Greek portrait of a Roman boy.



BUST CALLED THE MERCURY OF NÎMES.

More important than all is, of course, the graceful figure known as the "Venus of Nîmes." She cannot be compared to the Aphrodite at Arles, either in treatment or in workmanship, as was only to be expected

from the more distinctively Roman surroundings among which she first appeared. But, though decadent, she is still Greek, and the true inspiration is still evident even after the numberless misfortunes to which the hapless marble has had through many centuries to submit.

Less than thirty years ago, some workmen had dug a trench for the purpose of repairing gas and water pipes, in what is now the Rue Pavée, in a poor quarter outside the boulevards, which was once the centre of Nemausus, near the Maison Carrée. At two metres below the surface, which is exactly the level of the Roman city, they found a hundred and three pieces of marble in a fairly compact mass. Luckily M. Irénée Ginoux recognised certain traces of the human form in these pathetic fragments, and he had them all brought in safety to the old town library. Some time after this the sculptor Prosper Maurin set to work to fit them together, aided by finding that the feet, the bosom, the top of the head, and the lower part of the face were



THE VENUS OF NÎMES.

still recognisably intact. He finally reconstructed a statue in white marble, one metre thirty-five in height, a little shorter than the celebrated Venus de Medicis. The right arm alone had disappeared. Luckily he placed neither an apple nor a mirror in a new arm of his own, but left to the imagination the gracious curves of wrist and elbow that once half veiled and half discovered the beauties of a breast now bare.[1]

The head-dress is Greek in its simplicity, with a plain "sphendone" to keep the hair in place. The left hand that partly veils the body also lifts up the draperies above the knee; and perhaps the less said about this drapery the better, though there are certain affinities with the treatment of the folds at Arles, which will be obvious after any careful comparison. I cannot, I confess, imagine this to be a goddess. She is neither nude nor draped, neither girlishly modest nor divinely unabashed. She is but a pretty model, carved as she stood, a somewhat saucy baggage, it may be feared, without a trace of idealisation either in herself or in her artist. Yet there is undeniable attractiveness in the work. It is the work of a clever and a facile hand that has forgotten

[1] Compare the famous torso at Vienne, known as the "Vénus Accroupie de Vienne," evidently a Greek work in Parian marble, naked, and bending forward upon her right leg in the well-known provocatively pudibund attitude. She, too, has more of the human than the divine, and all the charms of the Hetaira are realistically rendered with the same skill of the connoisseur that might have inspired the chubby sirens of a Rubens.

the old dignity of a greater art. The girl was thinking she was pretty, and the sculptor was thinking of the girl, and I cannot imagine either of them giving much thought to the goddess. The result is that mixture of purity and provocation which has inspired the rôle of the ingenious *ingénue* in every decadent studio since art began. If she was indeed a Venus, she was a "Vénus du Quartier," and I seem to see this "gueuse parfumée de Provence" in the hall of some fat merchant, who shows her off to his commercial partners after dinner, rather than in the sanctuary of a temple. She has the air of that frivolously fashionable religion which amuses the irreligious patrons of an unbelieving art, which makes you see, in the conscious divinities of Versailles, the more or less undraped acquaintances of the eighteenth century sculptor and his elegant young friends. Still, she is the product of a time which has left us scarcely any trace of its existence; and she would have her value were you but to see, from looking at her closely, the reason why her sister of Arles, still more her sister from Melos, are so immensely her superiors. And she is the best that Nîmes can show.

Of the four other carvings from the Maison Carrée Museum, which I shall reproduce later, three are obviously Roman portraits of about the beginning of the third century A.D., and the fourth is a priestess of Ceres whose Roman origin becomes conclusive when she is

compared to the Apollo and the Venus just described. Judging from the head-dress (see p. 303) she was made about the time of Domitian, and very likely for the decoration of the Nymphaeum. The Venus, too, is very like the type of those fountain-goddesses often found in Italy, and, whether carved with that idea or not, she may very well have been considered as an appropriate decoration of the Fountain of Nemausus (see Reinach, *op. cit.*, p. 357). I have drawn more attention to these carvings than, as far as I know, has been done before by any other writer, because they represent an age which has been singularly barren in art-products hitherto, and therefore possess a value entirely apart from their individual excellence.

In a most interesting note on the statues lately discovered in the wreck off Cerigotto (see the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, vol. xxiii.), Mr. K. T. Frost has shown that the famous bronze Hermes, then so miraculously retrieved, though inspired by the Praxitelean school, was not the handiwork of either Praxiteles or Scopas. The cargo, in fact, was that of a wrecked Graeco-Roman merchantman, consisting of clever, shop-made copies and artistic adaptations of great originals which still remain in Greece up to the time of Pausanias. They are, therefore, admirable examples of the "art-furniture" of the period from 200 B.C. to 300 A.D., just the period of the classic art of

Arles and Nîmes; and I believe that most of what I have reproduced as Graeco-Roman from these Provençal sites may be referred to a similar origin, with the exception, of course, of such admitted masterpieces as the bust with the broken nose at Arles, and the Aphrodite of Arles, which, if not originals, are such fine copies, carved in Greek marble, that they may well be duplicates from the hand of the master himself.

Though the details of the temple of Nemausus of the Fountain are thoroughly Greek in treatment and conception, the whole style and workmanship of the fabric are so characteristically Roman that in this chapter I must pass on at once to the most Hellenic work of art in Nîmes, the temple so absurdly called the Maison Carrée, which, as the now vanished inscription once declared, was dedicated to Caius and Lucius, those sons of Agrippa and Julia whom Augustus adopted as his heirs. "As for Caius and Lucius," writes Suetonius in the translation by Philemon Holland which I shall invariably quote in these pages, "Augustus adopted them for his owne children at home in his house, having bought them of Agrippa their father by the brazen coine and the ballance. Whom being yet in their tender yeeres he emploied in the charge of the common-weale: and no sooner were they consuls-elect, but hee sent them abroad to the government of provinces and the conduct of armies." Caius died in Lycia,

Lucius at Massilia, and the empire passed to Tiberius, son of the third nephew, Agrippa; but Provence remembered the two "Princes of the Imperial Youth," whom Augustus had so dearly loved, one of whom had died within her borders, while the other was official patron of the colony of Nîmes; and it was to their deified memories that this temple rose, before Augustus died.[1]

From the five centuries of Roman imperial rule in Gaul we have records in medals, inscriptions, monuments, and tombs, besides actual written evidence. In none of this do we find hatred of the Empire expressed by the inhabitants. Emperors might personally be criticised in Gaul, as they were by Tacitus or Juvenal in Rome; but the Imperial system was as highly honoured there as here. Even when Gaul had the choice of her own destiny in the third century, apart entirely from Italian influence, she chose an emperor. Nor were the inhabitants ever disarmed. The thirty legions of the empire could never have controlled so

[1] The inscription was deciphered, from the holes left by the lost bronze letters, by Séguier, as follows: C. CAESARI AUGUSTI F. COS. L. CAESARI AUGUSTI F. COS. DESIGNATO PRINCIPIBUS JUVENTUTIS. This dates the occasion of the inscription as A.D. 1; but I am not sure that this should be taken as the exact date of the building. To Lucius, of whom there were no doubt once traces in Marseilles, this is the only inscription I know in Nîmes. But of Caius, its patron, there is undoubted trace elsewhere in the inscriptions on a long stone found in 1810 near the amphitheatre, which records: "C. Caesar Augusti filius consul designatus patronus Coloniae Augustae Nemausensium xystum dat."

many millions unless their political ideals had gradually become identical. The monarchy, as a system, was universally beloved, for the simple reason that men found their interest and profit in it, without a thought either of moral reasons or of logical justifications.

This affection was reflected in such titles addressed by provincials to various Emperors as "Pacificator of the World," "Preserver of the Human Race," "the Patron and Father of the Peoples." It was reflected also in the numerous dedications by individual provincial worshippers of a temple, an altar, or a monument, in honour of such Emperors as Caligula, Domitian, or Marcus Aurelius, whom they could never have even seen at any time. From this it was but a slight transition to that religious cult which made divinities of the Emperors themselves. Near Lyons, at the confluence of the Rhone and Saône, sixty tribal federations joined together to consecrate a common shrine to Rome and to Augustus. Though this form of worship was officially established by Augustus, it is a suggestive and interesting fact that the rites near Lyons were served by prominent Gauls who had held office in their own country, and who were publicly thanked for their devotion to the common altar.[1]

[1] Some of their names survive: Vecundaridub, the Aeduan, Losidius, the Nervian, and others; and inscriptions record their honours: "C. Servilio Martiano Arverno sacerdoti ad templum Romae et Augustorum tres provinciae Galliae" . . . "Losidio Quieti filio

This universal deification of the Emperor, with its resulting priesthoods and temples, was far from implying mere servility during the three centuries it lasted. The palace of the prince was almost the only spot in which it could not be found. All Rome elsewhere, and all the Empire beyond it, worshipped him as the embodiment of beneficent institutions, and hence it was that the Christian faith at first incurred the suspicion of political significance. Until the time of Diocletian this worship was spontaneous and sincere, though afterwards it may have degenerated into forms and formulas. In the second century A.D. religion held a far larger place than it ever will again in ordinary life. The outburst of spiritual enthusiasm which built the twelfth and thirteenth century cathedrals is the only parallel to it; and before we despise it we must ask ourselves the value of any substitute with which we may have endeavoured to replace it. In those ages of the early Empire, divinity was immanent everywhere, and super-

Nervio sacerdoti ad aram Cæsaris nostri ad templum Romæ et Augusti inter confluentes Araris et Rhodani tres provinciæ Galliæ." There were also special priests for the temples of the Emperors set up in each provincial city, and these men were each known as "Flamen of Augustus," which is quite distinct from the "Flamen Romæ et Augusti," recorded at Nîmes in an inscription. Half a century after the death of Claudius we find a "Flamen Divi Claudii" elsewhere. Though the erection of these temples was fashionable, it was certainly not compulsory, and the freedmen also took their share in these same rites, presided over by six "Seviri Augustales," who held annual office, wore the toga praetextata, and had lictors before them. Many names of these "Seviri" occur in inscriptions at Nîmes.

stition was the only alternative. There was "no divine right of kings," but there was a head of the Empire; and the representative of so beneficent an institution, of so world-wide a power, was adored as divine whatever was his personality, as the principle of that authoritative monarchy which filled and satisfied the minds of all men.

Though the "Maison Carrée" had nothing to do with "Caesar-worship," among all the temples in the provinces of the Empire, that erected to Caius and Lucius Caesar at Nîmes is far the most beautiful that survives, and in the opinion of many it is the finest outside Hellenic territories,[1] and one of the most elegant in the Roman world. Small in size, for it is only forty-five feet by eighty-five, the beauty of what must now be called the Maison Carrée depends on its exquisite proportions and tasteful Greek decoration. It is hexastyle, with eleven Corinthian columns on each side, three of which stand free and support the portico, the remaining eight being attached to the walls of the cella. Counting the columns at each end there are thirty in

[1] Vienne is, as I have said, outside my district; but it is full of interesting parallels to which I shall have occasion to refer; foremost among them being the beautiful little temple DIVO AUGUSTO OPTIMO MAXIMO ET DIVÆ AUGUSTÆ, which is almost the same size as the Maison Carrée, being about fifty feet by eighty feet, with six Corinthian columns in front. Though not so fine in detail or proportion, it is more technically Greek in construction than the Nîmes building, for there are six detached columns on each side, and only two pilasters at the end of each side are attached to the cella.

all, and the structure is built on what is known as the pseudo-peripteral plan, the true peripteral temple having all the columns separate from the cella, as in the case of all famous Greek temples, except the huge edifice at Agrigentum, in which the interstices of the columns are built up with walls.[1]

The Nîmes building was therefore ordered by Romans, who had definite ideas about the plan they considered appropriate; but it was set up and decorated by a Greek architect of the Augustan Age, who knew how to give the best effect to his work. Mérimée talks a good deal about "the evidences of decadence" which point to the architecture of the Antonines. Proofs of this he selects in unequal spacing of the columns, and unequal number of modillions on opposite sides, and other "irregularities." He made a singularly bad choice. It is just its subtle divergencies from

[1] The Parthenon, which measures a hundred and one feet across by two hundred and twenty-eight long, has octastyle porticoes, but within them are porticoes of six columns like that of the Maison Carrée. This screen of free columns all round the cella, which is a characteristic of Greek architecture, was probably planned to protect the frescoes on the walls from rain. In Rome the plan was modified. The Ionic temple of Fortuna Virilis in Rome, mutilated as it is, shows clearly the arrangement of six free columns of the porch and the twelve engaged columns round the cella. The Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, also in Rome, which measures seventy-two feet by a hundred and twenty, has six pillars in front of the porch like the Maison Carrée, and ten in all are free, the rest being engaged and looking more like pilasters. Any arguments about the Nîmes style being the product of Antonine art must surely have omitted to take this Roman temple into account.



ROMAN TEMPLE CALLED THE MAISON CARRÉE AT NÎMES.

mathematical exactness which make the Parthenon so beautiful and so unapproachable. It is just because the Madeleine in Paris is a strictly mathematical enlargement of the Maison Carrée that the modern building is so dull and unsuccessful.[1] People are apt to think that a straight-lined, symmetrical modern copy of an ancient masterpiece of architecture is likely to reproduce its beauty; and when they find this is not the case, they say the older structure gets an unfair handicap from "the kindly hand of time," "the mellowing finger of antiquity," and so forth. The real causes lie far deeper. Beauty is not a matter of mere lineal reproduction, it is a question of essential differences; of subtle variations, not of machine-made uniformity. Only in 1810 did Cockerell establish the entasis of the columns of the Parthenon. Only in 1851 did H. Penrose publish the *Principles of Athenian Architecture.* The vertical lines of the Parthenon had been supposed to be perpendicular, the horizontal lines to be level, and therefore straight. To discover an exact mathematical ratio in its proportions was the main effort of the archæologist; that he did not exactly and everywhere succeed was supposed to be rather his fault than that of the Greek. Suddenly Penrose proved that no two capitals were of corresponding size, that the diame-

[1] I can only here suggest the elements of a theory that is more fully worked out elsewhere. See chap. vi., *Spirals in Nature and Art.* London: Murray, 1903.

ters of columns were unequal, that the columns were irregularly spaced, that the metope spaces were of unequal width, that apparently vertical columns lean towards the centre of the building, that the architrave and frieze lean backward, while the pilasters at the angles lean forward, and finally that the main horizontal lines of the building are constructed in curves, which rise in vertical planes, but are never parallel. This means that there was an unquestionable intention of avoiding exact ratios or mathematically exact correspondences wherever such an avoidance was calculated to produce a certain effect. It was also clear that these deviations were not the result of error in the workmen, or of accidents by time or vandalism; for irregularities which would be easily detected or obtrusively conspicuous were avoided; and where accuracy was necessary it was so finely achieved that the maximum deviation of the Parthenon in lines intended to correspond (as at the two ends) is as little as the fiftieth part of an inch; while the refinement of joining the masonry is so great that the stones composing the huge steps have actually grown together beneath the pressure of the columns they support. Nor must it be imagined that the intentional differences are large. The columns which lean towards the centre of the building would only meet if prolonged to a height of five thousand eight hundred and fifty-six feet above the pavement.

Though Penrose proved the measurement of those divergencies in the Parthenon, it was John Pennethorne who discovered their existence after he had seen the undoubtedly convex constructive curves in the Theban Temple of Medinet Habou. The same discovery was made concerning the constructional curves of the Maison Carrée by Professor W. H. Goodyear in 1891. That these subtle irregularities should have remained unnoticed, even longer than those of the Parthenon, is not remarkable. The superiority of Greek art implies a superiority in eyesight too. Nowadays we *look* but we very rarely *see*. The effects produced, too, by these variations, tend to obscure the underlying causes. We are pleased without knowing why. We wonder, indeed, that a modern line, reproduced from a Greek line, does not attract us so much as the original. We have not yet realised that this is because modern lines are straight, and the Greek were not. Neither are the lines of the Maison Carrée. Professor Goodyear's measurements establishing this fact were assisted and approved by Eugène Chambaud, architect of the city of Nîmes, and by his colleague A. Augière. These gentlemen have proved that, for example, the curves of the cornice, wholly due to masonry construction, are in horizontal planes convex to the position of the spectator, and measure about five inches; the side-walls, in fact, bulge outward to that extent, at about the middle of their

highest point, and the stylobate beneath them shows slight corresponding curves.

This was done not merely to give apparently increased dimensions to the building when seen from a point of view facing the centre of either side, but also to give it a life and beauty far superior to the monotonous and cold effects of mathematical exactitude. The line of the horizon, "Nature's great and only horizontal line," is in fact a delicate but not inappreciable curve. The sides of this temple at Nîmes are in fact also delicately, though now not inappreciably, curved, because all curves in plan convex to the line of vision produce an effect of curves in elevation. At an angle of forty-five degrees a curve of five inches in plan, when not perceived by the eye, will produce an effect of five inches curve in elevation. In the Parthenon the curve is under four inches in two hundred and twenty-eight feet. At Nîmes it is nearly five inches in less than a hundred feet. At Medinet Habou it is as much as eight inches in about the same distance. The fact that no curves occur in the entablature of the pediments at Nîmes shows that the side-curves were independent of these, instead of a complement to them, as Penrose considered was the case in the Parthenon, and we have here therefore a case not of deliberately correcting an ordinary optical illusion, but of deliberately creating an optical illusion with a definite purpose.

From Egypt then, from Periclean Athens, and from Roman Nîmes we have traced a definite theory of curves, of divergencies, of differences, which has now been lost, chiefly owing to a division of labour which has lowered the capacity of the individual artisan, and to a machine-made work which has accustomed the eye to inartistic uniformity of ornamental detail, and destroyed its proofs of delicate structural effects. But it was some time before this loss occurred. From Roman buildings the true tradition was handed on to Italo-Byzantine, Byzantine-Romanesque, and Gothic structures, and only fell into abeyance when a Renaissance which forgot the vital principles of classical workmanship reintroduced the barren elements of classical style. But in the cathedrals these curves can still be traced. Mr. Julian Moore has shown that the walls in the nave of Westminster Abbey are bent inwards at about the height of the keystones of the arches and outwards above and below this point, and they are structurally sound unto this day. In the same way the piers and upper walls of the nave of St. Mark's in Venice lean outwards to an extent of eighteen inches, a deviation which, if accidental, or subsequent to their original making, would have ruined the mosaics and destroyed the building. The same divergencies may be seen in the choir of Sant' Ambrogio at Milan, and in Sta. Maria della Pieve at Arezzo. I may perhaps

explain the difference as something of the difference between an architectural drawing done with compasses and rulers, and an artist's painting of the same building done with a free hand and with just those "inaccuracies" which give it life and beauty. But I must linger no more upon an essential principle which, known to Greece and known to the builders of the Maison Carrée, is one of the chief reasons why this little temple is the greatest treasure of classical architecture north of the Alps.

Apart from all constructional questions, the detailed carving of the cornice and the frieze is worth the most careful examination, and no one has really seen this temple who has not walked carefully all round it with a pair of field-glasses. Its interior is now used for the housing of a small collection of antiquities, not to be compared with the Museum of Arles, and not so rich in varied detail as that called the Musée Lapidaire in the old Lycée of the Grand' Rue at Nîmes, but still full of interest, and, as I have already said, not half appreciated or understood by its possessors. I shall have to return to its contents later on, so it will be only necessary here to say that the present use of this building is by far the best to which it has been put since the religion for which it was erected passed away.

From 1050, when it was partly disinterred from excrescences of masonry all round it, the temple served

as a kind of Hôtel de Ville until 1540. At the latter date a certain Pierre Boys bought it, and lived in it with various architectural arrangements to suit himself. One would imagine that by this time it had been forgotten altogether; so it is refreshing to find that the Intendant of Languedoc actually refused to let the Duchesse d'Uzès buy it to make a family mausoleum. However, this refusal can hardly have been based on artistic considerations, for it was eventually bought by Félix Bruyès, Seigneur de St. Chaptes, who made a stable of it, filed away the pillars to give wider passage to his carts, and built haylofts in the roof. Once more the eccentric Intendant of Languedoc puts in official objections; this time to the idea of the Augustinian monks turning it into a church. But they secured permission from a higher court in 1672, and the long-suffering temple became a church, which had probably been its first, though unknown, destination in the early centuries of Christianity. Not content with building chapels, a nave, a choir, and stalls, the monks buried their dead in the vaults beneath the portico, and the building was in this state when the remaining houses still adhering to it were finally cleared away. The Augustinians remained till 1789, when the structure was put to vague municipal uses, and afterwards served as a granary and a public market. But in 1823 it was saved at last. A museum was established in it, dedi-

cated to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Angoulême. Further clearances have since been made, which give a better view of this exquisite little building; and it may be hoped that it will now be left at rest.

The stones of the solid walls of the cella come from the Sernhac quarries near the Gardon. The bases of the columns are of the same used in the amphitheatre. The columns and entablatures were chosen from yet a third source, beyond the village of Fons-outre-Gardon, from the quarries at Lens. Originally it formed the central sanctuary of a large covered colonnade, with long lateral porticoes, and buildings for many various purposes behind them.

With the Maison Carrée we have come to an end of all the material traces of Greek life in Provence. The influence of Hellas lived on, however, as long as the Roman Empire lasted; and in what I have now to say of life in Provence under the Roman rule, it will be seen that though I can only illustrate my pages with Roman buildings and with Roman handiwork, the Greek spirit has left traces intangible, yet no less valuable, in many and various directions.

One of these traces is to be found in language, a very different thing from that Hellenistic attitude towards literature and art, which is of more general application. There is a Gallic inscription preserved at Nîmes which not only shows this linguistic survival, but is

also appropriate to the chief subject of this chapter, the more ancient of the religions of Provence. It runs as follows:—

. . . APTAB . . . IΛΛΑΝΟΤΙΑΚΟΣΔΕΔΕ
ΜΑΤΡΕΒΟΝΕΜΑΤΣΙΚΑΒΟ ΒΡΑΤΟΤΔΕ[1]

which means that Karta, of Bedilhan, dedicated this altar to the Mothers of Nîmes by their order. The cult of the Mothers is one well known elsewhere in Gaul, and may perhaps in this instance be connected with that of the "Proxumi," already noticed,[2] as specially favoured by the Arecomicians of Nîmes.[3]

[1] This would be **Καρτα Βιδιλλανουιακος δεδε Ματρεβο Νεμαυσικαβο βρατουδε**, being the Greek letters for the Latin form: Karta Bidillanoviacus dedit matribus Nemausicabus ex imperio. The last word in the inscription (as translated by Pictet) is, I confess, new to me, though frequent at Nîmes; but the rest is clear enough.

[2] P. 193 *note*.

[3] There are other Gaulish inscriptions in the same letters, such as that of Cassitalus (who writes **ΚΑCCITAΛΟC**), and of the altar found in the little chapel of Notre Dame de Laval. But three more Greek inscriptions will be sufficient to quote to show the survival of the language among various races. The first was found on the Avignon road, a mile out of Nîmes, and runs as follows :—

ΘΕΟΙC—ΔΑΙΜΟCΙΝ	Θεοῖς δαίμοσιν	To the Divine Manes
ΙΟΥΛΙΑ ΦΕΙΔΑ	Ἰουλίᾳ φειδᾷ	And to Julia Fida
ΤΙΤΙΑ—ΜΗΤΡΙ	Τιτια μητρὶ	Titia to her
ΓΛΥΚΥΤΑΤΗ	γλυκυτάτῃ	sweet mother.

The second is of special interest, because, though fragmentary, it evidently refers to another fountain-god, worshipped, as was Nemausus, by the Celts. It was found between Orange and Vaison, and contains (among others) the Greek letters **ΓΡΑCΕΛΟΥ ΒΡΑΤΟΥΔΕ ΚΑΝΤΕΝΑ**, which refer to the god of the Spring of Grosel, a source which has many affinities with that of Vaucluse. At Marseilles the signboard of a grammarian who taught Latin to the Greeks long before Augustus's reign has been discovered: **ΑΘΗΝΑΔΗC ΔΙΟC ΚΟΡΙΔΟΥ**

the "Jus Honorum," under the Empire, if the recipient had the "latus clavus." Under Augustus we find already a Spanish consul in Rome. Eventually the provinces supplied the Emperor himself. The "fatherland of birth" had insensibly become merged in the "fatherland of citizenship," and, as is so often noticed in similar cases, the provincials became "more Roman than the Romans." A very similar process, under very similar conditions, is going on in British India at the present day, with the exception that the highest offices are not open to the Hindu.

If the Romans quickly appreciated that Massilia, like their own Campania, was a centre of Hellenism,[1] the Gauls in their turn were not slow to travel across the Alps in the opposite direction, even when their fame had not preceded them. It was from Hellenic motives that, in the Augustan age, a Vocontian historian (Pompeius Trogus) began his history of the world with Alexander the Great, and only included Roman affairs within that Grecian framework of the first "Universal History." It was Gaul which gave Rome her Roscius; and Petronius Arbiter, born near Marseilles, who gave the world our first romance.

[1] It may be noted that the coins of Nîmes in the Augustan period show the Crocodile of Egypt and the Alexandrian numbering of the years, which is not solely to be put down to the settlement of Alexandrian veterans in Nemausus, but also to the fact that the city itself showed no inveterate opposition to the Hellenism traditional in Marseilles.

Varro Atacinus, from near Carcassonne, and Cornelius Gallus of Fréjus, the friend of Virgil, were not unworthy of their poetic rivals on more classic ground. In oratory the genius of Southern France established itself even more decidedly. Caesar and Cicero themselves were indebted to the rhetoric of Gnipho. Votienus Montanus from Narbonne was called the Ovid of Orators in the late Augustan age. Caligula had two eloquent Gauls among his personal friends: Valerius Asiaticus of Vienne and Gnaeus Domitius Afer of Nîmes, who was consul in 39 A.D. Favorinus, of an esteemed burgess family in Arles, was a Gaul by birth, who wrote in Greek, and was a distinguished scholar in all branches of science under Hadrian. The pupil of Dion of Prusa, the friend of Plutarch and Herodes Atticus, the master of Aulus Gellius, the opponent of Galen in one direction and of Lucian in another, Favorinus was not only an author, a philologist, and a rhetorician, but a philosopher of the sceptical, Aristotelian school, and one of the most brilliant examples of the cultivated man of letters of his time. Marcus Aurelius himself was the pupil of the Gaulish rhetorician Cornelius Fronto.

Under Caesar and Claudius, Gaul had provided Rome with senators; under Caligula with a consul. It was to the Aquitanian, Vindex, that Nero owed his fall; Galba, his supremacy. It was Agricola, the Pro-

vençal, who subdued Britain to Domitian.[1] It was Nîmes which gave the Empire one of its best Emperors, Antoninus Pius, who succeeded the two Spaniards, Trajan and Hadrian, and adopted a third in Marcus Aurelius. Caracalla, born in Gaul, was Syrian on his mother's side, African on his father's. The spread of civilisation now produced a mixture of races, and a community of ideas, which went far to break down all the conventional barriers of geography. Provence, for instance, became as "Roman" as any spot in Italy. The proofs of this are in the buildings and the inscriptions I shall discuss in the next chapter.

[1] Enthusiastic Provençal poets have explained to me that this was the first of three victories over perfidious Albion. For if Agricola conquered Britain, so did William the Conqueror, the son of Arlette; and who, they ask, was Arlette but a girl of Arles? And then what about the Prince of Orange already mentioned?



EARLY CHRISTIAN TOMB AT ARLES [D].

CHAPTER VIII

LIFE UNDER THE ROMAN EMPERORS

PART I.—ABOVE GROUND

". . . Aedificemus civitates istas; et vallemus muris; et roboremus turribus et portis et seris donec a bellis quieta sunt omnia . . ."

". . . Et erit fortitudo eorum in direptionem, et domus eorum in desertum; et aedificabunt domos, et non habitabunt . . ."

To step from Greece to Rome, in Arles, it is only necessary to walk from the theatre to the "Arènes." The one is the flower of that Greek culture which had its nearest centre in Marseilles; the other is the symbol of those public pleasures which were the hall-mark of the Roman Empire; of those buildings, erected for amusement only, which have long outlasted subsequent edifices that owed their origin to the religious beliefs, to the municipal energies, or to the private necessities of a society less broadly based, less proudly conscious of its eternal significance and merit. Rome has no greater

relics of her glorious antiquity than the Coliseum and the Baths of Caracalla. Beside them the remnants of the Forum, of the temples, of the triumphal arches, fade into insignificance. In the same way, it is the amphitheatre that bulks still the largest both at Arles and Nîmes, as it does still at Fréjus, at Verona, at Pompeii, at Pozzoli, at Capua. In all these places you may read, in those now silent stones, the story of a lustful Roman mob. It is not always a pleasant story; but some of it we may profitably listen to in these pages.

The reason for these enormous public pleasure-places is very like the reason for the beauty of the Gothic cathedrals. The ordinary middle-class population of the thirteenth century lived under circumstances of restraint and poverty; the poor, in surroundings of the most abject squalor; only the richest, the strongest, the very few had habitable and spacious homes. There was no middle term between the palace and the hovel. And as the cathedral was the poor man's palace, the one building which opened wide its doors to every Christian of the lowliest degree, and closed them to the sinner of the highest; so the amphitheatres were among the few buildings in which pauper and patrician of the Roman Empire might enjoy themselves together, over the brutalities of the spectacle which appealed to both. The days had long passed when citizens, absorbed in wars or politics, found their

common meeting-place in the Forum. With the accession of Augustus neither of these things remained attractive to the multitude. Peace abroad was accompanied by apathy concerning local issues. The loss of public liberty was lightly masked in the vast increase of individual freedom for dissipation. Already Julius Caesar[1] had realised that the chief preoccupation of the Dictator would be to feed the people and keep them amused. Every Emperor after him remembered it. At length it might fairly have been imagined that the Roman only left the luxurious idleness of his public bath to enjoy the carnage or the debauchery of his public pleasure-houses.

The Roman ruins in Provence nearly all owe their origins to this deliberate programme of "Panem et Circenses." The magnificent baths at Nîmes, the amphitheatres both there and at Arles, the "spina" of the Roman circus, the theatre we have just been visiting at Orange, are but indications of a luxury of life that has departed from all but individual existences to-day. The theatre, the circus, and the palaestra the Hellenic world had known. But the amphitheatre was

[1] As Plutarch says of Caesar, in the English of Sir Thomas North: "When he was made Ædilis he did show the people the pastime of three hundred and twenty couple of sword-players, and did besides exceed all other in sumptuousness in the sports and common feasts which he made to delight them withal . . . he so pleased the people and won their love therewith that they devised daily to give him new offices for to requite him. . . ."

distinctively Roman; and as it is in the Colisęum that you may best realise the meaning of imperial Rome, so it is in the similar and more perfect buildings at Nîmes and Arles that you will best imagine what life meant in the provinces under the Roman Emperors. Their type remains the same in all. Only the dimensions vary. The Coliseum's walls were over fifty metres thick all round its huge arena, and within their massive stone recesses, below the public corridors, were vast caves for the wild beasts, the prisoners, the countless servants, and the gladiators. More than ninety thousand persons could sit upon its stone and marble benches at each performance; and it was always full, for it gave the most pompous and the most cruel tragedies ever seen in the world, in which the blood that flowed was real, the men and beasts and women really died, the game of public murder went on as merrily and as continuously as the prattle of our pantomimes at Christmas. For four centuries the world was ransacked "to make a Roman holiday." Whole populations, taken prisoner, were butchered for the delectation of society. Whole nations were ground down with taxes to provide extravagantly gorgeous details for the spectacle. Whole tracts of country were laid waste to supply the animals that furnished jaded epicures with novel forms of death, or fiercer appetite for carnage. Unequal combats were not enough. Defenceless fam-

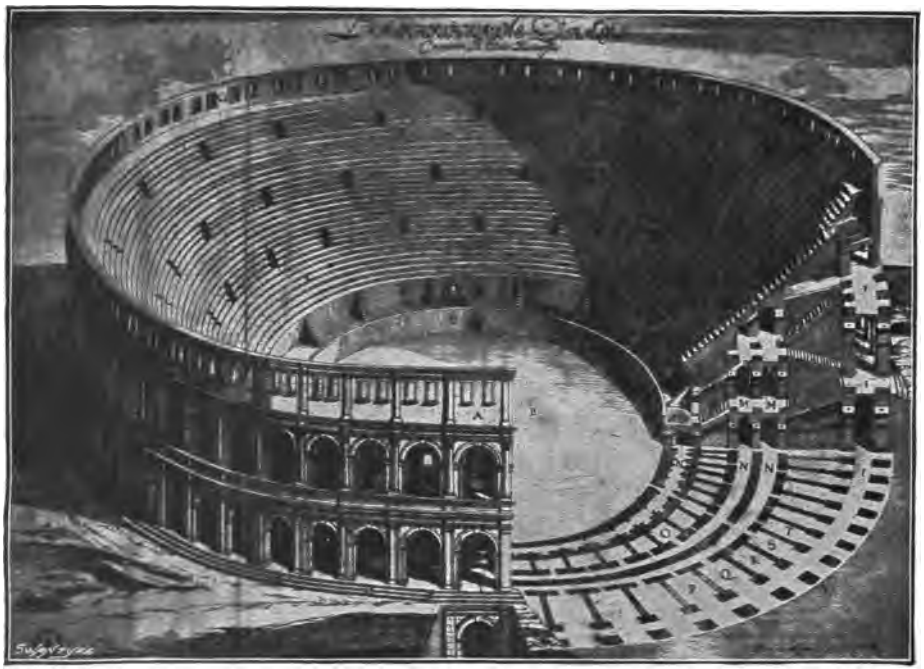
ilies were cast to the lions to be publicly devoured, on the excuse of having professed a religion that was considered politically dangerous.

It is difficult to believe all this even among the sinister shadows of the Coliseum. At Arles it seems impossible. Yet the fashions of Rome were the fashions of the provinces; the difference was in quantities alone; and there was not a fragment of that huge building where the public circulated which was not in some way given up to the gratification of their passions—sometimes the vilest. After a brilliant sketch of what went on in Rome, Montaigne (III. vi.) concludes that men in his own time were far less virile, less inventive, than in those hot-blooded, breeding days, when the fertility of invention was only equalled by the unbridled extravagance in execution which attended it.

Did they wish to represent a hunting of wild beasts, they tore up huge trees by the roots and planted them in the centre of the arena, filling this quick-grown forest with a thousand ostriches, a thousand stags, a thousand fallow-deer, a thousand wild boars. The next day showed a massacre of a hundred lions and lionesses, two hundred leopards, and three hundred bears. By the younger Gordian, searching for unknown delights, two score of zebras were brought over, ten elks, and as many giraffes, together with thirty African hyænas, and ten Indian tigers. Among them moved the savage bulk

of the hippopotamus and rhinoceros, and the patient unwieldiness of two-and-thirty elephants. While all these were being slaughtered, nothing was omitted that might delight the other senses of the cloyed spectators. An ample canopy protected them from sun or rain, yet left the free air of the sky to ventilate that seething crater of fresh bloodshed. Fountains played among the marble columns, scented with aromatic herbs. The nets that guarded the audience from the frantic struggles of the beasts in the arena were made of gold and silver wire. The porticoes were gilded. The cord that divided the various ranks of spectators from each other was studded with precious stones. The walls were clad in marble; the pavements shone with multicoloured mosaics. And it is thus we must imagine the first century of the amphitheatre at Arles.[1]

[1] On p. 168 note, I have given a list of some Greek actors and others known to us. I will add here some names of gladiators from the inscriptions at Nîmes. (1) In the Museum at Nîmes is a terra-cotta medallion found at Cavillargues in the Gard, which represents a fully armed man fighting a lightly-dressed soldier, who carries a buckler and a trident. Behind them are two men in togas, one holding a small wand, and four others sit in a tribune, who have spared the lives of both combatants, for the inscription says "Pugnantes Missi," and the names of the gladiators are given as Eros and Xanthus. (2) An epitaph setting forth that a stone was put up by Optata, his wife, to Lucius Pompeius of Vienne, a retiarius who fought with net and trident, and was nine times crowned. He died at twenty-five. (3) His widow married again, and again survived her husband, Aptus of Alexandria, who fought in the Thracian manner, and died at thirty-seven. (4) Sperata, his wife, put up an epitaph to the myrmillo (a



THE AMPHITHEATRE OF ARLES AS ORIGINALLY BUILT. (Reconstructed by Jacques Peytret.)

Under Domitian, though the games began soon after the rising of the sun, the day was not long enough for the troops of African, Thracian, and German gladiators to finish all their combats. Line upon line of torches rose in flaming circles from the arena to the topmost tier of stone, to light up the scenes of bloodshed that went on far into the night, while the populace were fed (and even clothed) without leaving the huge building. St. Jerome, in his chronicle of Eusebius, speaks of three whole days and nights having been passed in this way on one occasion. During the celebration of the triumph of Aurelian over the Queen of Palmyra, the forum, the streets, the shops, and houses of Rome were deserted. The whole population was in the public pleasure-buildings. Arles at its height of splendour, when a Roman Emperor lived in his palace within her walls, must have sometimes seen sights like this. To the sound of the long trumpets, the combats of the gladiators closed. After them came the boxers. Whole pro-

fully armed gladiator) Columbus, who was an Aeduan, and member of Serenus's troupe of fighters. He died at twenty-five. (5) Another Thracian fighter was Quintus Vettius Gracilis, born in Spain, who was crowned thrice. His trainer, Lucius Sestius Latinus, put up a tomb-stone to him at his death at twenty-five.

The "Myrmillo" fought with a short and sharp-pointed sword, defended by a helmet, a brassard, greaves, and square-ended buckler. The "Retiarius" wore nothing but a waistband and a brassard, aiming to envelope his enemy in a net, and slay him with a trident. The "Thracian" carried a small round buckler, and his right arm was fully protected. He had a plumed helmet, and fought with a curved cutlass.

cessions of victorious soldiers would celebrate their triumphs by marching through the arena in full armour to the plaudits of the multitude. Then two animals, of different kinds, but bound together by a chain, would be thrust out upon the sand to fight each other, or to be attacked by various weapons. The corpses were dragged out, one after another, by the busy hooks, and there was scarcely any pause between one item of the entertainment and the next. Even the edicts of the Christian Constantine could not wholly eradicate a passion so deeply seated in the Roman heart; and Honorius, when the Goths were beating at the gates of Italy, only exchanged the amphitheatre for more effeminate and just as inexcusable amusements. Professionalism in football is rapidly developing the same proportion of lazy and insatiable spectators in England. Already the difference between it and the gladiatorial games is rather in favour of the Romans.[1]

[1] The inscription numbered (23), in the list at the end of the second part of this chapter, gives a particularly engaging view of the character of one of these gladiators. It is the epitaph set up to a young man by his trainers and his sister, and may be roughly translated as follows: "Stay thy steps, I pray, thou young and pious traveller, to learn from these lines the jealousy of fate. For nineteen years I lived, pure, and doing no harm to any one, and my character won me the esteem of all. Eager to learn the lessons of youth, I was well trained for the amphitheatre. I was the famous Pulcher; and with various weapons I appeared in combat against the wild beasts. Besides that I knew somewhat of the art of Medicine. I was a colleague not only of those who had charge of the Bears, but also of those who slew the victims

I have already said that the Greek theatre in Arles was built during the short period of the governorship of Decimus Junius Brutus, which gave its Greek inhabitants time to set up their characteristically national monument. But by 48 B.C. the definitely Roman "colonisation" of Arles was provided for by Julius



RUINS OF THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE (EXTERIOR) AT ARLES (1903).

Caesar, who sent Tiberius Nero with the veterans of the sixth legion, at first to hold the military position, and then by that process of civilisation already described, to give the population every opportunity of

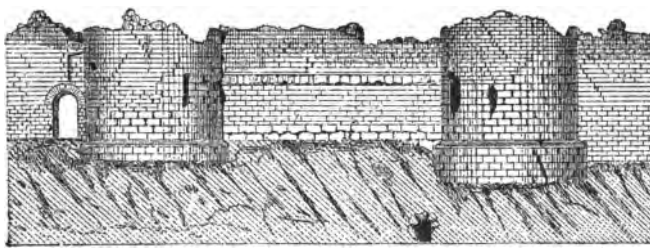
at the public sacrifices, and who decorated the statues of the Gods with garlands at the first of every spring. The inscription tells you my right name." This was set up by Sextus Julius Felicissimus and by Sextus Felix to their unrivalled pupil; and to her brother, by Felicitas.

thoroughly Romanising themselves. These necessities prescribed the order of the public buildings which soon sprang up, and their position may roughly be realised by looking at any good map of the town.

Modern Arles is shaped like a right-angled triangle, St. Honorat des Alyscamps being at the right angle to the south-east, while the longest side follows the left bank of the Rhone. (See the map in Appendix to this first volume.) Roman Arles was much smaller, in the shape of an irregular pentagon, the western angle of the river-wall beginning more than a hundred yards higher up stream than the present Pont de Trinquetaille, and only extending about four hundred metres up the Rhone along the Quai de la Gare, the "Pons Navalis" being outside its northern angle. From that northern angle the Roman walls moved south-east to the arena, then went on towards the Route d'Avignon, turning sharply southwards round Notre Dame la Major, which was the Roman temple to the Bona Dea. From this eastern angle, the southerly line past the "Porta Romana" to the angle tower at the extreme south-east can still be traced, on the opposite side of the road to the cemetery. I have given, in the Appendix to this volume, Auguste Véran's reconstruction of this "Porta Romana" from the ruins as they remain to-day; and in his drawing it will be noticed that the first Roman walls, erected by the first garrison

sent by Julius Caesar are on the right and left of the central doorway built later on by Augustus.

The south-eastern angle was formed by the Roman temple of Diana, and is still marked by a ruined tower near the old abbey of St. Césaire, from which the walls passed westward to the south side of the Greek theatre, and from there in a straight line past the Porta Pretoria (or "Aquaria") to the south-eastern angle, which was



RUINS OF THE PORTA ROMANA AT ARLES.

close to the present Place du Marché Neuf. From this angle the walls went straight north to the river bank. They were two metres twenty-five thick, made of small and easily worked stones.

The Celtic settlement of Arlath began at about the point of the present bridge, while the docks and the circus were still further down stream, close to the river bank.

It may be well to say that the obelisk now set up in the centre of the Place de la République, opposite the

western door of St. Trophime, was originally discovered near the Rhone in 1389, among the ruins of the Roman circus, of which it formed the "spina." Fifteen metres in height, without the base, it is the only granite monolith from European quarries which can compare in size with the obelisks of Egypt, and it was brought from the gorges of the Esterels. Left for a long time with only its extremity emerging from the soil of a private garden, it was dug out during the visit of Catherine de Médicis and Charles IX., and Henri IV. jovially suggested that it should be planted in the middle of the amphitheatre. At last MM. de Boche, Romany, Agard, and Maure, consuls of the town, raised it on the masts of eight stout sailing barques, to the sound of trumpets and firing of cannon, and it was solemnly dedicated to Louis XIV., with a globe of azure on the top and a disc to represent the Roi Soleil; the whole was rested on a pedestal inscribed with fulsome compliments to the monarch, which are now only preserved in the antiquarian volumes of his reign. This was replaced by four bronze representations of the Lion of Arles early in the nineteenth century, and by these appropriate emblems it is still upheld.

Within the first Roman walls of Arles the public offices and barracks were placed to the north, near the river; and the huge space needed for the amphitheatre was only obtained, about the middle of the northern



THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE AT ARLES AS IT APPEARED IN 1666.

line, by incorporating about a hundred metres of the wall built by Caesar's soldiers within the substructure of the vast arena reared at the end of the reign of Augustus, who built a temple in Arles during a two years' visit to Provence which he divided between this city, Fréjus, and Aix. The principal axis of the oval arena does not go from east to west as was thought usual, but from north to south; and its slight deviation to the west of north was no doubt arranged, not only to take advantage of the old town-walls, but also to make a correct alignment with the head of the Roman bridge across the river to the Camargue, the exact point also reached by the great road from Milan across the Cottian Alps, upon which (near the same spot) rose the famous arch called "Admirable," of which I have spoken elsewhere.

The increase of palaces and of public buildings within a restrained area soon necessitated the migration of many of the manufacturing classes and business men across the river to the island of the Camargue, on much the same spot where now is the Faubourg of Trinquetaille. Here, favoured by both branches of the river, by two bridges which took the road across the Rhone from Arles to Nîmes, by a long extent of docks and quays, and by the protection of the fortifications so near at hand, the business-suburb flourished exceedingly. Thus did Arles, the double city, "duplex

Arelata," live within her towers and ramparts on the double Rhone, for more than two centuries, until Gallus, on the Ides of October, 254 A.D., celebrated the peacemaking with the Goths by magnificent entertainments in the amphitheatre.

The building was worthy both of that and of its many previous triumphs. By the middle of the third century Arles had already heard the warning of her fall. One last aftermath of splendour, one Indian summer, she was still to see before she fell. And she enjoyed life to the full while she had it. Her amphitheatre held places for thirty thousand persons. In Italy only Pozzoli, Capua, and the Coliseum held more; only Poitiers, in France.[1] It covered a space of over eleven thousand square metres, having a large diameter of one hundred and thirty-six metres, and the smaller one of one hundred and seven. From north to south the thickness of the walls from outside to the line of the arena is thirty-three and a half metres, and a trifle

[1] A few comparisons in size will be of interest, the measurements being exact, the estimates below the mark.

	Audience.	External-Diameters.	Thickness of Walls.	Area of Arena.
Coliseum,	90,000	187 × 155 metres.	51 metres.	3611 m.
Capua, .	62,000	169 × 139 „	46½ „	2740 „
Arles, .	30,000	136 × 107 „	33½ „	2166 „
Nîmes, .	22,000	133 × 101 „	—	2092 „
Pompeii,	20,000	—	—	—

more from east to west (across the short axis) in order to give space for arranging the chief places. The arena to-day has two thousand one hundred and sixty-six square metres of free surface, and is sixty-nine metres long, but that space was not wholly available when it was in full use in the first century of its construction, soon after the death of Augustus, a date which is also suggested by the noble sobriety of design, the absence of trivial ornament, and the trabeated archways of the grand gallery, one instance among many of that just eye for proportion and correct appreciation of massive values which was the privilege of the early builders of the first century A.D., when the true principles of Greek construction had not yet been lost.

Of the founders and the date of the foundation no documentary evidence exists. The only inscription that can refer to structural work is the fragmentary letters which record that C. Junius Priscus paid two hundred thousand sesterces (about £1500) for the restoration of certain arches and stairways.[1]

The amphitheatre of Arles may be considered as an immense polygon with sixty sides formed by projecting pilasters. Upon vast substructures, which are

[1] This may be compared with the inscription preserved at Pompeii in honour of the duumvirs who restored the amphitheatre there after the damage done by the earthquake of February 63, in which it is recorded how Celer, a magistrate appointed for the games, paid for entrance-ways and a block of seats; how Saginus and Marcellus did the same; how passages and stairways only were put in by Cicinius and Rufus.

continued throughout the whole space covered by the building, rises a stage of Doric architecture, above which is another tier of arches with Ionic columns. The square towers now to be seen over the main entrances are of course later, mediaeval constructions, set up when the place was used as a fortress long after the days of the Saracens. The attic story, also of Ionic architecture, and probably a reduced copy of that still visible at the summit of the Coliseum, has disappeared from the Arles building, partly owing to its continued use as projectiles against an attacking enemy beneath, partly owing to deliberate destruction in order to give room for those battlements dear to the heart of the mediaeval military architect. But there is no doubt that this attic existed to hold up the great awning, and there are traces of steps which went up to the highest tier of seats, now vanished, in which the spectators were the only ones who had their backs against the actual outside wall.

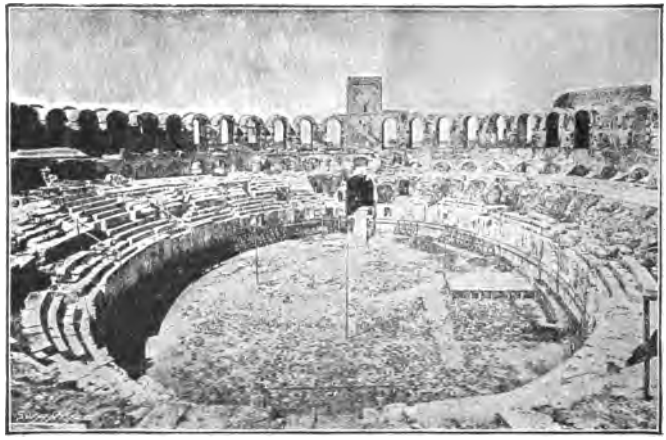
There are twenty-four great staircases and twelve passages leading to the seats of the patricians, alternating with sixteen other passages that lead to the higher places. The thirty-seven tiers of seats were probably divided into four divisions, the lowest, for the patricians, containing four ranks; the next for the knights, with ten; eleven more for the freedmen; and the uppermost twelve for slaves and common people.

The most perfect of these now remaining are the four lowest, with their larger seats slightly divided one from the other, just above the podium, or arena-wall. Beyond these are also traces of the balteus which divided the senators from the knights, especially on the west side, on the right of the Imperial box, which was placed at this extremity of the short axis to secure a perfect view, and probably extended straight back from the parapet of the arena to the balteus of the knights behind. Opposite to it was the box for local magistrates, also with its own special entrance and other constructive conveniences. No doubt the Imperial box had also a private way of communication direct from the palace in the town behind it.

I have reproduced various views of this remarkable building, and among them I would draw particular attention to the extraordinary engraving made in 1666. Among the views of the outside and inside of the amphitheatre, I have tried to include a series which would show its various aspects as the centuries progressed; its new original, its seventeenth-century debasement into a mass of houses, its present noble ruins. As is so often the case in ancient buildings, which have preserved even in their dilapidation a charm which modern exactitude can never reach, this amphitheatre is even more full of mathematical irregularities than we found to be the case in the Maison Carrée, for there is hardly

a single one of the external round arches which is of the same height or width as its neighbour.

This arena was never flooded with water for the presentment of those mimic naval battles which were frequently the joy of Rome. The crowds of horsemen and charioteers who so often began the day's en-



RUINS OF THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE (INTERIOR) AT ARLES (1903).

tertainment were gathered in the great corridors on each side of the north and south doors. The gladiators waited at one or other of the side entrances. The wild beasts and those who fought with them were collected in the great passages beneath the arena. At the signal of the Emperor, or the chief magistrate present, the trumpet would be blown to call each of these various troops of men and beasts from their own

quarter, and to the roar of thirty thousand voices they marched in to fight and die. The sound of that applause seems still to echo in the silent building when the shadows fall in a clear line across its white stone seats from the burning blue above. It is a sound that was in my ears whenever I entered the amphitheatre —a cruel roar of lusty encouragement as the fighting lines drew close: a sudden hush as in some separate corner of the arena a death-struggle went on: the shout of partisans from this side and from that, the deep-drawn sob of agony from some strong man, wounded to the death, the scream of tenderer victims as they felt the sullen stroke of steel or claw . . . It is all over now; but the place is as full of ghosts as some great battle-field, and must have claimed, ere all was done, as many dead and wounded.

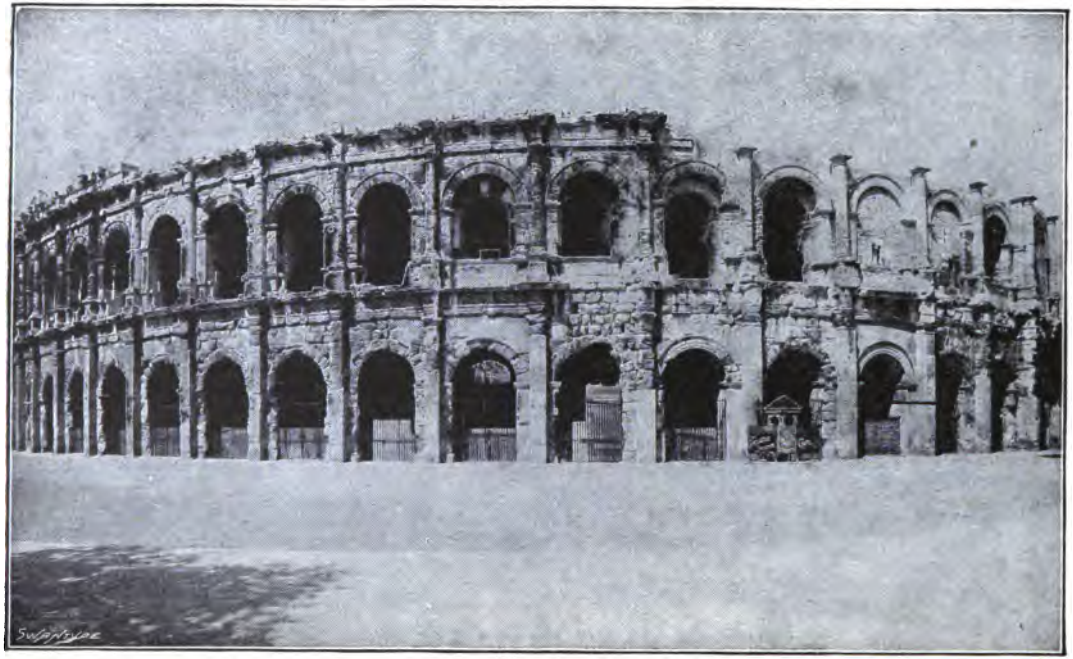
Some few details of the gladiators who fought here I have reproduced on p. 230, note. But this is the right place for the inscription set up to his favourite pupil by Olympus, the captain of the gladiatorial team at Arles. It runs as follows: L · GRANIO · L · FILIO TERETINA ROMANO M · JUL · OLYMPUS NEGOTIATOR FAMILIAE GLADIATORIAE OB MERIT · L · GRANII VICTORIS AVI EIUS MERENTI POSUIT.

Traces are also to be found at Arles of the place allotted in the amphitheatre to various persons. Near the Imperial box was carved the inscription reserv-

ing places for the trumpets: "Chororum Tibicinarum Gradus." Opposite were placed the rhetors: "Loca Scholasticorum." In other parts of the building are certain seats set apart for citizens who had merited this distinction by some public service: "Loca data decreto Decurionum XXX." An actual ticket of admission, found among the débris, was preserved by M. de Romieu, with the words: "CAV. II. CUN. V. GRAD. X. GLAD. VELA," which not only mark out the seat with minute exactness, but even promise that it shall be shaded by the "vela," or awning, which was spread from the now vanished attic story.

At Nîmes, where inscriptions have been far more carefully preserved than at Arles, these traces of the various arrangements made for the amphitheatre are more numerous. The epitaph exists of C. Veratius Trophimus "curator ludorum," one of the "managers" of the games. In the ruins of the arena were found inscriptions reserving twenty-five places for the boatmen of the Ardèche and the Ouvèze; and forty seats for the boatmen of the Rhone and the Saône.[1] These are carved on three long stones, five and a half metres long in all, found at the foot of the north-western wall of the arena boundary. Ball games are also known

[1] "N · RHOD · ET · ARAR · XL · D · D · D · N," which is: "Nautis Rhodanicis et Araricis (loca numero) XL Data Decreto Decurionum Nemausensium."



EXTERIOR OF THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE AT NÎMES (1903)

to have been played, for the word SPHAERISTERIA has also been discovered.

The amphitheatre at Nîmes is not so large as that at Arles, nor has the original work in its interior been so well preserved, though the whole has been far more fully restored, and many of the topmost rows of seats remain intact, showing that there was no attic story in the original building. The exterior, which is in a far better state of preservation, and still shows the fine cornice which finished off the skyline, was composed of two superimposed arcades of sixty arches, with square pilasters on the ground-tier, and engaged Doric columns above them. The consoles and holes that received the masts to hold the awning may still be traced round the top, but the circle in which they occur is not large enough to be dignified with the appellation of a separate story. The vela had to be there, and the arrangements to support it were added to the second tier of archways, helping to emphasise the bold shadows thrown by the cornice. There are traces of sculpture here and there. Two bulls' forequarters are placed above the north entrance, and there are also carvings of two gladiators, and of the Roman wolf. Only the ornaments of the western division were finished off, the remainder being left in roughly blocked-out stone.

As was the case at Arles, this building has suffered more from man's brutality than by the ravages of time.

It has been a fortress. It has been filled up with earth. It has been crowded with mean houses. There has even been a church in its upper gallery, which bricked up two of the archways, and the little Romanesque window with its twisted column may still be seen among the huge masonry of pagan Rome. The whole building measures over three hundred and sixty-four metres all round the outside, and the cornice at the top is over twenty-one metres from the ground. There are five concentric galleries in the thickness of the great circular walls, which unite the passages at various stages, and are themselves approached by massive staircases.

The breaking of the long sweeping curve of the entablature over every column is, to my mind, a defect in design when compared with the magnificent effect of these unbroken, flowing lines on the outside of the Coliseum at Rome. Like the amphitheatre at Arles, and most of the other great Roman buildings, this huge arena is constructed of massive materials, built without cement, and bound together with solid stone lintels and arches. The stones were quarried at Barutel, seven kilometres from Nîmes, on the Alais road, and are frequently a cubic metre in size. The letters "T. Crispius Reburrus fecit," found in the débris of the arena, may possibly refer to the original architect, whose plans are now being very considerably modified by the restoration of the monument which

has steadily been going on since Revoil began it in 1858. It will soon be completely ready for spectators again, and it is often as crowded as that at Arles, though it never looks so picturesque, on the occasion of what are known as "bull-fights" in Provence. Some authorities consider that water could be introduced into this arena for "naval" displays, and that the walls of the podium were too low to admit of the larger wild beasts in the arena, though the teeth of wolves and wild boars and the antlers of stags have been found among the débris. But both these conclusions lack precise proof. The only thing that can probably be said is that the building is later than that at Arles, and may date from about 100 A.D. Its thirty-four rows of seats are divided, in the same way, into four tiers for the senators: ten for the knights, ten for the freedmen, and ten for the slaves and menials. And, as is the case with all these constructions, the rapidity with which the whole audience could either enter or leave the building is one of its most remarkable features. It may be better appreciated and understood by an examination of the excellent models of the arenas of Nîmes and Arles, and of the Coliseum in the town museum.

I first saw the amphitheatre at Nîmes by moonlight on one of those perfect spring nights of April in Provence. The arches, as we approached it, showed like

giant eyebrows over darkened eyes that peered out of abysses of the past. Within, the shadows lay deep-blue upon the long stone seats. Ringed round by that gigantic cup of masonry, all white and grey, the sky itself, with all its ancient constellations, was the one external thing that we could see; the one thing, too, that was unchanged as long, and had a longer life, than that ellipse of stone which was the moment's perfect microcosm. Beyond those walls the life of old Rome might still be stirring in its sleep for all we knew. Here, and on the same spot at Arles, you may put back the hands of Time. His wings are motionless; his scythe is stayed. When Rome fell, it seems, his task was done. There was no more to chronicle.

At Fréjus there are far more dilapidated ruins of an amphitheatre which was once almost as large as that of Nîmes, for its external length was nearly one hundred and fourteen metres, by over eighty-two metres broad, and the arena measured sixty-seven metres by thirty-nine; but there could only have been seating accommodation for some ten thousand spectators. All the Roman public buildings at Fréjus are built in the same way, of the same materials, and in rather smaller stones than usual, without a trace of ornaments.

By Tacitus, who was associated with it as the birthplace of his father-in-law, Agricola, Fréjus was called "Claustra Maris." To Caesar it was "Claustra



INTERIOR OF THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE AT NÎMES (1903).

Galliae"; and its western gate still bears the title of the "Porte des Gaules." It was the "Caput," or place of measurement for that section of the Via Aurelia which ended at Arles, having started from Rome to Vada Volaterrana, and so by way of the Var to Forum Julii, keeping along the coast almost the whole way from Rome to Arles. Like pearls along that route, the flourishing seaboard and inland towns were threaded. Cannes and Antibes had theatres like Fréjus; Clausonne and Vallauris had their aqueducts as well; Vence and Grasse, their temples to the twelve great gods. But in her best days Fréjus was the equal, if not the superior, of them all; and among her many Roman ruins, that of the amphitheatre remains the most imposing. Some ancient walls and towers were pulled down when the Route d'Italie was laid out, which comes from the west straight into the Place des Herbes, and there turns to the north-east. (See the map in Appendix to this first volume.) The first Roman construction just outside the town, west of the Église St. François and the Place Agricola, is the semi-circular bastion with a tower at each end of its diameter of fifty-five metres, known as the "Porte des Gaules," near the station. After this the Roman wall continued west by north, along the bottom of the sloping ground, to the amphitheatre, which is clearly visible from the railway, on the east or left bank of the Reyran; and,

like that of Arles, was built at an angle of the city walls; but its north-eastern corner is supported by a slight hill which avoided the necessity for substructures to hold up the lowest rows of seats at that point, though it also necessitated a certain clumsiness of construction which lessens the perfection of the building. The view from the Butte du Moulin à Vent, just above the amphitheatre, is particularly beautiful, and gives a good idea of how much larger and more important was the Roman Fréjus than the modern town, and how different were the geographical conditions of two thousand years ago.

Nearly two kilometres to the north-east from the amphitheatre are the ruins of the theatre, and no doubt the patrician quarter of the Roman town lay between them. The walls, however, went further north than the theatre, and follow the lines of a rocky hill until they turn south and east again towards the point where the arches of the aqueduct (eighteen metres high) enter their enclosure close to the "Porte Romaine," and the line of the modern "Grande Route d'Italie." As soon as the aqueduct had reached this point, the water was carried along the same line as the ramparts we have just passed, which thus served a double purpose. The meeting of these two constructions is still distinctly traceable near the Porte Romaine, and is a most imposing mass of solid masonry and lofty arches. The furthest point east to which the old walls

extended was the platform above the hill to the south-east of the Porte Romaine, and it should be remembered that the sea washed the base of this hill two thousand years ago, and that the coastline went south from there to the east of the Chapelle St. Roch. Within the platform are certain subterranean constructions, difficult of access, which were probably huge cisterns or reservoirs, like those of the famous Abbey of Vézelay. The pattern of the external brickwork is especially noticeable.

The "Porte Dorée," just north of the railway-line, and at the south-eastern corner of the modern town, is more carefully built than anything in Fréjus, and originally formed part of far larger constructions on the same spot. It is one of the most remarkable relics of antiquity on the Riviera. From this gate the fortifications extended to cover the Butte St. Antoine southwards, and at least as far as the Tower called "La Lanterne" to the east, which was the landmark of the Roman harbour, and is just south of the railway-line. Within that harbour, now almost completely dry land, Augustus moored the ships he took from Antony at the battle of Actium, and desired to add the title of "Navale Augusti" to that of "Forum Julii." Just what we saw had happened at the mouths of the Rhone has happened again here in the valley of the Reyran and the Argens, which have filled up the old coastline with alluvial deposits and driven back the sea. In vain was Fréjus made a naval headquarters in 1555. By 1663

its port was already dangerous even for light barques of just over fifty tons. In 1704 it had become little more than a pestilential swamp that had lost communication with the sea. A demand made in 1847 for the excavation of the old harbour was followed in 1859 by its complete disappearance beneath the embankments of the railway from Toulon to Nice, and its locomotives are now rolling to and fro where once the galleys of Antony were moored. Fréjus had suffered the fate of Ravenna, of Ostia, of Narbonne, of Aigues-Mortes.

I have already spoken of the defection of Lepidus at the bridge over the Argens, and I need only add that this historic stream rises close to Tegulata (La Grande Pégière) on the victorious battlefield of Marius. The gulf through which it reached the sea was once fifteen kilometres further up the valley, and even in Roman times the port was not on the sea itself but on the salt lagoon, which has now in turn been filled up, and which was not entirely healthy even in classical days, if the tomb of C. Vibius Ligur (see note, p. 151) may be taken as an indication.

In considering the possibilities of the Roman port, the light weight and small size of Roman warships must of course be realised. They were nearly always pulled out of the water at night: "Trahuntque siccas machinae carinas." The legionaries fought on them with military tactics that savoured very little of nautical

evolutions. Fleets were only a disagreeable necessity imposed by a long coastline; and it was as the naval arsenal of the Narbonnaise that Fréjus was added to her elder sisters at Misenum and Ravenna.[1] She rapidly rose to importance as a civil and military colony, though never of very large size; and her buildings are a most remarkable evidence of the rapidity and uniformity with which the official stamp could be put upon a colony by the use of masses of men, easily-worked material (very different to the huge blocks at Nîmes and Arles), and simple processes of structure, in which every natural advantage in the way of rocks or hills was promptly seized upon, covered with bricks, and worked into the plan. Judging from the amphitheatre and the walls there could never have been more than thirty thousand in the Roman population.

The ruins on the Butte St. Antoine are especially worth visiting, just south of the canal, and to the east as you go out of the railway station; and the remains of the high lighthouse, which was copied from the famous Pharos at Alexandria, are a particularly imposing type of the careful and solidly-built constructions with which the Roman port was guarded, and in which arms or provisions for the fleet were stored. These are

[1] Lenthéric quotes Tacitus: "Italiam utroque mari duae classes, Misenum apud et Ravennam, proximumque Galliæ littus rostratae naves praesidebant, quas Actiaca victoria captas Augustus in oppidum Forojuliense miserat, valido cum remige."

the only buildings (with the mole and the quays) which are quite different from any other constructions in the Roman provinces. They stamp its essential naval character on the town. But it is the aqueduct which, to my mind, is one of the most interesting things to trace along the valley of the Reyran, as its arches stride across the country bringing water to Fréjus from Siagnole, fifty kilometres away. Here and there all traces of it disappear; suddenly you come upon gigantic masses of masonry again; and each surviving section has its own name among the peasants: Arcs Serraillier, Arcs Bérenguier, Arcs de Gargalon, Arcs Bouteillière (the best of all), Arcs Escoffier (which are double, as are those called Sénequier), Arcs de Grisolle, and several more. I can conceive no more interesting journey than one, with a good guide, which follows the whole line of these arches on their way from the Siagne. The different modes of construction employed to meet the various difficulties of the route, and keep the water at the right level, are a revelation of Roman persistence and ingenuity, which thought as little of piercing mountains as of bridging valleys.

For the finest Roman aqueduct, not only of Provence, but of the world, we must return, however, to Nîmes; for the famous Pont du Gard is certainly the most impressive construction in this or any other district. It is situated in a beautiful gorge of the valley of the Roman river Gardon, rather more than twenty

kilometres out of Nîmes, and can be reached by carriage along the Avignon road, or by train to Lafoux, which is about half an hour's distance on foot through interesting country.

This colossal piece of engineering was built more than nineteen hundred years ago, and still remains as gigantic and as enduring as when it brought the spring-water of the Eure from Uzès to the Roman baths and public buildings of Nemausus. Its solid yet elegant arches span the whole ravine with masonry that rises from the bed of the stream to the lip of the hills on either side, a height of one hundred and sixty feet. The lowest tier of six arches, which span the river like a bridge, are built with four distinct courses in the breadth of the structure. They support a second row of eleven arches, which in their turn hold up the highest tier of thirty-five small arches, eight hundred and eighty-two feet in length, upon which the actual conduit is laid. All three tiers are built of enormous blocks of stone from a neighbouring quarry, fitted without cement, and the two upper arcades have three courses in the breadth of their structure. The waterway is five feet high and two feet wide, lined with strong Roman cement that is still sound and good, and covered with immense flag-stones, which the Goths themselves were unable to carry away. The calcareous deposit of the water left so thick a layer in the channel, after many centuries of use, that many houses near are built of thirty centi-

metres of sediment found in it, and the village church of Bezonce was entirely constructed out of it.

It must have been chiefly with the idea of cleaning out this conduit when necessary that projecting blocks of masonry were left on the flanks and under the arches to hold up any scaffolding that might be required; and it is no trifling indication of the builder's faith in the eternal duration of the Roman Empire that he should have made such careful provision for the repairing of a structure so titanic in its proportions and its strength. The name "Veranius," placed within the eighth arch (counting from the right bank) of the second tier, is probably that of the architect. The carving, which is called "Le Lièvre du Pont du Gard," is probably not a hare at all, but very possibly represents one of the same symbols of nature-worship which are to be found in the amphitheatre. There is also an inscription at Nîmes which may refer to an early example of those guilds of bridge-builders, of which I shall have more to say at Avignon; but it is more likely to be one of the many altars set up by the gratitude of classical antiquity for springs of good fresh water.[1]

[1] AUGUSTIS LARIBUS CULTORES URAE FONTIS. "To the Lares, the worshippers (or perhaps the guardians) of the spring of the Eure." Four lines of somewhat incorrect elegiacs found at Uzès preserve a more naïve admission of the benefits of the spring. They run as follows:—

"Sextus Pompeius . . . cognomine Pandus
Cujus et hoc ab avis contigit esse solum
Aediculam hanc nymphis [posui] quia saepius ussus [?]
Hoc sum fonte senex tam bene quam juvenis."

Those who recall the aqueducts of the Campagna will remember that those lines of brick arches are devoid either of ornament or of architectural design, in spite of that quality of impressiveness which they retain in common with all Roman work of the kind. Roman engineering was as free from the transitional element as it was from all the affectation of style which occasionally weakened their public buildings of a different class. The engineers knew what they wanted, and they went directly for it, achieving their purpose with a massive simplicity of strength and fitness which gives attractiveness even to the wonderful substructures of the Appian Way. In such an aqueduct as the Pont du Gard this quality is especially conspicuous. The three tiers of arches, as Fergusson points out, produce the same effect as an entablature and cornice upon a long range of columns, with the additional and stupendous feature that the whole structure spreads out wider and wider as it rises in height from its foundation. The full beauty of the work is therefore only appreciable from a little distance down the valley where the sloping hills above the stream add their supporting lines to a picture which combines the majesty of nature with the daring skill of man. From here you realise how the Roman converted a merely utilitarian structure into an architectural screen of unrivalled beauty without the introduction of a single ornament or a single

useless feature. A comparison with the double tiers of the aqueducts at Segovia or Tarragona, or with the single arches of the Bridge of Trajan at Alcantara, will bring out the architectural supremacy of the Pont du Gard by comparison with the best works of the kind. By such buildings as this did the Romans acquire the constructive skill and magnificence of proportion which enabled them fearlessly to plan buildings so vast in size, and to vault spaces so huge, that the impress of their maker's power has lasted while the rock on which they built them has endured. As I have frequently pointed out in other cases, another reason for the particular charm of the Pont du Gard lies in the fact of its irregularity. The arches are unequal in span. The structure itself is bent in its length. It is not mere machine-made measurement, but the strong handiwork and giant eyesight of a conquering race; and the orders for it may well have been given by that Agrippa, son-in-law of Augustus, whose mighty monuments at Rome had earned for him the title of "Curator perpetuus aquarum."[1]

In the sixteenth century the Duc de Rohan, who

[1] An inscription mentioning his name was found at Nîmes in 1742, and I am inclined to attribute it to a commemoration of Agrippa's work at the finishing of the aqueduct from the Pont du Gard within the town itself, perhaps near the celebrated baths. His third consulate was in B.C. 27, and he was in Provence again in B.C. 19. The words are: "M. AGRIPPA LUCII FILIUS CONSUL III COLONIAE DAT."

was engaged near Nîmes in manœuvres necessitated by the Wars of Religion, cut through a third of the thickness of the archways on the second rank in order to give room for his cannon to be transported along the space upon the first row of arches. Further mutilations did not improve the strength of the original masonry, and, after some repairs had been made, the estates of Languedoc restricted the traffic to men on foot or on horse-back. But the increase of intercommunications, and the frequent floods which blocked the ford beneath, soon necessitated a more commodious bridgeway; so between 1743 and 1747, M. Pitot, the Director of Public Works, built a new bridge, carrying a road along the eastern flank of the lowest arcade; and from this bridge a close examination of the Roman masonry is possible.

The drive to the Pont du Gard takes you along a broad white road, of the best, too spacious to be dull, too flowing in its curves to be monotonous, through a mild and sunlit plain of olive-trees. You see the arches for the first time when you are close to them, and it is not until you move down into the gorge itself that it is possible to realise how exquisite a choice of setting was made by the old builders. As has happened to so many Provençal ruins, these stones are of light golden-yellow, which is particularly rich in tone in all its shadows. They spring out of the green-clad slopes on either side,

and through their noble frames the blue of the infinite air looks deeper and more full of memories than it does in the free space above; as if some intimate community had been established between the present that we know and the past that has been captured by some far-off spell, some strong enchantment of a builder who builded more wisely than he knew.

But if there is here so strong a shadow of the everlasting Roman name, the image of their vanished world is reflected even more clearly in the dark and cool and ever-changing scenes of the Roman baths at Nîmes. Beneath the Pont du Gard it is difficult to believe that a monument more lasting than any modern London has to show was built but to carry the water of a pair of springs to a provincial town, and was but a single portion of an aqueduct that assured the passage of good water for more than forty kilometres. In the gardens beneath Mont Cavalier, even more than in any spot at Nîmes, it is possible to realise how large a part fresh water played in Roman life. If cleanliness be luxury, our eighteenth century was one of the most ascetic in our history; and even yet we are but faintly approaching the state of civilisation, which was familiar to every Roman until the Empire fell, and to every inhabitant of a Mohammedan city for many centuries afterwards. The Roman baths of Nîmes and the temple to the Fountain-god Nemausus are a typical example of one

pleasure—and that the simplest—which every Roman town enjoyed of right.

Opposite to the Maison Carrée is the modern theatre, and from its north-western corner the Rue Antonin runs straight to the long military canal called the Quai de la Fontaine. As you walk westwards along this you soon see the long straight Boulevard de la République, which leads in a mathematically correct line to the Jardin de la Fontaine, with its iron gateway and its concierge complete. It is one of the most delightful public gardens in provincial France, and though eighteenth-century architecture has done much to alter its original appearance, there is still much left that has the true flavour of Imperial Rome. It will be well to begin with the ruined temple that is the least changed of all the old constructions, the shrine raised by the Romans upon the earlier Celtic temple to the fountain-god.

Fortunately an inscription has been found, and deciphered, which throws a great deal of light both upon the building itself and upon the original disposition of its surroundings, and the wording of this inscription shows that the title of "Temple de Diane," which persistently survives, may well be a tradition of one of the divinities to which the Roman temple was dedicated as follows:—

"To the God Nemausus, and to the Goddess Diana,

the Commonwealth of Nîmes has dedicated this Fountain of the Nymphs, constructed, with its marble columns, its statues, and all its ornaments, by the munificence of the Emperor Augustus, consul for the tenth time, consul designate for the eleventh time, and there were built in addition to it this portico and temple."[1]

This valuable and interesting inscription, the original of which I reproduce, according to Germer-Durand's reading, in the footnote, was found on a magnificent fragment of a frieze and architrave of Corinthian archi-

[1] The original inscription, found near the Roman basin of the fountain in 1739, runs as follows, as deciphered by Germer-Durand:— DEO NEMAUSO ET DIANAE SANCTAE RES PUBLICA NEMAUSESIUM NYMPHAEUM CUM COLUMNIS MARMOREIS SIGNIS CETERISQUE ORNAMENTIS SUIS EXSTRUCTUM MUNIFICENTIA IMPERATORIS CAESARIS DIVI FILI AUGUSTI CONSULIS X DESIGNATI XI ADDITIS PORTICU ET AEDE DEDICAVIT.

I may add here some other inscriptions found in these same gradens.

(1) NEMAUSO Q. CRASSUS SECUNDINUS QUAESTOR COLONIAE.
(2) C. ANDOLATIUS NEMAUSO VOTUM SOLVIT LIBENS MERITO.
(3) NEMAUSO SACRUM RENICCI FILIUS CAPITULUM DAT.
(4) PAETUS ET RENICCIUS VOTUM SOLVUNT.
(5) NYMPHIS AUGUSTIS SACRUM TERTIUS BAEBII FILIUS L. DECUMIUS DECUMANUS L. POMTINUS MARTIALIS L. ANNIUS ALLOBROX DE SUO.
(6) NYMPHIS AUGUSTIS SACRUM LICINIA SEVERINA V.S.L.M. [See No. (2)].
(7) NYMPHIS.
(8) LARIBUS AUGUSTIS MINERVAE V.S.L.M.
(9) VENERI AUGUSTAE.
(10) JOVI OPTIMO MAXIMO HELIOPOLITANO ET NEMAUSO . . . [*et cet*, v. *supra*, p. 192 *note*].
(11) JOVI ET NEMAUSO TITUS FLAVIUS HERMES EXACTOR OPERUM BASILICAE MARMORARII ET LAPIDARII VOTUM SOLVUNT.



THE TEMPLE OF NEMAUSUS NEAR THE ROMAN BATHS. (In the Jardin de la Fontaine at Nîmes.)

tecture dug out of the soil on the south side of the square Roman basin. Sufficient fragments were reunited to form a façade, which had originally eight columns, with a colonnade at an angle, and rich carvings. The square basin, south of the actual pool of the spring, is the "Nymphaeum" which Augustus first constructed in B.C. 24 (his tenth consulate), and which appears with its eighteenth-century urns and cherubs, in my illustration. Eight years afterwards (B.C. 16 and 15) he built the town walls, the finest remnant of which is the "Porte d'Auguste"; and the Nîmes medal, showing the palm-tree and the crocodile, was no doubt struck to commemorate a fortification which would be intimately connected with the veteran soldiers from Egypt who had been settled in the town. The "portico" was a splendid colonnaded entrance to the baths, and was added to the constructions of Augustus by the free township, or Commonwealth (Res Publica) of Nîmes, which also built the "temple" that is still standing. No doubt the portico connected this temple with the Nymphaeum. In A.D. 121 Hadrian restored all these buildings, and the inscription recording their foundation by Augustus, and by the city, is chiefly written in letters of Hadrian's date, for that Emperor was always careful (as Spartianus records) to preserve the ancient founders' names and inscriptions on all the many buildings he restored.

Ruined and dilapidated as is this little temple, it retains the charm that is due to the locality and the interest that is inseparable from anything unique; for in its way this fountain-temple is unique, though some have compared it with the "Nymphaeum" built by Augustus at the spring of Egeria, in a lonely field some three miles out of Rome; and others see in it considerable resemblances to that temple to the Heliopolitan Jupiter, built by Antoninus at Baalbec, which is suggested by the inscription on an altar to that deity found in the Nîmes fountain, and already referred to in these pages (pp. 270 and 192).

The façade was originally formed of three irregular arches, and there are traces indicating that the centre entrance once had a porch in front of it. The actual space now covered by the "cella" is fourteen metres eighty, by nine metres fifty-five; and of the two side galleries (two metres fifty broad), that to the right of the entrance alone remains, the whole of the south side having been irreparably damaged. The existing gallery provides an extremely interesting example of barrel-vaulting, the roof being arranged in three separate parts which permit the light to enter, but overlap each other sufficiently to keep out the rain, and accompany the rising steps, as it were, towards the window in the façade which originally lighted them. But the vaulting of the "cella" itself is an even more picturesque

example of the strength and skill of Roman masonry; for here you may see the naked ribs soaring upwards and across, apparently in defiance of every law of gravity and weight, without a trace of mortar to support them. This roof was evidently first built over with a series of twelve thick arches, or transverse ribs, and the space between them was then filled in with a plain wagon vault or flags of stone. This structure had undoubtedly a great influence on the first vaulted churches of Provence; and it is a very curious coincidence that it was also adopted in the construction of the early Christian churches of Syria, for in referring once again to the altar dedicated to Jupiter Heliopolitanus, and found on this spot, I find that the Tiberinus who set it up was a native of Berytus, which is close to Heliopolis in Syria. The construction of the early Christian churches in Syria has been carefully described by Count Melchior de Vogüé, and it is so extraordinarily like that of the early churches in Provence that, if this temple at Nîmes had not existed, we should be obliged to believe the method had been brought here from the East by the monks of the eleventh century, who visited Palestine while it was in the hands of the Crusaders.

This Roman temple is on the site of a far older shrine to the fountain-god, set up by the Celtic tribes. Close to the same site has been found an altar to Isis. The

twelve well-designed niches within the temple no doubt contained the statues of as many different divinities, and the especial care taken to protect this structure from damage either by settlement of the soil, or by floods, is very remarkable, resulting in elaborate substructures and drainage arrangements, which have provided antiquarian problems for centuries. The wall of the façade alone is no less than three metres thick. This is just as well; for the temple was altered by the Benedictine monks who owned it till it was used as a granary by a sixteenth-century farmer. Then it was almost destroyed by fire in 1576, and suffered even more by the wanton violence of the townspeople in the next year, who wished to prevent Marshal de Bellegarde holding it for the Catholics in the Religious Wars. In 1622 it was still further weakened by being pillaged for stonework for the fortifications of the town which passed not far off and included the Tour Magne (just above, on Mont Cavalier) in their circuit.

The Baths themselves are somewhat difficult to reconstruct beneath the Italian-Formal-Garden that now almost conceals them. The strange column now kept in the right-hand passage of the temple originally served as one of the supports of the velarium that shadowed the central block of masonry in the square bath; and beneath it the Roman ladies reclined in the sun

after they had bathed, or waited for their turn to "take the waters." The pattern of this column is worth notice, for an acanthus-leaf is carved upon its base, which must be almost a unique instance of such a position. It was but one among many of the adornments which originally made this place worthy alike of the fountain-god and of the Emperor; and, as may be seen from the inscriptions preserved in the Museum, it was the pride and pleasure of the inhabitants of Nîmes to contribute to its beauty with votive-offerings of carved capitals, of altars, of fine marbles, and of pillars. There were also statues of famous citizens placed round its borders, and the names of some of them have been preserved. Quintus Solonius Severinus, for example, had held high office, civil, religious and military, in Rome; he had been pontiff at Nîmes; and he was "patron" of the city of Fréjus, which sent his statue here for the decoration of the Baths. Lucius Sammius Aemilianus was another Roman knight, the prefect of an auxiliary cohort, and an office-holder in the province of Narbonne. His statue was placed here by a freedman who was at the head of that Dionysiac dramatic brotherhood in Nîmes which was so warmly supported by Hadrian. Caius Aemilius Postumus, a military tribune, was decreed the honour of a statue by the town. Quintus Cominius Aemilianus, headman of the city watch, was awarded a statue by the Gauls of Nîmes.

To Quintus Soillius Valerianus the three cities of Cavaillon, Avignon, and Fréjus had united in erecting a statue in these same gardens. To complete the rough idea of Roman luxury these various details will gradually permit you to imagine, it is only necessary to remember that on the east side of Mont Cavalier, within easy reach of the Baths, are the vestiges of a little theatre, and several of the inscriptions referring to its actors I have already quoted in connection with the theatre of Arles.

For the rest, no further merely problematical archaeology is necessary to enjoy the impression of cultured pleasure still conveyed by the "Jardin de la Fontaine," changed as it is in nearly every essential since its first foundation. The spring itself, with its semi-circular stone borders, is probably the least changed of all its features, and remains the most beautiful. The garden terraces are now arranged very much after the formal Italian manner common near Tivoli or Albano; and apart from the temple, little of the original Roman structures remains except some of the columns that stand in the water in the square basin beneath the eighteenth century balustrade. The urns and cupids do not spoil the effect. They are so obviously different, and the setting of the whole picture is on such a large and generous scale that a blended harmony of line and atmosphere is achieved with far greater suc-

cess than any written description of the place could ever suggest to the untravelled reader.

With the Roman Baths of Nîmes I have now completed the list of those larger monuments of Roman life and luxury which reveal so much of what Rome did for Provence in the four best centuries when her influence was paramount. In Italy itself the very multitude of ruins somewhat obscures the significance of each; but in the Rhone valley, each Roman relic has a value of its own. The Maison Carrée of Nîmes, the amphitheatre of Arles, the triumphal monuments of St. Remy, each have the value of an ordered, spacious setting; each, too, as it seems to me, is preserved in an atmosphere of more kindly antiquity, and more appropriate grace, than is the case with many similar examples in a modern Italian town. They are not surrounded by the bustle and the tramcars and the electric lights of modern Rome. They are not preserved within the living tombs of Herculaneum or of Pompeii. They seem to be the appropriate setting for the mild dignity and the unhasting commerce of a Provence that has never lost her memories of classic Greece and Rome.

Before I pass on to the Middle Ages, by way of St. Trophime at Arles, I propose to touch on a few of those smaller personal details of Roman life and Roman individual character which history must sometimes omit,

and art can only now and then suggest. From some of the smaller portrait statues, from a few inscriptions, from the wonderful tombs preserved at Arles, it will be possible to picture for ourselves a classical antiquity that is not wholly out of the pages of our school-books; that is a little more intimate in its revelations of a common humanity, a common joy, a common sorrow. Before we say good-bye to Rome, it will be well to realise what we shall have lost; that so, with a somewhat better grace, we may pronounce our "Ave atque Vale" above the ruins of her decline and fall.



EARLY CHRISTIAN TOMB AT ARLES [E].

PART II.—BENEATH THE SURFACE

". . . Edebant et bibebant; emebant et vendebant; plantabant et aedificabant . . . usque in diem qua veni diluvium et perdidit omnes . . ."

So much might be said about the Romans in Provence from the time of Augustus up to the invasions of the Barbarians, that I shall confine myself to selecting those typical suggestions which the traveller may confirm for

himself by studying what he can actually see upon the spot.[1]

The Nymphaeum and the Temple of Nemausus may well serve as the starting-place for our brief consideration of Roman life, inasmuch as his baths were one of the most important functions in a Roman's day. Many bathed twice; and the demands of luxurious effeminacy were occasionally responsible for as many as seven or eight baths in the twenty-four hours. The price of admission was low enough to enable every section of the population except the lowest of the slaves to enter, and there was a portico (filled with notices and advertisements) in which people waited their turn when the rooms were full. From here every one passed into a dressing-room which was also a cooling-room, in which arrangements were made for hanging up clothes, or placing them on shelves. Its walls were yellow, the ceiling panelled in white with red borders, the pavement of common white mosaic, and stone benches ran round the walls. Ground glass was used (as at Pompeii) for the window placed under the vault of the roof. The decorations usually represented some such subject as a pair of tritons carry-

[1] Part of what I have to say is sufficiently illustrated by the pictures reproduced in these pages. Other points may be studied from the original inscriptions, and a list of those which I have chosen will be found at the end of this chapter, numbered thus "(1)," for convenience of reference from the text.

ing vases and surrounded by a shoal of dolphins with cupids playing among them. Out of this apartment opened the door to the cold swimming-bath, shaped like a circle, with four alcoves framing it in a square, and a walk all round of about a yard wide, the whole in white marble, beneath a domed roof painted blue. The walls were yellow, with certain green branches painted on them, the alcoves being blue or red. Eight feet from the floor a decorated frieze of stucco-work ran round the walls, representing a chariot race.

The monument erected to the memory of Antistius (see No. (9) of the epitaphs) shows that there was a doctor at Nîmes, for he is described as "Medicus." His profession was one that was only honoured in Rome at comparatively a very late period, for the "chirurgi" and "iatraliptae" of Greece were at first looked upon with a distrust which rapidly ripened into aversion. Only by the reign of Tiberius did any division into special departments occur in this profession; but I have no doubt that the use of hot baths, and of perspiration generally, was one of the earliest remedies the doctors suggested with any certainty of credence owing to the immediate visibility of "results." Bathers therefore who, either by their doctor's advice or from natural indolence, preferred warmth, used a dressing-room with an open charcoal stove at the end of the room, and bronze seats all round. Here the



THE ROMAN BATHS AT NÎMES (In the Jardin de la Fontaine).

walls were crimson, and the cornice was supported by terra-cotta statues which separated the available space into recesses. Here the number of fragrant oils in which the Romans delighted were applied, from the oil of saffron (or "crocus") beloved by Elagabalus to the "nardinum," with which the hair was anointed before festive garlands were placed on it. The rich carried their own perfumes to the baths in precious boxes; the poor, who used meal of lupins instead of soap, were supplied with cheaper odoriferous powders. Opening from this was an apartment, like the hot room of the modern Turkish bath, and used for the same purpose; which was kept at the right temperature by a kind of universal flue which surrounded floor and ceiling and all four walls with a column of heated air from a central furnace. At one end was a large "labrum" or tazza, of basalt, granite, porphyry, or alabaster, with a lion's head in the centre, from which a spray of water rose to cool the bather before he moved into less heated apartments. There was also a large circular marble bath, full of hot water, so constructed as to contain eighteen or twenty bathers at once in a comfortable sitting posture round the edge. The only seats here were of wood, and everything in the apartment was naturally warm and dripping. There were windows in the domed roof which could be closed or opened at will. The floor rested on small pillars

throughout to ensure the proper distribution of heat, as described above, and the walls were hollow for the same reason.

It will easily be seen that great magnificence could be displayed in the ornamentation of these buildings; and very varied amusements were contained in the largest of them. A library, for instance, was considered fashionable from the days of Claudius onwards. Though at first the property of private speculators, the baths at Rome soon became as free to the people as the amphitheatre or the circus, and remained so, while the older, private institutions still survived beside them. There were separate baths for the ladies; though it is a well-known fact that a good deal of disorder was occasionally created in Italian cities by persons who objected even to this temporary separation; and on certain festivals, for instance the Kalends of April, the poorer classes first celebrated the cult of Fortuna Virilis, and then their richer sisters did honour to Venus Verticordia, by bathing with the men, a kind of solemn "lustration" involving the wearing of myrtle. Women were especially fond of the worship of Fortuna, whose dedication-day (now that of St. John the Baptist) was exactly at the summer solstice, and whose symbols were the wheel, the rudder, and the globe. On the eleventh day of that same month of June was the festival of Matralia, at which the goddess Mater Matuta was worshipped with sacred cakes cooked in

old-fashioned earthenware. She may well have been only another form of the Bona Dea, whose altar was described on p. 195, whose temple on the Aventine had been first dedicated on the 1st of May, and was ever afterwards cared for exclusively by women, as was the case with the Athenian Demeter Thesmophorus, another feminine personification of the earth-goddess, of the fructifying power which was shown also in the child-bearing of women. Her appropriate sacrifice was a pig, and this was offered by the women on the night of the 3rd of December, with rites which continued to be perfectly decorous until at least a century after the famous sacrilege of Clodius in 63 B.C.

With that sacrifice, as with the spring festival of the Parilia, the Vestal Virgins were associated at Rome. Their chief ritual consisted in the visitation of barefooted matrons on the 7th of June, praying for blessings on their households. While sacred cakes were offered plucked from the earliest corn, the bakers and millers all kept holiday, their mills were garlanded, their donkeys wreathed in flowers. In Provence we find also, as was only to be expected, that women were as closely connected with the public religion as they were in Italy. At Arles we have seen the altar of the priestess of the Bona Dea. At Nîmes one of the most conspicuous tombs in the courtyard of the museum is that of Licinia, a priestess of the Augustal rites, and of her husband beside her. She is represented,

not in her priestly dress, but as an honourable Roman matron, her hair dressed in rows of tight curls above the forehead, with a long plait hanging down to the breast on each side of the face. Her epitaph is: "D.M. Liciniae Lucii Filiae Flavillae Flaminicae Augustali." Above the two heads the sculptured dolphin at each corner refers only to the happy voyage of the beloved dead towards the Blessed Isles. They have no reference either to her own or to her husband's profession. The importance to which these priestesses of the Imperial divinities might rise, and the wealth they might possess in a career which did not depend at all upon their husbands, may be estimated from the inscription found on the podium of the amphitheatre at Vienne, which records of a lady who held the same office as Licinia that she gave gilt-bronze tiles for the roof, statues of Castor and Pollux on horseback, and of Hercules and Mercury, besides other ornaments at her own expense for the decoration of the building (Allmer. Inscr., Vienn., No. 191).

Licinia's husband, whose sturdy face is carved next to her own, was Tribune of the Sixth Legion, called the Victorious; one of the four chief magistrates of the town; and a pontiff—no small official record. He is represented in the cuirass, which shows his military rank, and on each side of the carving are the fasces, or ceremonial rods, terminating in laurel-leaves, which

typify his magisterial functions. It is interesting also to note that the man who reached these high honours in the township of Nîmes before the reign of Septimius Severus was undoubtedly of Gallic blood. His epitaph runs as follows: "D.M. Sex. Adgennii Macrini Tribuni Legionis VI. Victricis Quattuorviri Juredicundo Pontificis Praefecti Fabrum." Curiously enough the stone which probably commemorates the names of the children of Licinia and Adgennius is still to be found in what must have been its original position, and on it may be read the words: "Sextus Adgennius Solutus et Adgennia Licinilla Parentibus."



TOMB OF ADGENNIUS AND HIS WIFE LICINIA AT NÎMES.

From the little sketch of family affection and justifiable pride which these inscriptions give us, it is an easy transition to the various epitaphs, still preserved at Nîmes and elsewhere, which throw light on some of the ordinary avocations and proceedings of the Roman citizen. On two tombs are recorded the deaths of gardeners (numbered (1) and (2) in the list at the end of this chapter). The first, named Cornelius, had his

dibble and his favourite billhook carved above his epitaph; and on the tomb of Nundinus there also appears the wheel of the well that gave him water for his vegetable-beds in a thirsty land. Restricted to the flora of the country in which he happened to be living, deprived of all those far-fetched blooms which are the exotic glory of modern horticulture, the Roman citizen had to make the most of what he had; and he very naturally developed a style of formal gardening and clipped shrubbery which might well have anticipated the French eighteenth century on the one hand and the English box-borders on the other, and was very probably copied from Oriental examples. Among the trees and flowerbeds was a broad regular pathway, in which the owner took exercise in a litter; and in larger gardens the "hippodrome" for private horse-and-chariot racing was a distinctive feature, set apart by groves of laurel and box, of myrtle, and the rosemary, which grows much higher in Italy than with us. Among the flowers they loved were the rose and violet, the crocus, lily, and narcissus, the iris, hyacinth, and poppy, of which it was the bright red damask-rose that was most frequently employed for garlands. By the time of Martial something [1] which closely corre-

[1] "Hybernis objecta Notis specularia puros
Admittunt soles et sine faece diem . . .
Quid non ingenio voluit natura licere?
Auctumnum sterilis ferre jubetur hiems."

[These quotations are given by Becker.]

sponded to the modern greenhouse or conservatory had come into use for winter grapes and early melons as well as for lilies and roses,[1] which were not only forced in Rome, but also imported from Egypt in winter. Among their fruit were apples, pears, plums, cherries, quinces, peaches, pomegranates, figs, chestnuts, almonds, medlars, and mulberries, besides the grapes and olives, which were the most important of all; and we may be sure that in a town so near St. Remy as is Nîmes, a climate where flowers and vegetables grow luxuriantly in the mild sunshine, the gardeners whose epitaphs I have quoted had not much difficulty in supplying all their patrons' wants, when once the water question had been satisfactorily solved, as the Pont du Gard had solved it.

Vine-growing was a rather different matter. For a long time the monopoly of the wine-trade had formed the staple of Italian commerce with Mediterranean coast-towns, and it was only by slow degrees that the Romans encouraged those vineyards in Southern France which were in later centuries to produce the best wines in the world. It is known, for instance, that Domitian (in 81 A.D.) tore up the vineyards of Provence; but it is also known that Probus (in 276 A.D.) restored and encouraged the culture of the vine; Martial calls Vienne "vitifera"; and there was cer-

[1] "Dat festinatas, Caesar, tibi bruma coronas:
Quondam veris erat, nunc tua facta rosa est."

tainly much vine-growing near Nîmes before the Romans left it, for Quartina (see No. (3) in the epitaphs) set up a monument to her "excellent brother Vallo," and carved upon it the pruning-knife which may still be seen in every vineyard near the Southern Rhone. From Vallo's grapes, no doubt, was made the "ordinaire" served in the little wine-shop commemorated in another inscription (see No. (4) of the epitaphs), which was kept by an innkeeper with the sounding name of Lucius Trebonius Nicephorus Patillus, a bachelor apparently, whose tombstone was provided by his good friend Epaphroditus.[1] We are apt to forget that inns are not entirely the invention of the modern traveller. In the Roman Empire the hostelry, as opposed to the wineshop, was a necessary result of the "colonising" of various centres, of the movements of officials between their "homes" in Italy and their "situations" elsewhere, and of the commercial

[1] Mommsen quotes a dialogue from an ancient bas-relief which I will leave the antiquarian to translate, the price list being of great interest in its comparison between various items:—

Guest. A. Copo computemus.

Host. B. Habes vini sextarium unum: panem, assem unum: pulmentarium, asses duos.

A. Convenit.

B. Puellam, asses octo.

A. Et hoc convenit.

B. Foenum mulo, asses duos.

A. Iste mulus ad me factum dabit.

A bill of something over sixpence certainly deserves no more than the gentle irony of the last sentence. Its charges would certainly not appeal to the modern representative of Nicephorus at Nîmes.

activities engendered by the growth of luxury. Even in our own little Roman Silchester, our unknown ruins just ten miles south of Reading, there was a hotel within a few yards of the southern gate. The inn of Nicephorus was far from being the only one of its kind at Nîmes. It may have been a little wine-shop like that so well known in Pompeii, where the stone counter still shows the circular holes of various sizes cut to receive the "amphora" of good Falernian, of mellow Massic, of costly Caecuban, or of the thick, sweet wines of Greece. It was possibly just like one of the inns which Horace so wittily describes in his poem about the journey from Rome to Brindisi in the train of Maecenas. At Forum Appii the water was bad; another inn made his eyes smart with the smoke of the fires; several were obviously started by owners of villas on the road to sell off the wine grown on their own estates. As "Caupo" (the title on his epitaph), Nicephorus would technically be a retailer of food and wine, which was sold in his "caupona" or "taberna," but might be consumed elsewhere. People generally made use of inns to sleep in only in the country districts, which accounts for the universal contempt shown for innkeepers in Rome itself. At Nîmes these feelings were less prominent; and though the "social reunions" of the modern "public house" were there to be seen more frequently at the Baths than anywhere else, it is evident that Nicephorus had made his mark;

for his epitaph is the only one of the kind that has come down to us.

Besides pure wine, the Roman affected a drink called "mulsum," in which four-fifths was composed of "must" and the rest of honey. Hot spiced wine was well known in winter. Beer, or something very like it, was better known in Gaul and Germany than in Italy; and one customer of Nicephorus who may have asked for it was Saturninus the sheep-shearer (see No. (5) of the epitaphs), whose tombstone shows the blunt-ended shears and the rough comb of his trade. Some of the bronze drink-vessels and wine-coolers which have survived in our museums from the days when Nicephorus first filled them were no doubt made by that Sextus Spurius Piperclus (see No. (6) of the epitaphs), whose trade is clearly stated on the monument he set up before his death to himself and his good wife Secunda. Music there must have been in the inn too, occasionally upon feast days; and the instruments were made by Avidius Secundus, who had a shop at Nîmes and a wife called Festa (see No. (7) and (8) of the epitaphs). Some of these instruments, a seven-tubed Pan-pipes, and a kind of hand-organ, are carved at Arles upon the tomb of Julia Tyrrannia, a lady whose artistic culture was evidently only less than the sweetness of her natural disposition: "Quae moribus pariter et disciplina ceteris feminis exemplo fuit." Though couches were usual at feasts

at home, chairs were also in common use for visitors; and one can imagine that some of those made for the audience at Nicephorus's concerts came from the shop of Julius Albus, the chairmaker (see No. (10) of epitaphs), to whom his widow Euplia set up a monument. For women the more comfortable "cathedra," with a broad and sloping back, was used; the men's "sella" had straight back and sides, with elegantly carved legs and small footboards attached. Many in the Pompeii paintings are strikingly like modern articles of furniture. They were generally of wood, sometimes veneered or inlaid with ivory[1]

Garlands were an equally necessary adjunct in the Roman's "happy day"; and a particularly seductive inscription (see No. (11) among the epitaphs) preserves the charming sentence on a signboard, announcing that here dwelt a merchant who sold "Garlands for Lovers only"! Romance flies out to us at once from these letters that so many Roman lovers read; and I should like to think that among this crafty shopkeeper's customers was a certian "viveur" from Vienne, whose epitaph still secures those good wishes for his jovial soul which his delightful personality had drawn so readily from all his friends in life. "Marcus Magius

[1] At Arles, as elsewhere in every part of the Empire, there was a regular guild of carpenters and builders, as is shown by the following inscription:—

"Tit. Fl. Tito. Corp. Fabror. Tignarior. Corp.
Arel. Tit. Fl. Inventus Patrono Pient."

Sotericus"—it does not sound a jaunty name at first (see No. (12) of the epitaphs), but listen:—"a lover of his friends who was nicknamed 'the Cheerful.'" Cannot you see him rolling through the streets of Nîmes, on a holiday; his eye, alert for every pretty face, caught by that subtle sign-board; leaning across the counter and chaffering with the lady behind it for the most fashionable garland in her stock? His conquests must have often given a toast to happy revellers in that amorous valley of the Rhone. His epitaph he wrote himself, asking that happy shouts of greeting might fellow him even beyond the tomb—"ut esset memoriae bonum iter vocibus 'Feliciter.'" [1] Not only in the days of garlands did Sotericus, we may be sure, enjoy himself. Every 17th of December, after the public sacrifice at the altars of Saturn, the citizens of Nîmes, of Arles, or of Vienne sat down to feast together, shouting "Io Saturnalia!" as they dispersed. Early the next morning every one met again at the baths, and each man on his return home made the family sacrifice of a sucking-pig. There followed visits to every friend in town, congratulations, games, and such light gifts as wax candles or small earthenware images. Here and there the slaves were sitting in their masters' couches, and the masters gaily ran about with jars of wine and pasties; for the goodwill of the holiday had levelled every rank.

[1] Others read "reducibus" instead of "vocibus."

Of ladies, just as ready for a revel, there was no lack. Some of their names still sound delightful even on a tombstone—"Attiolae Dulcissimae" . . . "Lucilla lucet Secundilla salve" . . . "Mariae Nemausinae Maria Marituma Liberta." Who was this freedwoman whose name was "Mary of the Sea"? It is the strangest classical foreshadowing of later Christian nomenclature, and all the stranger that it hides an actual death. (See Nos. (17), (16), (15) of the epitaphs.)

There is one very curious inscription of this epoch, written in a pair of verses, of which the hexameter scans (to our ears) as badly as the pentameter (see No. (13) of the list), and they give us the last words of one Aetherius upon his deathbed: "Let earth, our common mother, hold the body which she gave." This is from Ste. Colombe. The epitaph of the young boatman of Marseilles, which I have quoted in No. (21) of the list at the end of this chapter, reveals yet another system of philosophy of great interest. It runs as follows: "Traveller, stay thy steps beside this tomb. A young man calls you, one dear to the God, and having now laid aside mortality, unmarried, and of the age of those divinities of Amyclae who watch over sailors. A sailor myself, I delighted in the waves of the sea. But in this tomb, which my devoted parents gave me, I am delivered from all disease and toil and sorrow and labour; for these evils during life the flesh endures without respite. The dead, on the other hand, are

divided into two bands, of which one is borne hither and thither on the earth, while the other joins the dance of the celestial bodies; and of this army am I one with the God as my leader." [1] Vienne provides again a cheerier outlook (see No. 14): "Here Mercasto rests in peace, who flourished during sixty years, and led a happy life through all of them." No hesitation here; an unabashed Epicurean to the last. Vienne, if all these indications may be believed, must have been a gay little town in its best days. That jovial poet, Martial, was naturally full of sympathy with the place,[2] and boasted of the popularity of his rhymes in it; and this very fashion in "pretty Vienne" throws a very characteristic light upon the town of Sotericus. Curiously enough, the inscriptions of Lyons reveal quite a different state of things. The chastity of the home, the sanctity of the marriage-tie, are their almost invariable note. At Arles and Nîmes it was the same. Vienne was evidently the Capua of the Rhone. One of the few Roman paintings surviving in Provence is to be seen there, a fresco in water-colours on thick plaster, arranged in rectangular panels of bright green, framed in red. On a back-ground of brilliant black

[1] The letters L. P. S. at the end of the inscription probably mean "Libertis Posterisque Suis." The "divinities of Amyclae" are the Dioscuri, the twin brethren, sons of Leda, and friends of seamen.

[2] "Fertur habere meos, si vera est fama, libellos
Inter delicias pulchra Vienna suas."

are drawn arabesques, garlands and birds, vine leaves growing russet in the autumn sun, with golden yet transparent grapes in clusters, and branches of cherry laden with sparkling red fruit. Above the foliage and the twisted patterns rise two figures, one a bacchanal, the other the goddess Fortune on a globe.

In Nîmes, though there are no pictures left, there are some good mosaics. The largest is a rectangle of some fifty metres square, representing the marriage of Admetus, who drives up to the palace of his future father-in-law in a chariot drawn by a wild boar and a lion, followed by two soldiers, and received by Peleus and Alcestis. Elsewhere in the composition a very clever geometrical arrangement of various figures fills up the ground, with winged cupids, dolphins, and fish playing amongst them. Perhaps the best workmanship is that of the Acanthus, which is particularly well modelled and coloured, the foliage being filled with animals of every kind: dogs, hares, leopards, lions, tigers, antelopes, partridges, frogs, serpents, snails, and others. Not so large in size, but finer in execution, is the Nîmes mosaic, representing the sleep of Endymion, who slumbers naked on Mount Latmos, pillowed on his cloak, his right arm above his head, his left arm near his body, still holding his shepherd's crook, while his Spartan sheep-dog watches by his side. The goddess is not seen, but it is to her, no doubt, that the

little winged Cupid beckons; and when we have passed on, she will approach. The border of lotus-flowers is richly worked in very small marble cubes, which have enabled the artist to express himself far more subtly than is usual in this material. There are other examples of mosaic at Aix, especially a figure of Orpheus with his lyre charming the animals, but none are as good as the mosaics of Nîmes.

Houses with such treasures within their walls might well, it may be thought, have looked beautiful from the streets. But those familiar with the streets of Pompeii will know better, for those ancient thoroughfares are lined with blank walls wherever a temple or a great public building does not interrupt and beautify them. This was because in nearly every case the living-rooms were turned towards the central courtyard, and the level surface of the outside walls was only broken by small shops, which were crowded into any suitable recess, and sometimes seemed to go right back into the house behind, though in that case the shop-room was entirely shut off from the rest of the building.

It will perhaps scarcely be believed that we have in England itself many of those traces of Roman life which have enabled me to reconstruct so much of it from what is left in Nîmes and Arles. But an Englishman will always prefer to visit Provence or Italy,

even if he can see much of what they hold in his own country; so it is from no fear of comparisons that I recall the Roman town of Silchester, with its baths, its forum, its temples, its amphitheatre, its walls; or the Roman walls and amphitheatre of Dorchester; or the Roman epitaphs and the magnificent fortifications on the north and east of Chester, which was once a sea-port with sailing-ships upon the watery expanse of what is now the racecourse on the Roodee. Now it is only the highest point touched by the sea-tides up the Dee, and its harbours are as desolate of maritime adventure as that sea-gate of Pompeii, which was once at the water's edge, and now is on the road from Naples, separated from the Mediterranean by the whole width of the railway to Salerno and the expanse of cotton fields. Then, too, from Newcastle to Carlisle we can still see the traces of that mighty wall which Hadrian first founded, after he had restored so much in Nîmes, to keep out the northern raiders. But at Bath we have an even closer parallel. There is the old shrine to the native fountain god, Sul, as the shrine was first built to Nemausus. Above it, as above the Provençal altar, rose a Roman temple; here, to Minerva. Some fourteen feet below the modern level is a Roman bath, eighty feet long by forty feet across, larger than that in Pompeii, larger than I have suggested even for Nîmes; and in it bathed the soldiers from the legions of the

Rhine who caught the rheumatism in our British climate. Here, too, is a separate round bath for ladies, and, strangest parallel of all, the ruins of a Corinthian façade, forty feet high, just like that portico which the township of Nîmes added to the Nymphaeum of Augustus. The Rhone valley was far enough, in those days, from Rome. But Britain was infinitely further. Yet in each, we find the Roman living as he loved to live. In each we find the original inhabitants deliberately choosing to copy his way of life, his ways of worshipping, his very language.

It may be suspected that the old Roman, who at first knew no glorious gods in human shape such as the Greek divinities, tried to make up for his vagueness as to their individuality by a remarkable formality in ritual, which for long remained the chief characteristic of his religion. Augustus recognised this when he tried to bring back the flavour of the pristine days of virtue by reviving the old minutiae of worship, by extending them to the cult of the Emperors, by restoring (as he tells us himself) no less than eighty-two of the old temples by his own orders, and by carefully emphasising the connection between their worship and the general prosperity of family life both in town and country. His most delightful poet is careful to echo a view at once so statesmanlike and so sure of popularity:—

"Jam Fides et Pax et Honos Pudorque
Priscus et neglecta redire Virtus
Audet, apparetque beata pleno
Copia cornu." (*Carm. Sec.* 57.)

Or, again, Horace points out the results of this return to simple faiths:—

"Tutus bos etenim rura perambulat,
Nutrit rura Ceres almaque Faustitas,
Pacatum volitant per mare navitae,
Culpari metuit Fides." (*Carm.* IV. v. 17.)

I have reproduced in these pages a little statuette of a priestess of Ceres, found at Bouillargues, and now preserved in the Maison Carrée. It is not of the best period, and from the arrangement of the hair it may be argued that it was carved in the reign of Domitian, as may be seen from the bust of his wife, which is No. 1892 in the British Museum. It is roughly carved, and in bad proportion here and there. But the sway of the body is well rendered, and it is a valuable and interesting relic of a decadent age which has left few works of



PRIESTESS OF CERES FROM BOUILLARGUES. (Now in Maison Carrée at Nîmes.)

art, and of a small Roman village which could never have boasted skilled artificers. The festival of Ceres was on the 19th of April, when her temple was first founded at the foot of the Aventine, and from its very beginning was closely associated with the common people; for the famine from which they were then suffering was only relieved next year by importations of corn from Etruria, Cumae, and Sicily. That association lasted while the worship of Ceres survived, and as the goddess of the fertility of the earth she was worshipped by its labourers:—

> "Fertilis frugum pecorisque Tellus
> Spicea donet Cererem corona."
> (*Carm. Sec.* 29.)

In the spring her favour was invoked upon the sowing; in the autumn both she and Tellus were prayed to bring the crops to their maturity at the "Feriae Sementivae" or "Paganalia." There were offerings of cake and a sacrifice of a pregnant sow, and the oxen which were to serve in ploughing were decorated with garlands.

It there was one person to whom a cry of gratitude must have gone up from all Provence for the peace that had given beauty to her cities and plenty to her lands, it was Augustus, whose bust is in the Museum at Arles. His personality is worth looking at a little more closely. It is described in careful detail by Suetonius, and I can

do no better than quote Philemon Holland's version as it was published in 1606, for there is a flavour of intimate antiquity in his Elizabethan periods that our modern speech has either vulgarised or lost. Augustus, then, "was of an excellent presence and personage and the same throughout all the degrees of his age most lovely and amiable; negligent though hee were in all manner of pickednesse, for combing and trimming of his head so carelesse as that he would use at once many Barbers, such as came next hand, it skilled not whom; and one while hee clipped; another while hee shaved his beard; and yet at the very time he either read or else wrote somewhat. His visage and countenance, whether he spake or held his peace, was so mild, so pleasant and lightsome, that one of the Nobles and Potentates of Gaule confessed unto his countrymen he was thereby onely staied and reclaimed. . . . Hee had a paire of cleere



BUST OF AUGUSTUS AT ARLES.

and shining eyes. . . . But in his old age he saw not very well with the left eye, his teeth grewe thinne in his head, and the same were small and ragged; the haire of his head was somewhat curled and turning downeward; and withall of a light yellow colour. His eyebrowes met together: his eares were of a meane bignesse: his nose both in the upper part (toward his forehead) bearing out round, and also beneath somewhat of the longest. Of colour and complexion hee was betweene a browne and a faire white. . . . Hee was five foote and nine inches high. . . . In his left hucklebone, thigh and legge hee was not very sound, insomuch as many times for griefe thereof he halted on that side: but by a remedie that he had of Sand and Reedes he found ease and went upright againe. Also, the forefinger of his right hand hee perceived otherwhiles to be so weake that being benummed and shrunke by a crampe upon some colde, he could hardly set it to any writing, with the help of an hoope and fingerstall of horne. . . . In winter time clad he went against the colde with foure coates, together with a good thicke gowne, and his Wastcoate or Peticoate bodie of woollen, well lapped also about the thighes and legges. During sommer he lay with his bed-chamber dores open, and oftentimes within a cloisture supported with pillers, having water walming out of a spring, or running from a spout conduit. . . . Even at home hee never walked up and down

in the aire without a broad brimd Hat (or Bond-grace) upon his head. He travailed in a licter, and never lightly but in the night."

Yet the man whose bodily infirmities were thus apparent probably knew the truth about the inhabitants of a greater extent of Empire than was ever under one control until our own Victoria ruled her seven seas. He was, as we know, for some time, and on several occasions, in Provence; and at Arles is preserved a touching memory of one of those tragedies from which not even the lives of emperors are free.



MARCELLUS.

(From a drawing by Jane E. Cook of the bust at Arles.)

In the museum opposite St. Trophime is a bust of Marcellus,[1] son of Octavia, the sister of Augustus, whose daughter, Julia, the young prince married in B.C. 25, when he was eighteen, and when Horace wrote of him:—

[1] Compare this head with the statue of Marcellus in the Candelabra gallery of the Vatican, and see Bernoulli (*op. cit.*) p. 124.

"Crescit occulto velut arbor aevo
Fama Marcelli: micat inter omnes
Julium sidus velut inter ignes
Luna minores."

Within two years he died. "Shortlived and unfortunate were those to whom the Roman people gave their love." His brilliant promise, and his early death seem to have touched every poet even in that age when sudden death had grown so common. They inspired one of the most beautiful passages in Virgil which closes with the famous lines:—

"Heu miserande puer! si qua fata aspera rumpas
Tu Marcellus eris. Manibus date lilia plenis:
Purpureos spargam flores. . . ."

The pathos of those mournful cadences shows still in the boyish face at Arles; a face, I can but think, which Augustus himself may have brought there, as a proud reminder of the prince whose power should follow his. Mutilated as it is, uneven as its workmanship may be, this bust is to me more touching in expression than many a more ostentatious statue that was meant to typify both splendour and catastrophe; for here the boy who has hardly yet realised the one seems already impressed with the impending sorrow of the other.

"Egregium forma juvenem et fulgentibus armis
Sed frons laeta parum et dejecto lumina vultu."

Very different are the memories aroused by three other portrait-busts, which are here reproduced for the first time from the little collection in the Maison Carrée.

They represent the Emperor Caracalla in his youth; the woman who was most intimately associated with the horrors of his subsequent career, his mother, Julia Domna, and her niece Julia Mamaea.[1] The brutalised and heavy features of Plantilla are to be found there also, but they are better known.

About the year 186 A.D., Septimius Severus had lost

[1] A careful comparison of the three busts I have reproduced here with others in the British Museum, and with coins, and with the volume of Bernoulli dealing with the reigns from Pertinax to Theodosius, has convinced me that the attributions here given are correct. The way this face of the young Caracalla changed as he grew older may be studied in Bust No. 1917 in the British Museum. In the coin department there is also a charming "aureus," showing his youthful face with that of Geta, and another with Caracalla alone, showing just the type of this bust at Nîmes. The very characteristic face and headdress of his mother, Julia Domna, are also unmistakable. See Bernoulli (*op. cit.*), p. 40, No. 14, and plate xvi, which shows the deep-set eye so conspicuous in the Nîmes carving. The only doubt I had was concerning Julia Mamaea, whose face in the Vatican (illustrated in Bernoulli's plate xxxii) has a decidedly aquiline nose, and strong, proud features, more like what we should expect in one who virtually ruled the Roman world. The only likeness to this head at Nîmes is in the thin underlip and the upward turn of the corners of the mouth. The "aureus" of Julia Mamaea also seems to show a more aquiline nose; and, when I had examined bust 1905 in the British Museum, I almost concluded that the bust at Nîmes represented the wife of Marcus Aurelius. But I am now convinced that this is indeed Julia Mamaea in her youth before her marriage, before power and responsibility had hardened her features; and in this I have the valuable support of Bernoulli, who says (*op. cit.*, p. 110, No. 15) of Julia Mamaea's portraits: "Kopf im Nîmes, mit hohem Untergesicht, *doch vielleicht richtig benannt.*" The Caracalla was found at Nîmes, the Julia Domna at Pont du Gard, and the Julia Mamaea at Ste. Colombe. The bust of Julia Mamaea in the British Museum is labelled No. 1920, as "the mother of Alexander Severus, died 235." It is later than the one at Nîmes, which was probably sent there by her aunt.

his first wife, while he was acting-governor of Provence. An African by birth, Severus successfully concealed his real and daring ambition during his gradual ascent of honours until he was in command of the Pannonian army. When the news reached him that the Praetorians had foully murdered Pertinax and then sold the throne to a vain old senator, the wealthy Didius Julianus, he felt that the discontent of Rome would justly be diffused throughout the frontiers of the Empire. Unfortunately two other generals were also filled with equally righteous, and perhaps equally selfish, indignation. From Britain, from Syria, and from Pannonia, the legions of Clodius Albinus, of Pescennius Niger, and of Septimius Severus hurried to punish the assassins in the capital; but Severus was in the most advantageous situation, his province extended to the Julian Alps, and he was but fourteen days' march at most from Rome. His army, stimulated alike by honest vengeance and by strictly business principles, hastened to salute him as the Emperor, and surrounded his person with a picked bodyguard of six hundred men throughout the march, which ended almost bloodlessly; for its only victims were the actual assassins, whom the other Praetorians cheerfully betrayed, and the wretched Julian, who was beheaded in the baths of his palace. The other competing generals were crushed one after another, and Byzantium alone held

out a three years' siege in loyalty to Niger. Peace and a measure of prosperity were by degrees restored to the distracted provinces. It was time for the Emperor to choose a second wife.

Addicted, as was every African, to magic and divination, Severus picked out a young lady of Emesa, in Syria, whose first recommendation was her "royal nativity"; but Julia Domna, throughout her long life, proved that she was well worthy of all the stars could promise her, and there are indubitable traces of the beauty of her youth in the bust that represents her in maturer years at Nîmes. The combination of a lively imagination, a firm mind, and a strong judgment had seldom been visible in a woman who united to it so many amiable qualities; or whose love of letters, philosophy, and art was only equalled by her disregard of those conventions which are usually supposed



BUST OF JULIA DOMNA.

(From the Pont du Gard, now in Maison Carrée at Nîmes.)

to bind even the most exalted of her sex. She was the mother of Caracalla and of Geta; and if her prudence was the sole support of her son's authority, her moderation was also the unique correction which his wild extravagance received. The constant quarrels of the young princes had early divided the court into two factions, which were as sharply hostile as those of the circus or the theatre; nor was the situation improved when their anxious father bestowed on each the titles of Antoninus and Augustus.

Hearing in 208 A.D. that Britain had been invaded by the Barbarians of the north, Severus welcomed the opportunity, though he was a gouty old man of over sixty, to take his two sons with him on a punitive expedition beyond the Wall of Hadrian, which only subdued the stern and wild Caledonians while the obstinate legions were still actually fighting on their territory. In 211 A.D. the Emperor Severus died at York, and his veterans immediately hailed both his sons with the august title of emperor. The brothers retired, with every sign of mutual suspicion, to the capital, where the vast estates of the Imperial Palace were scarcely large enough to separate the sinister ambitions of a mutual hostility. Only in the presence of their mother, Julia Domna, were they ever seen together; and by her passionate intervention alone was prevented the formal separation of an empire whose wide extent had

hitherto remained inviolate. Caracalla at once prepared a swifter solution of the problem. While Julia Domna was striving to reconcile her sons, his centurions rushed in and despatched the wretched Geta in his mother's arms, and she herself was wounded in her unavailing efforts to protect her first-born from assassination. An enormous donative rapidly placated the uneasy soldiers, but nothing availed to give the imperial murderer forgetfulness. Even his weeping mother he compelled by threats of instant death to welcome him with simulated smiles of approbation. Some twenty thousand others, less able to protect themselves, he condemned to death on the sole plea that they reminded him of Geta. Papinian, the Praetorian Prefect whose memory is immortalised in the annals of Roman jurisprudence, suffered the usual fate of an honourable refusal to condone his master's crimes. That little carving in the Maison Carrée represents the youth of one who became, in Gibbon's just and striking



BUST OF THE YOUNG CARACALLA.
(In Maison Carrée at Nîmes.)

phrase, "the common enemy of mankind." If it be difficult to trace the future we now know in the lineaments that do not yet bear the stamp of senseless and universal villainy, it is at least possible to look with a new understanding at the firm lips, the deep-set eye, the strongly-marked and characteristic profile of the unhappy mother of that prodigy of vice. The end of Caracalla came in another assassination as he was on a pilgrimage from Edessa to the Temple of the Moon at Carrhae. It is a strange coincidence that to this precociously cruel and iniquitous despot was owing the important edict which conferred the name and privileges of a Roman citizen upon every free inhabitant of the Empire; and this apparent liberality would be entirely unintelligible were it not the direct result of his desire to increase by a more widespread taxation those funds which he so rapidly exhausted in gratifying the dictates of an insatiate extravagance. The Provincials soon found that any distinction which had formerly attached to their new title was rapidly obscured in the burdens of a complicated and intolerable tribute.

The dangerous honours of the imperial throne passed to Macrinus in 217 A.D., who at once attempted to strengthen his position by bestowing the highest titles on his ten-year-old son Diadumenianus; and amidst the growing tumult of the disorderly army in Syria Julia Domna saw herself obliged to descend from the

position of Empress-Mother to that of subject; and her proud spirit found release in voluntary death.

Her sister, Julia Maesa, meanwhile retired to Antioch with an immense fortune, and with two daughters, Soaemias and Mamaea, each a widow, and each with an only son. To her grandson, Bassianus, she soon managed, by intrigues and bribes, to transfer the affections of the soldiery. Macrinus and his son were conquered and destroyed. In twenty days the East was hailing the advent of a new Emperor, of Asiatic blood; and the Senate of Rome was reading soon afterwards the astonishing tidings of Macrinus's fall. It was not long before Elagabalus, as the new Emperor called himself from the sun god of Emesa, was celebrating extravagant and impious rites within the walls of Rome and defiling the Eternal City with every circumstance of unrestrained debauchery and licence. Julia Maesa had no sooner foreseen his downfall than she had provided a successor in his cousin Alexander, the son of her other daughter, Julia Mamaea, the princess whose singularly frank and pleasing girlish countenance is preserved in the last bust I reproduce from the collection in the Maison Carrée. On the 10th of March A.D. 222, the Praetorians assassinated Elagabalus, his mother, and his favourites, and raised Alexander Severus to the throne under the guidance of his mother, Julia Mamaea, who virtually ruled the Empire, without attempting to secure those outward mani-

festations of majesty which had ruined her sister Soaemias, and which were invariably repellent (in a woman) to the majority of the Roman state. She preferred the substance to the pageantry of power; but she would brook no interference between herself and her son, and his wife she banished with ignominy to Africa. By means of a special council of sixteen senators, headed by the wise and celebrated Ulpian, she strove to fashion the growing strength of the young Emperor for good. The story of his education and his life is the best testimony to the real worth of Julia Mamaea. Her fame would have remained unsullied but for the pardonable weakness which led her to demand from her son's riper years that minute obedience which had so much assisted his inexperienced youth. The imputation of effeminacy could never be eradicated, and all the devotion of his mother did not save her son the Emperor Alexander from assassination by



BUST OF JULIA MAMAEA IN YOUTH.[1]
(From Ste. Colombe,
now in Maison Carrée at Nîmes.)

[1] These busts were photographed for me by R. Royer of Nîmes.

the partisans of the rough Thracian soldier, Maximin. She perished with him, and would no doubt voluntarily have given up a life which had then lost its dearest object.[1]

Far off as were these tragedies from the valley of the Rhone, the certainty that Nîmes was not unaffected by them is preserved by the presence of these busts among the ruins of her Roman past. With good reason a modern monument recalls the benefactions Nîmes received in earlier years from Antoninus Pius. The public works of Augustus, and of Hadrian on the same spot, have been already mentioned. There is no doubt that for a long time after the confirmation of Augustus in his power the vices of his successors fell upon the capital alone, and it was the blessings of their ordered rule that were enjoyed by Provence. Even the bloodshed and disorder that followed the death of Marcus Aurelius did not prevent the prosperity of Arles from continuing for another sixty years. But it is significant that the magnificent gladiatorial shows pro-

[1] There is an inscription preserved at Aix, concerning Julia Mamaea, part of which I give here because it is curious to find both these lines and the bust in Provence. This inscription was first brought from St. Cannat to King René's chapel in Aix, and was brought by St. Vincens in 1798. Kaibel thinks it must have originally come from Ostia, or rather Porto. It begins as follows: *ὑπερ σωτήρίας Μάρκου Αὐρηλίου Ἀλεξάνδρου Εὐτυχοῦς Εὐσεβοῦς Σεβαστοῦ καὶ Ἰουλίας Μαμαίας Σεβαστῆς μητρὸς Σεβαστοῦ Διὶ Ἡλίῳ μεγάλῳ Σεράπιδι καὶ τοῖς συννάοις θεοῖς* M. *Αὐρήλιος Ἥρων νεωκόρος τοῦ ἐν Πόρτῳ Σεράπιδος ἐπὶ Δαργινίῳ βειταλίωνι . . . . κ. τ. λ.* The original is in Uncial letters divided into very short lines.

vided in her amphitheatre by the Emperor Gallus in the October of 254 A.D. were given to celebrate a successful treaty of peace with the Goths, whose leader, Crocus, eventually pillaged the city and destroyed many of its monuments only six years afterwards. It was entirely due to the favour of Constantine that she ever recovered. The greatness of her Roman existence rose, indeed, to its highest point under the reign of that enlightened Emperor, whose palace is still represented on the banks of the Rhone by the ruined tower called La Trouille. From his time began a more intimate connection between Provence and the Emperors than had ever been before, a connection which was no doubt the beginning of that lasting prestige which made the city of 879 the capital of an independent kingdom. Valerius Paulinus, the imperial "Procurator" of Provence, had assured the loyalty of Gaul to Vespasian. The Emperors Carus, Carinus, and Numerian were all natives of Narbonne. But the Emperor Constantine, at the beginning of our fourth century, made Arles his chosen seat of power, and was confirmed in his affection by the birth there of his eldest born, the son of the Empress Fausta.

By the munificence of Constantine, the public and the imperial buildings of Arles rose to a greater splendour than had ever been seen before; and with him the Christian religion had become the religion of the throne. Even when the Emperor himself left it, the city was

made the seat of the Praefecture of Gaul, including Spain, Britain, and a part of Germany within its jurisdiction, and it was often visited by his successors. Already the first great council of the Church had been summoned by Constantine, and attended by the Bishops of York, Trèves, Milan, and Carthage, and many more, under the primacy of the Bishop of Arles. By Saturninus, another Bishop of Arles, the Arian heresies favoured by the Emperor Constantine were supported in a second Council. By Honorius in 418, Arles was picked out as the meeting-place of the seven provinces of Gaul; and there, too, in 455, Avitus was proclaimed Emperor in the Alyscamps, while Theodoric and his Goths looked on. The Court of Majorian, established in 458 in the palace of Constantine (which was carefully described by Sidonius), was the last flicker of independent Roman power. Arles was captured, after an eight months' siege, by the King of the Visigoths in 468. Rome in Provence had died. We have only to look at a few of the tombs of Roman dead in Arles before we pass on to other centuries, and other forms of civilisation. Nearly all which I shall here describe are to be seen in the museum opposite St. Trophime.

A mighty hunter was evidently buried in the sarcophagus, which is carved with details of the chase. (See [A], page 145). In the left-hand corner a wild boar, standing at bay, is despatched by a spearman.

In the middle a pair of stags are endeavouring to escape. Out of the meshes of a net in the right-hand corner a hare slips away to safety, and above rides a huntsman in a Gallic hood. The workmanship is vigorous, though rude, and may well have been executed for one of those Gallic nobles whose country life in the vicinity of Nîmes Sidonius described in the fifth century. In the morning they played tennis in the "sphaeristerium," while the idle visitors read profane Latin authors in the library, leaving religious volumes to the ladies. They sat down twice in the day to a table spread with hot meat (boiled or roast) and wine. They hunted or rode on horseback at their pleasure, and used the hot baths on their return before the dinner-hour. Whoever the dead man may have been for whom this tomb was made he was certainly not a Christian, but this does not alone prove to me that the tomb itself is prior to the reign of Constantine. A far finer "hunting tomb" than this represents the slaying of the Boar of Calydon by Meleager, and was given by the town to Alphonse du Plessis Richelieu in 1640. It is now in the Museum at Autun.

A magnificent example of the work of the best classical epoch is the tomb of Cornelia Lacaena, which she set up in her lifetime to be cared for by her heirs. Finely carved rams' heads adorn each corner, and are also placed at each end of the heavy garlands of fruit



TOMB OF CORNELIA LACAENA AT ARLES.

that fill the space on each side of the tablet. It is a well-proportioned and well-executed piece of sculpture; and its reticence is typical of the Roman ideas of what was appropriate to a funereal monument. Another epitaph, numbered (18) in my list, shows that in early centuries a Roman husband and wife could record their sorrow for the death of a promising son of seventeen in language as touching and as dignified as that (No. 20) in which Donatus of Cologne deplores the loss of a baby of three years old at Nîmes; and in this Museum at Arles exists the most outspoken expression of sorrow I have ever seen on a pre-Christian tomb. It is inscribed over the body of Julia Lucina (No. (19)), the beloved daughter of Parthenope. The grief felt for a loss of the opposite nature is well expressed in the Greek epitaph quoted in No. (22) of the list given (p. 329) in the Appendix, and taken from the tomb set up by his young son at Marseilles, to a father untimely dead. "This is the tomb of Glaucias, which was set up by the filial love of his young son, who showed, small as he was, this reverence towards his father. Ah! unhappy father! Thou didst not live long enough really to see thy child, who should have grown up to give thee sustenance instead of building thee a tomb. But envious Fortune was all too hard upon thee, dealing out tears to thine aged mother, widowhood to thy wife, together with orphanhood for thy unhappy son."

A most striking difference, both in treatment and in subject, is to be found in the early Christian monuments which form the most interesting part of this unparalleled collection of Roman sarcophagi. The pagans approached death cheerfully. They carved upon the dead man's tomb an agreeable recollection of the happiest scenes of life: the vine-gatherings, the olive-plantings, the hunting excursions that had filled his days; or they gave a frank and free expression of the best art they considered appropriate to his memory. The grace of these conceptions vanishes in early Christian work. It is replaced by saints and mourners, whose expression reveals an intensity of conviction that makes you forget their enormous hands, their unwieldy heads, their disproportionate limbs and bodies. Where the Roman took his happiness from the past, the early Christian fervently looked forward to the future that was the integral factor of his passionately-trusted creed. One of the largest of these Christian tombs was made to hold two bodies, that of the husband and wife who are shown in the plain round medallion in the centre, dividing the two lines of horizontal sculpture which cover the front of the sarcophagus. (See [B.], p. 160.) In the upper division on the left are shown the stoning of St. Stephen and the sacrifice of Abraham. On the other side Moses (nearest the circle) receives the tablets of the Law from God; Susanna, standing between two

trees, is watched by two old men; and in the right-hand corner Pontius Pilate washes his hands. Beneath him, on the lower line, are seen the Israelites escaping after the passage of the Red Sea, which is shown engulphing Pharaoh's horses under the central medallion. On the left are carved Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego; and Daniel in the Den of Lions.

Scarcely less full of Scriptural allusion is the tomb on which the central medallion, holding the portraits of husband and wife, takes the form of a shell. (See [c.], p. 184.) Again there are two lines of carving. In the upper one, beginning on the left, is God receiving the sacrifices of Cain and Abel. This is followed by the seizure of Christ in the Garden, the Jews being given the form of headdress common to their sect in the fourth century. Further on is shown the healing of blind Bartimaeus, and the reception of the tablets of the Law by Moses. These subjects are closely crowded together with as little regard for space as for chronology. On the other side of the shell is again the sacrifice of Abraham, followed by the miracle of the loaves and fishes. The left-hand corner of the lower line is another representation of Susanna in the Garden, spied upon by only one old man. The miracle of the water which became wine is interposed between her and the story of Jonah, whose boat is represented beneath the shell, while on the left side the whale devours

him, and on the right it vomits him on shore again. Next to this is the tree beneath which he slept, which the Lord withered. Further on are Adam and Eve with the devil as a serpent coiled round a tree; and the last group depicts Daniel in the Lion's Den.

A remarkable Christian tomb is that which shows the Cross, above which two, of the Twelve Apostles represented, are holding a laurel wreath. (See [D.], p. 225.) At the foot of the Cross are two kneeling soldiers. It may well be that the soldier on the left represents Constantine when he saw the sacred signal in the heavens; and if so, this carving represents a very interesting transition from pagan to Christian art, a transition which would be further emphasised by the thoroughly pagan treatment of the medallions and winged children on the cover above it, if that cover can be proved to have originally formed part of the same tomb. In no case can the monument have anything to do with that son of Constantine and Fausta who was born at Arles in 316, as has sometimes been imagined.

The last Christian tomb I need select for special mention is that which represents the figure of Christ standing between two lambs in the central arch of an arcade with six Corinthian columns. (See [E.], p. 280.) Christ hands to St. Paul, upon his left, the Gospel which he is to preach to the Gentiles; St. John stands a little further on. St. Peter and St. James are carved

upon the other side. In the corner, to the spectator's left, Christ washes Peter's feet. In the other niche is the scene of Pilate washing his hands at the Condemnation. The arcade upon this tomb is especially worth notice for the style of architecture it reveals. It is supported on columns with composite capitals and bases, and shafts like those of the early mediæval cloisters, ornamented with spirals and flutings. The archivolt has become an architrave with leaf-encirclement carried round the arch, and filled in with a scallop shell, which shows very distinctly how the late Roman architects dispensed with the straight architrave, and adopted the arch springing directly from the capitals of the columns; so that we get here not only the transition from the Greek trabeated style to that of the Roman builders, but also a very valuable indication of the mode in which Roman art was continued into Christian times. The steps by which Provençal architecture bridged the gap between her great Roman ruins and her twelfth century churches and castles will be suggested in later pages. But the example of this tomb was too good to be omitted here; and from it we may pass on, knowing a little of what is soon to come, to that avenue of tombs which leads to the holy fields of Arles, the Alyscamps; for there we shall find the beginnings of modern history in Provence.

APPENDIX

A LIST OF THOSE ROMAN INSCRIPTIONS TO WHICH REFERENCE HAS BEEN MADE IN THE FOREGOING CHAPTER

N.B.—All are from Nîmes, unless otherwise stated.

(1) T. CORNELIO TITI FILIO [SA]TURIONI. [Beneath symbols which appear to be a dibble and a bill-hook.

(2) NÚNDINO PATRI ET MÁTERNÆ MATRI PATERNUS FILIUS POSUIT. [Beneath a water-wheel and a dibble. Accents on the second letters of the first and fourth words.]

(3) DIIS MANIBUS VALLONI QUARTINA FRATRI OPTIMO. [Above a pruning-knife of a peculiar form still found in southern vineyards.]

(4) D. M. L. TREBONIO NICEPHORO PATILLO COPONI MAXIMUS EPAPHRODITUS AMICO OPTIMO.

(5) PUBLIO BRITTIO SATURNINO. [Between a pair of square-tipped shears and a rough comb.]

(6) SEX. SPURIUS PIPEROLUS AERARIUS SIBI ET SUIS VIVOS ET SECUNDÆ UXSORI.

(7) L. AVIDIO SECUNDO MUSICIARO FESTA UXOR.

(8) JULIAE LUC. FILIAE TYRANNIAE VIXIT ANN. XX. M. VIII. QUAE MORIBUS PARITER ET DISCIPLINA CETERIS FEMINIS EXEMPLO FUIT AUTARCIUS NURUI LAURENTIUS UCXORI. [From a tomb at Arles, carved with musical instruments.]

(9) D. M. C. ANTISTII ANT . . . MEDICI ET ANTISTIÆ IP . . . SYNEROS LIBERTUS.

(10) D. M. C. JULIO ALBO SESSORARIO SPURIA EUPLIA UXOR.

(11) NON VENDO NISI AMANTIBUS CORONAS. [Above a woman seated behind a counter and holding a crown.]

(12) D. M. MARCUS MAGIUS SOTERICUS SIGNO HILARI AMICORUM AMATOR VIVUS SIBI FECIT UT ESSET MEMORIÆ BONUM ITER VOCIBUS: FELICITER. [At Vienne.]

(13) AETHERIUS MORIENS DIXIT HIC CONDITE CORPUS
TERRA MATER RERUM QUOD DEDIT IPSA TEGAT.
[At St. Colombe.]

(14) Hic Requiescit in Pace Mercasto Qui Florentem Aevum lx Egit Per Annos Jucundam Vitam Haec Per Tempora Duxit. [At Vienne.]

(15) D. M. Mariae Nemausinae Maria Marituma Liberta.

(16) D. M. Luciliae Lucii Filiae Secundillae P. Atettius Saturninus Uxori Rarissimae Quae Secum Vixit Ann: xx. . . . Lucilla Lucet. Secundilla Salve.

(17) Attiolae Dulcissimae.

(18) D. M. T. Calvii Pompeiáni T. Calvius Secundus et Pompeia Quinti Filia Severilla Filio Pientissimo et Désideratissimo Qui Indigne Ereptus est Juvenis Exempli Rarissimí Annorum xvii Mensium v Dierum vi. [Note the accents on the first e in Desideratissimo, the last i in Rarissimi, and the a in Pompeiani.]

(19) D. M. O Dolor Quantae Lachrimae Fecere Sepulchrum Juliae Lucinae Quae Vixit Karissima Matri Flos Aetatis Hic Jacet Intus Condita Sacxo O Utinam Possit Reparari Spiritus Ille Ut Sciret Quantus Dolor Est Quae Vixit Ann: xxvii. M. x. Die. xiii. Julia Parthenope Posuit Infelix Mater. [Tomb at Arles.]

(20) Perpetuae Quieti Domitio Tatiano Infanti Dulcissimo Quem Prima Aetate Florentem Mors Dira Subripuit. Vixit Ann: iii. Mens: vi. Die: xix. Agripinensis Donatus Pater et Jovina Mater Filio Carissimo Posuerunt.

(21) [Brought from Marseilles to Aix in 1613.]

στῆθι παρερχόμενος τόνδ' ΙΧΝΕΣΙ τύμβΟΝ ΟΔΕΙΤΑ
ΚΟΥΡΟΣ ΕΓΩ ΚΑΛΕΩ ΣΕ ΘΕΩ ΦΙΛΟΣ ΟΥΚΕΤΙ ΘΝΗΤΟΣ
ΗΙΘΕΟΣ ΚΟΥΡΟΙΣΙΝ ΟΜΗΛΙΚΙΗ ΠΑΝΟΜΟΙΟΣ
ΠΛΩΤΗΡΩΝ ΣΩΤΗΡΣΙΝ ΑΜΥΚΛΑΙΟΙΣΙ ΘΕΟΙΣΙΝ
ΠΛΩΤΗΡ ΚΑΥΤΟΣ ΕΩΝ ΠΟΝΤΟΥ Γ ΕΝ ΚΥΜΑΣΙΝ ΗΣΘΗΝ
ΕΥΣΕΒΙΑ ΤΡΟΦΕΩΝ ΔΕ ΛΑΧΩΝ ΤΟΔΕ ΣΗΜΑ ΠΕΠΑΥΜΑΙ
ΝΟΥΣΩΝ ΚΑΙ ΚΑΜΑΤΟΙΟ ΚΑΙ ΑΧΘΕΟΣ ΗΔΕ ΠΟΝΟΙΟ
ΤΑΥΤΑ ΓΑΡ ΕΝ ΖΩΟΙΣΙΝ ΑΜΕΙΛΙΧΑ ΣΑΡΚΕΣ ΕΧΟΥΣΙΝ
ΕΝ ΔΗ ΤΕΘΝΕΙΩΣΙΝ ΟΜΗΓΥΡΙΕΣ ΓΕ ΠΕΛΟΥΣΙΝ
ΔΟΙΑΙ ΤΩΝ ΕΤΕΡΗ ΜΕΝ ΕΠΙΧΘΟΝΙΗ ΠΕΦΟΡΗΤΑΙ
Η Δ ΕΤΕΡΗ ΤΕΙΡΕΣΣΙ ΣΥΝ ΑΙΘΕΡΙΟΙΣΙ ΧΟΡΕΥΕΙ
ΗΣ ΣΤΡΑΤΙΗΣ ΕΙΣ ΕΙΜΙ ΛΑΧΩΝ ΘΕΟΝ ΗΓΕΜΟΝΗΑ.

L. P. S.

[See *Corpus Inscript. Græc. Siciliæ*, etc. (ed. Kaibel, Berlin), 2461.]

(22) [Found at Marseilles, 1799.
Re-produced in facsimile at Aix.]

ΓΛΑΥΚΙΑ ΕΣΤΙ ΤΑΦΟΣ ΠΑΙΣ Δ ΑΝΕΘΗΚΕ ΝΕΟΣ
ΔΕΙΞΑΣ ΕΚ ΜΕΙΚΡΟΥ ΠΡΟΣ ΠΑΤΕΡ ΕΥΣΕΒΙΑΝ
ΟΥΚ ΕΦΘΗΣ Ω ΤΑΛΗΜΟΝ ΙΔΕΙΝ ΓΟΝΟΝ ΟΙΟΣ ΑΝ ΗΝ ΣΟΙ
ΓΗΡΑΙΩ ΤΕΥΧΕΙΝ ΟΥ ΤΑΦΟΝ ΑΛΛΑ ΒΙΟΝ
Η ΦΘΟΝΕΡΑ Δ ΥΜΑΣ ΠΑΝΤ ΑΔΙΚΟΥΣΑ ΤΥΧΗ
ΜΗΤΡΙ ΜΕΝ ΕΝ ΓΗΡΑ ΔΑΚΡΥ ΘΗΚΑΤΟ ΤΗ ΔΕ ΓΥΝΑΙΚΙ
ΧΗΡΙΑΝ ΑΥΣΤΗΝΟΥ ΠΑΙΔΟΣ ΑΜ ΟΡΦΑΝΙΗ.

[See *Corpus Inscript. Græc. Siciliæ*, etc.
(ed. Kaibel, Berlin), 2437.]

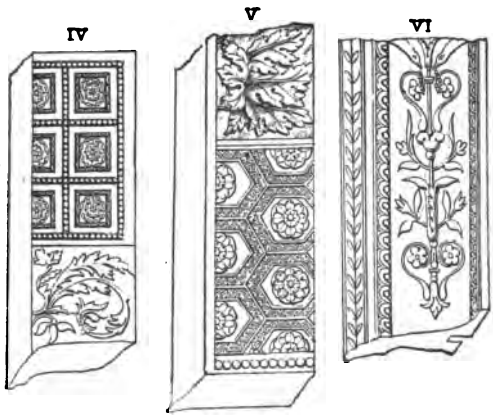
(23) [Found at Aix, 1839.]

Paulo siste gradum juvenis pie quaeso viator
Ut mea per titulum noris sic invida fata
Uno minus quam bis denos ego vixi per annos
Integer innocuus semper pia mente probatus
Qui docili lusu juvenum bene doctus arenis
Pulcher et ille fui variis circumdatus armis
Saepe feras lusi medicus tamen is quoque vixi
Et comes ursaris comes his qui victima sacris
Caedere saepe solent et qui novo tempore veris
Floribus intextis refovent simulacra deorum
Nomen si quaeris titulus tibi vera fatetur
SEXTUS JULIUS FELICISSIMUS
SEXTUS JULIUS FELIX
ALUMNO INCOMPARABILI (ET)
FELICITAS F(RATRI).

[See *Corp. Inscr. Lat.*, xii. 533.]





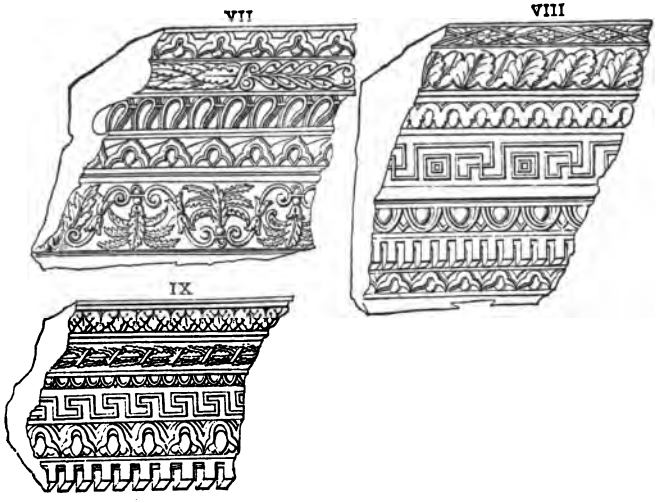


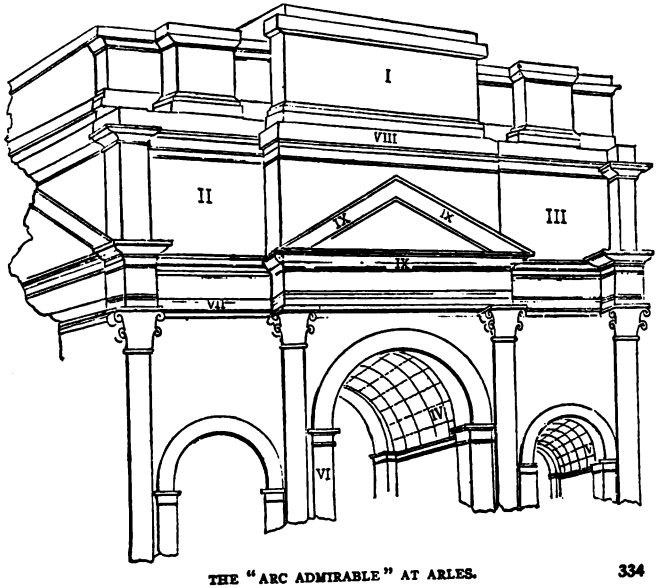
THE "ARC ADMIRABLE" AT ARLES.

THE "ARC ADMIRABLE" AT ARLES

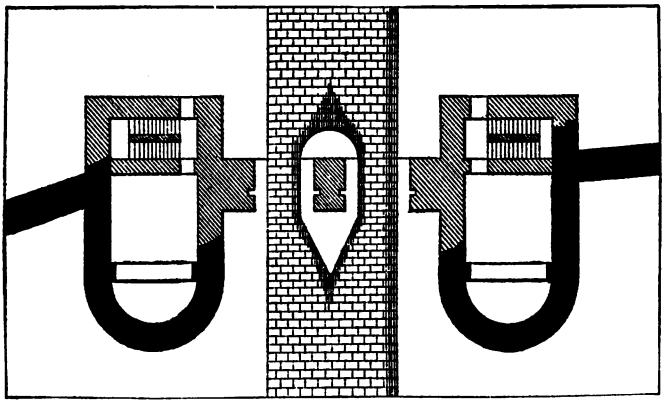
FROM various fragments of carving preserved at Arles, and found in different parts of the town, M. Gilles has reconstructed the "Arc Admirable" on lines that are almost exactly the same as the arch at Orange (see illustration opposite p. 126), though rather smaller. In his diagram (I.) is part of the bas-relief on the attic at the top; (II.) and (III.) were carvings from the spaces beneath the attic, on each side of the triangular "fronton"; (IV.) are carved caissons from the inner surface of the central arch, as at Orange and St. Remy and (V.) are similar caissons from the side arch; (VI.) is the light relief sculpture on the pilasters at each side of the central arch; (VII.) formed part of the long line of architrave which passed straight over the three arches and just above them; (VIII.) is larger in pattern for a higher elevation, and formed part of the cornice just beneath the attic; (IX.) is part of the lost lower portion of the triangular "fronton" preserved in the hotel wall in the Place des Hommes at Arles, near which, as at Orange, was the dedicatory inscription, for holes to receive the bronze letters are still visible on the entablature. The hotel wall was embellished in this strange way in 1719, but the columns come from a different ruin, and their capitals from yet a third.

(See chapter iv. vol. I.)

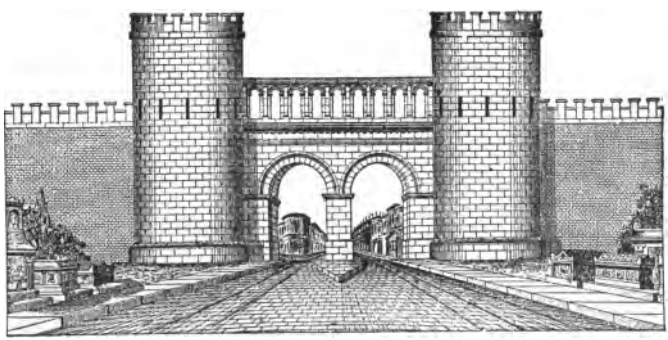

VII
VIII
IX


I
VIII
II
IX
IX
III
IX
VII
VI
V

THE WALLS AT ARLES.



PLAN OF THE PORTA ROMANA (after Auguste Veran).



THE PORTA ROMANA AT ARLES as built by Augustus (after Auguste Veran).

MONUMENTS HISTORIQUES

BEFORE THE TENTH CENTURY A.D.

DRÔME.	
Die. (Dea Augusta).	Trois autels Tauroboliques.
	Porte St. Marcel.
VAUCLUSE.	
Carpentras . .	Triumphal Arch in the Palais de Justice.
Cavaillon . .	Triumphal Arch.
Orange . . .	Triumphal Arch.
	Amphitheatre.
	Theatre.
Vaison . . .	Bridge.
	Amphitheatre.
Venasque . .	Roman remains.
GARD.	
Aiguèze . . .	Dolmen "Sié de Mounié."
Barjac . . .	Group of three Dolmens.
Campestre . .	Dolmen "Peyre Descabussoludo."
Grand-Gallargues .	Roman Tower and Bridge.
Nîmes . . .	Amphitheatre.
	Maison Carrée.
	Roman Baths and Temple of Nemausus.
	Porte d'Auguste and Porte de France.
	Tour Magne.
Remoulins . .	Pont du Gard (Roman).
Uzès . . .	Crypt of sixth century.
BOUCHES DU RHÔNE.	
Aix	Camp of Entremont.
	Sextius' Baths.

BOUCHES DU RHÔNE (*continued*).

Arles	Amphitheatre.
	Theatre.
	Forum.
	Ramparts.
	Obelisk.
	Aqueduct of Barbegat.
	Palace of Constantine.
	Les Alyscamps.
Fontvielle	Grotto-Dolmens des Fées.
	Grotto-Dolmens du Forgeron.
	Remains of Dolmen of Contignargues.
St. Chamas	Flavian Bridge.
St. Remy	Triumphal Arch.
	Triumphal Monument.
Salon	Roman remains.

HÉRAULT.

Minerve	Dolmen (dans le tumulus des Bois-Bas).
	Dolmen de Brunan.
Murviel	Ramparts of Altimurium.
St. Thibéry	Roman Bridge.
Soumont	Dolmen de Coste Rouge.
	Dolmen du Belvédère.

AUDE.

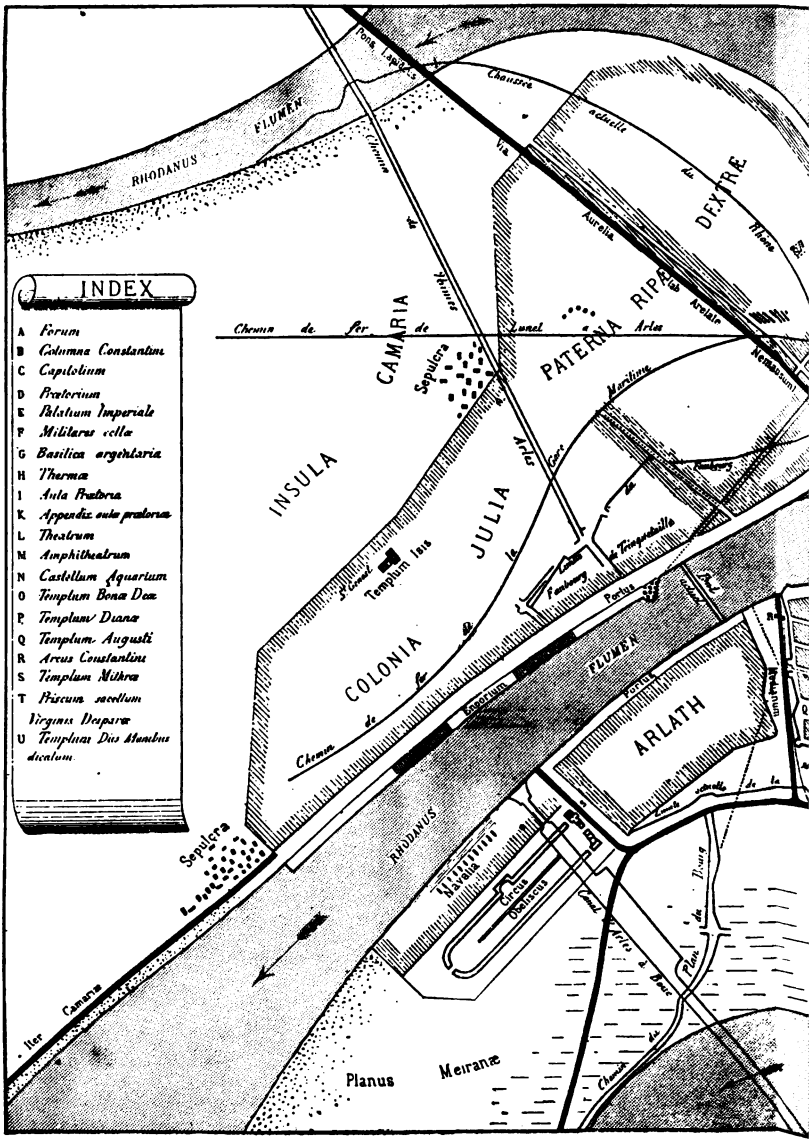
Villeneuve-Minervois	Dolmen.

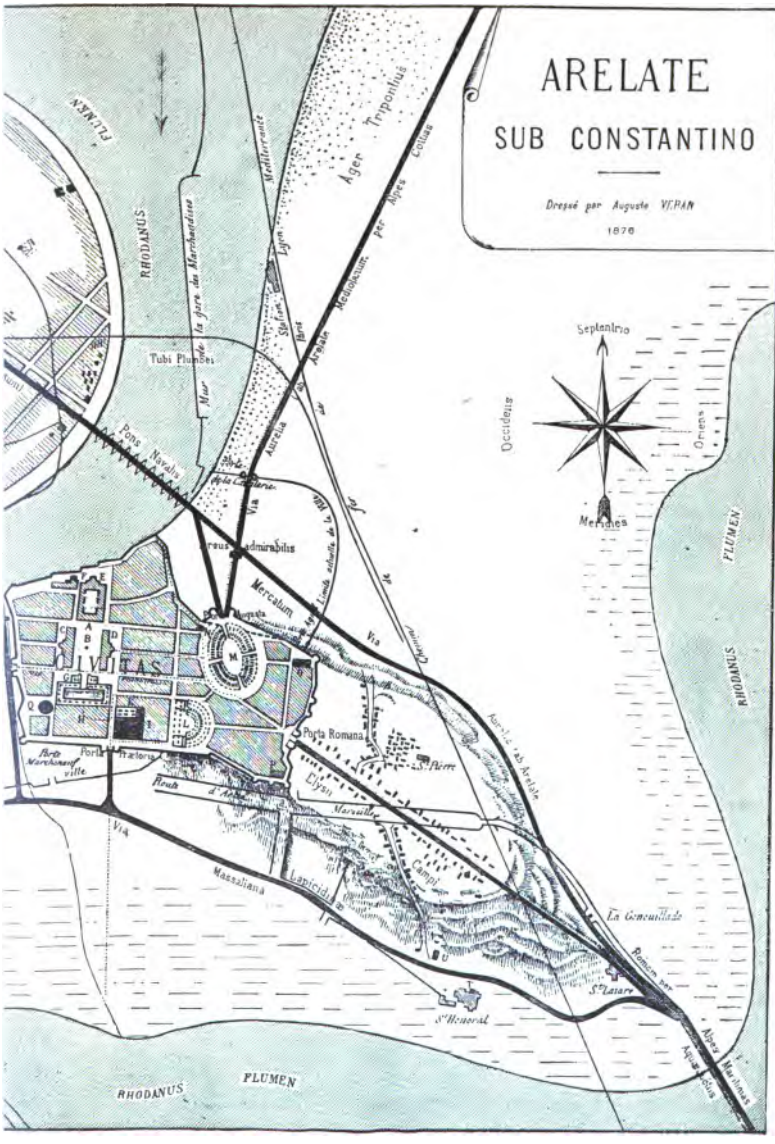
VAR.

Cabasse	Menhir de Champdumy.
Draguignan	Dolmen.
Fréjus	Amphitheatre.
	Aqueduct.
	Porte Dorée.
	Roman Harbour and Ramparts.

ALPES MARITIMES.

Cimiez	Arènes.
St. Césaire	Dolmens.
La Turbie	Tour d'Auguste.
Vence	Roman columns.
	Merovingian Carvings in Cathedral.


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K Appendix aulæ prætoriæ
L Theatrum
M Amphitheatrum
N Castellum Aquarium
O Templum Bonæ Deæ
P Templum Diana
Q Templum Augusti
R Arcus Constantini
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T Piscina sacellum Virginis Desparæ
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DEXTRÆ
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PATERNA
Nemausum
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JULIA
Templum Isis
Templum Bonæ Deæ
Templum Diana
Forum
Portus
COLONIA
Chemin de Tarascon
Circus
ARLATH
Obelisc
Sepultura
Ilot Camarie
Planus
Meiranæ


ARELATE
SUB CONSTANTINO
Dressé par Auguste VERAN
1878
Ager Tripontius
Via Aurelia
Via Mediterranea
Via Agrippa
Via Julia Augusta Metallorum per Alpes Cottias
Via Aurelia Admirabilis
Via Mercatum
Via Campana
Via Massaliana
Via Aquæ Sextiæ
Via Aurelia ad Arelate
Via Cavalcata
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Mur de la place des Marchandises
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Aqueduc
Septentrio
Occidens
Orient
Meridies
RHODANUS
FLUMEN
RHODANUS
FLUMEN
RHODANUS
FLUMEN
ARELATE

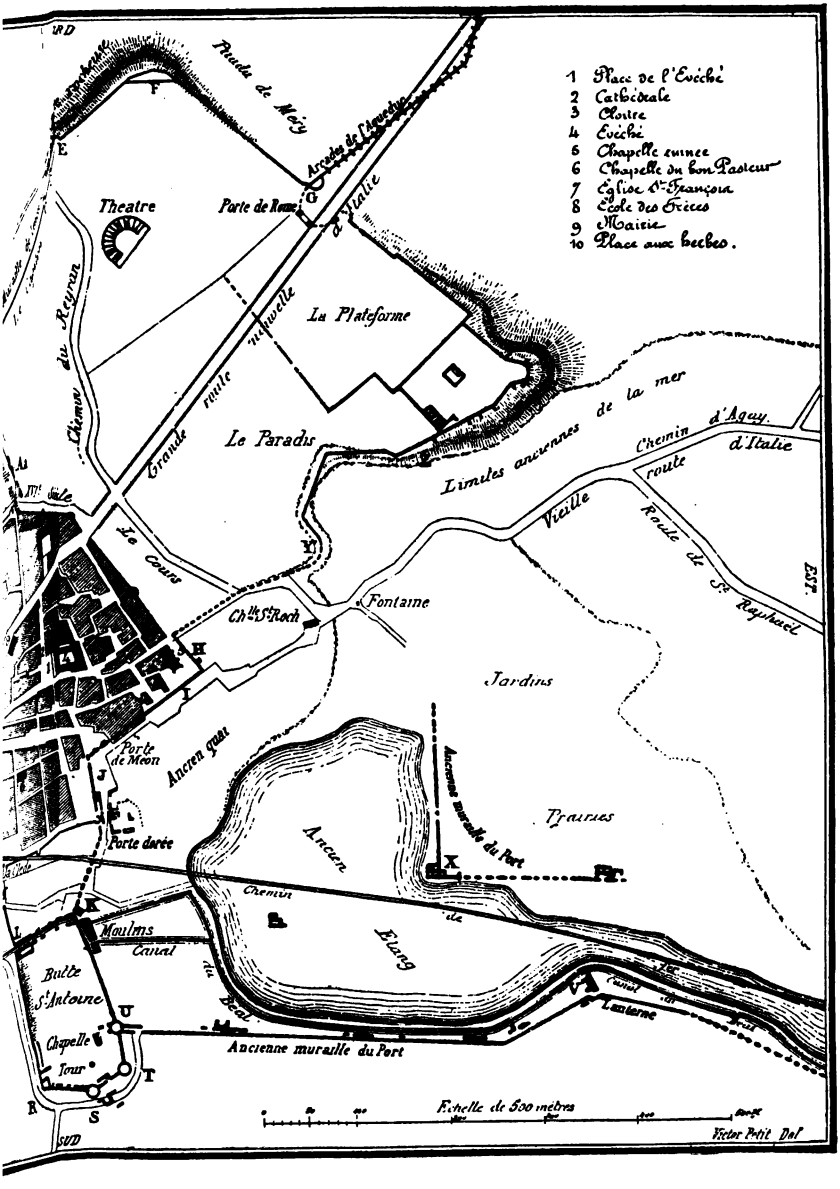


PLAN
DE LA VILLE ANTIQUE DE FRÉJUS.
(FORVM JVLII)

pour servir a la description publiee en 1729

Par l'Abbé GIRARDIN

Curé Doyen de FRÉJUS


1 Place de l'Evêché
2 Cathédrale
3 Cloître
4 Evêché
5 Chapelle ruinée
6 Chapelle du bon Pasteur
7 Église St-François
8 École des Frères
9 Mairie
10 Place aux herbes.
NORD
Route de Nice
Arcade de l'ancienne porte
Route d'Italie
Theatre
Porte de Rome
Chemin du Reyran
Grande route nouvelle
La Plateforme
Le Paradis
Limites anciennes de la mer
Chemin d'Agay
route d'Italie
Vieille Route de St Raphael
EST.
Le Cours
Ch.le St Roch
Fontaine
Jardins
Porte de Meon
Ancien goat
Porte dorée
Ancienne muraille du Port
Prairies
Ancien
Chemin
de
Etang
Moulins
Canal
Butte St Antoine
Chapelle
Tour
Canal du Beal
Lanterne
Ancienne muraille du Port
Echelle de 500 mètres
SUD
Victor Petit Del

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